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THE BEQUEST OF

ISAAC MYER

RECEIVED FEBRUARY 1904

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THE

WORKS

OF

Samuel Johnſon, LL.D.

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES.

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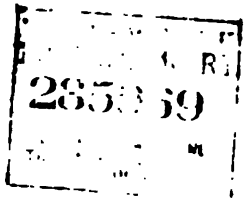

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THE

THE ADVENTURER.

NUMB. 34. SATURDAY, *March* 3, 1753.

Has toties optata exegit gloria pœnas. JUV.

Such fate purſues the votaries of praiſe.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR, *Fleet-priſon, Feb.* 24.

TO a benevolent diſpoſition, every ſtate of life will afford ſome opportunities of contributing to the welfare of mankind. Opulence and ſplendor are enabled to diſpel the cloud of adverſity, to dry up the tears of the widow and the orphan, and to increaſe the felicity of all around them: their example will animate virtue, and retard the progreſs of vice. And even indigence and obſcurity, though without power to confer happineſs, may at leaſt prevent miſery, and apprize thoſe who are blinded by their paſſions that they are on the brink of irremediable calamity.

Pleaſed, therefore, with the thought of recovering others from that folly which has embittered my own days, I have preſumed to addreſs the *Adventurer* from the dreary manſions of wretchedneſs and deſpair, of which the gates are ſo wonderfully conſtructed, as to fly open for the reception of ſtrangers, though they are impervious as a rock of adamant to ſuch as are within them:

——— *Facilis deſcenſus Averni;*
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis:
Sed revocare gradum, ſuperaſque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus hic labor eſt. VIRG.

The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way:
But to return and view the cheerful ſkies;
In this the taſk and mighty labour lies. DRYDEN.

Suffer me to acquaint you, Sir, that I have glittered at the ball, and ſparkled in the circle; that I have had the happineſs to be the unknown favourite of an unknown lady at the maſquerade, have been the delight of tables of the firſt faſhion, and the envy of my brother beaux; and to deſcend a little lower, it is, I believe, ſtill remembered, that Meſſrs. *Velours* and *d'Eſpagne* ſtand indebted for a great part of their preſent influence at *Guildhall*, to the elegance of my ſhape, and the graceful freedom of my carriage.

——— *Sed quæ præclara et proſpera tanti,*
Ut rebus lætis par ſit menſura malorum! JUV.

See the wild purchaſe of the bold and vain,
Where every bliſs is bought with equal pain!

As I entered into the world very young, with an elegant perſon and a large eſtate, it was not long before I diſentangled myſelf from the ſhackles of religion; for I was determined to the purſuit of pleaſure, which according to my notions conſiſted in the unreſtrained and unlimited gratifications of every paſſion and every appetite; and as this could not be obtained under the frowns of a perpetual dictator, I conſidered religion as my enemy; and proceeding to treat her with contempt and deriſion, was not a little delighted, that the unfaſhionableneſs of her appearance, and the unanimated uniformity of her motions, afforded frequent opportunities for the ſallies of my imagination.

Conceiving now that I was ſufficiently qualified to laugh away ſcruples, I imparted my remarks to thoſe among my female favourites, whoſe virtue I intended to attack; for I was well aſſured, that pride would be able to make but a weak defence, when religion was ſubverted; nor was my ſucceſs below my expectation: the love of pleaſure is too ſtrongly implanted in the female breaſt, to ſuffer them ſcrupulouſly to examine the validity of arguments deſigned to weaken reſtraint; all are eaſily led to believe, that whatever thwarts their inclination muſt be wrong: little more, therefore, was required, than by the addition of ſome circumſtances, and the exaggeration of others, to make merriment ſupply the place of demonſtration; nor was I ſo ſenſeleſs as to offer arguments to ſuch as could not attend to them, and with whom a repartee or catch would more effectually anſwer the ſame purpoſe. This being effected, there remained only "the

" dread of the world:" but *Roxana* ſoared too high, to think the opinion of others worthy her notice; *Lætitia* ſeemed to think of it only to declare, that " if all her hairs were worlds," ſhe ſhould reckon them " well loſt for love;" and *Paſtorella* fondly conceived, that ſhe could dwell for ever by the ſide of a bubbling fountain, content with her ſwain and fleecy care; without conſidering that ſtillneſs and ſolitude can afford ſatisfaction only to innocence.

It is not the deſire of new acquiſitions, but the glory of conqueſts, that fires the ſoldier's breaſt; as indeed the town is ſeldom worth much, when it has ſuffered the devaſtations of a ſiege; ſo that though I did not openly declare the effects of my own proweſs, which is forbidden by the laws of honour, it cannot be ſuppoſed that I was very ſolicitous to bury my reputation, or to hinder accidental diſcoveries. To have gained one victory, is an inducement to hazard a ſecond engagement: and though the ſucceſs of the general ſhould be a reaſon for increaſing the ſtrength of the fortification, it becomes, with many, a pretence for an immediate ſurrender, under the notion that no power is able to withſtand ſo formidable an adverſary; while others brave the danger, and think it mean to ſurrender, and daſtardly to fly. *Meliſſa*, indeed, knew better; and though ſhe could not boaſt the apathy, ſteadineſs, and inflexibility of a *Cato*, wanted not the more prudent virtue of *Scipio*, and gained the victory by declining the conteſt.

You muſt not, however, imagine, that I was, during this ſtate of abandoned libertiniſm, ſo fully convinced

convinced of the fitneſs of my own conduct, as to be free from uneaſineſs. I knew very well, that I might juſtly be deemed the peſt of ſociety, and that ſuch proceedings muſt terminate in the deſtruction of my health and fortune; but to admit thoughts of this kind was to live upon the rack: I fled, therefore, to the regions of mirth and jollity, as they are called, and endeavoured with burgundy, and a continual rotation of company, to free myſelf from the pangs of reflection. From theſe orgies we frequently ſallied forth in queſt of adventures, to the no ſmall terror and conſternation of all the ſober ſtragglers that came in our way: and though we never injured, like our illuſtrious progenitors, the *Mohocks*, either life or limbs; yet we have in the midſt of *Covent-Garden* buried a taylor, who had been troubleſome to ſome of our fine gentlemen, beneath a heap of cabbage-leaves and ſtalks, with this conceit,

Satia te caule quem ſemper cupiſti.

Glut yourſelf with cabbage, of which you have always been greedy.

There can be no reaſon for mentioning the common exploits of breaking windows and bruiſing the watch; unleſs it be to tell you of the device of producing before the juſtice broken lanthorns, which have been paid for a hundred times: or their appearances with patches on their heads, under pretence of being cut by the ſword that was never drawn: nor need I ſay any thing of the more formidable attack of ſturdy chairmen, armed with poles; by a ſlight ſtroke of which, the pride of

Ned Revel's face was at once laid flat, and that effected in an inſtant, which its moſt mortal foe had for years aſſayed in vain. I ſhall paſs over the accidents that attend attempts to ſcale windows, and endeavours to diſlodge ſigns from their hooks; there are many "hair-breadth 'ſcapes," beſides thoſe in the "imminent deadly breach;" but the rake's life, though it be equally hazardous with that of the ſoldier, is neither accompanied with preſent honour nor with pleaſing retroſpect: ſuch is, and ſuch ought to be the difference, between the enemy and the preſerver of his country.

Amidſt ſuch giddy and thoughtleſs extravagance, it will not ſeem ſtrange, that I was often the dupe of coarſe flattery. When Monſ. *L'Allonge* aſſured me, that I thruſt quart over arm better than any man in *England*, what could I leſs than preſent him with a ſword that coſt me thirty pieces? I was bound for a hundred pounds for *Tom Trippet*, becauſe he had declared that he would dance a minuet with any man in the three kingdoms except myſelf. But I often parted with money againſt my inclination, either becauſe I wanted the reſolution to refuſe, or dreaded the appellation of a niggardly fellow; and I may be truly ſaid to have ſquandered my eſtate, without honour, without friends, and without pleaſure. The laſt may, perhaps, appear ſtrange to men unacquainted with the maſquerade of life: I deceived others, and I endeavoured to deceive myſelf; and have worn the face of pleaſantry and gaiety, while my heart ſuffered the moſt exquiſite torture.

By the inſtigation and encouragement of my *friends, I became* at length ambitious of a ſeat in parliament;

parliament; and accordingly ſet out for the town of *Wallop* in the weſt, where my arrival was welcomed by a thouſand throats, and I was in three days ſure of a majority: but after drinking out one hundred and fifty hogſheads of wine, and bribing two-thirds of the corporation twice over, I had the mortification to find, that the borough had been before ſold to Mr. *Courtly*.

In a life of this kind, my fortune, though conſiderable, was preſently diſſipated; and as the attraction grows more ſtrong the nearer any body approaches the earth, when once a man begins to ſink into poverty, he falls with velocity always increaſing; every ſupply is purchaſed at a higher and higher price, and every office of kindneſs obtained with greater and greater difficulty. Having now acquainted you with my ſtate of elevation, I ſhall, if you encourage the continuance of my correſpondence, ſhew you by what ſteps I deſcended from a firſt floor in *Pall-Mall* to my preſent habitation.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

MISARGYRUS.

NUMB. 41. TUESDAY, *March* 27, 1753.

——— Si mutabile pectus
Eſt tibi, conſiliis, non curribus, utere noſtris,
Dum potes, et ſolidis etiamnum ſedibus adſtas;
Dumque male optatos nondum premis inſcius axes. OVID.

———Th' attempt forſake,
And not my chariot but my counſel take;
While yet ſecurely on the earth you ſtand;
Nor touch the horſes with too raſh a hand. ADDISON.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR, *Fleet, March* 24.

I NOW ſend you the ſequel of my ſtory; which had not been ſo long delayed, if I could have brought myſelf to imagine, that any real impatience was felt for the fate of *Miſargyrus*; who has travelled no unbeaten track to miſery, and conſequently can preſent the reader only with ſuch incidents as occur in daily life.

You have ſeen me, Sir, in the zenith of my glory; not diſpenſing the kindly warmth of an all-cheering ſun, but, like another Phaeton, ſcorching and blaſting every thing round me. I ſhall proceed, therefore, to finiſh my career, and paſs as rapidly as poſſible through the remaining viciſſitudes of my life.

When I firſt began to be in want of money, I made no doubt of an immediate ſupply. The newspapers

papers were perpetually offering directions to men, who ſeemed to have no other buſineſs than to gather heaps of gold for thoſe who place their ſupreme felicity in ſcattering it. I poſted away, therefore, to one of theſe advertiſers, who by his propoſals ſeemed to deal in thouſands; and was not a little chagrined to find, that this general benefactor would have nothing to do with any larger ſum than thirty pounds, nor would venture that without a joint note from myſelf and a reputable houſekeeper, or for a longer time than three months.

It was not yet ſo bad with me, as that I needed to ſolicit ſurety for thirty pounds: yet partly from the greedineſs that extravagance always produces, and partly from a deſire of ſeeing the humour of a petty uſurer, a character of which I had hitherto lived in ignorance, I condeſcended to liſten to his terms. He proceeded to inform me of my great felicity in not falling into the hands of an extortioner; and aſſured me, that I ſhould find him extremely moderate in his demands: he was not, indeed, certain, that he could furniſh me with the whole ſum, for people were at this particular time extremely preſſing and importunate for money; yet as I had the appearance of a gentleman, he would try what he could do, and give me his anſwer in three days.

At the expiration of the time, I called upon him again; and was again informed of the great demand for money, and that "money was money now:" he then adviſed me to be punctual in my payment, as that might induce him to befriend me hereafter; and delivered me the money, deducting at the rate of five

five and thirty *per cent.* with another panegyric upon his own moderation.

I will not tire you with the various practices of uſurious oppreſſion; but cannot omit my tranſaction with *Squeeze* on *Tower-hill*, who finding me a young man of conſiderable expectations, employed an agent to perſuade me to borrow five hundred pounds, to be refunded by an annual payment of twenty *per cent.* during the joint lives of his daughter *Nancy Squeeze* and myſelf. The negociator came prepared to inforce his propoſal with all his art; but finding that I caught his offer with the eagerneſs of neceſſity, he grew cold and languid: "he had mentioned it "out of kindneſs; he would try to ſerve me: Mr. "*Squeeze* was an honeſt man, but extremely cau-"tious." In three days he came to tell me, that his endeavours had been ineffectual, Mr. *Squeeze* having no good opinion of my life: but that there was one expedient remaining; Mrs. *Squeeze* could influence her huſband, and her good-will might be gained by a compliment. I waited that afternoon on Mrs. *Squeeze*, and poured out before her the flatteries which uſually gain acceſs to rank and beauty: I did not then know, that there are places in which the only compliment is a bribe. Having yet credit with a jeweller, I afterwards procured a ring of thirty guineas, which I humbly preſented, and was ſoon admitted to a treaty with Mr. *Squeeze*. He appeared peeviſh and backward, and my old friend whiſpered me, that he would never make a dry bargain: I, therefore, invited him to a tavern. Nine times we met on the affair; nine times

times I paid four pounds for the ſupper and claret; and nine guineas I gave the agent for good offices. I then obtained the money, paying ten *per cent.* advance; and at the tenth meeting gave another ſupper, and diſburſed fifteen pounds for the writings.

Others, who ſtiled themſelves brokers, would only truſt their money upon goods: that I might, therefore, try every art of expenſive folly, I took a houſe and furniſhed it. I amuſed myſelf with deſpoiling my moveables of their gloſſy appearance, for fear of alarming the lender with ſuſpicions; and in this I ſucceeded ſo well, that he favoured me with one hundred and ſixty pounds upon that which was rated at ſeven hundred. I then found that I was to maintain a guardian about me, to prevent the goods from being broken or removed. This was, indeed, an unexpected tax; but it was too late to recede; and I comforted myſelf, that I might prevent a creditor, of whom I had ſome apprehenſions, from ſeizing, by having a prior execution always in the houſe.

By ſuch means I had ſo embarraſſed myſelf, that my whole attention was engaged in contriving excuſes, and raiſing ſmall ſums to quiet ſuch as words would no longer mollify. It coſt me eighty pounds in preſents to Mr. *Leech* the attorney, for his forbearance of one hundred, which he ſolicited me to take when I had no need. I was perpetually haraſſed with importunate demands, and inſulted by wretches, who a few months before would not have dared to raiſe their eyes from the duſt before me. I lived in continual terror, frighted by every noiſe at the door, and terrified at the approach of every ſtep quicker than common. I never retired to reſt, without

out feeling the juſtneſs of the Spaniſh proverb, "Let him who ſleeps too much, borrow the pillow "of a debtor;" my ſolicitude and vexation kept me long waking; and when I had cloſed my eyes, I was purſued or inſulted by viſionary bailiffs.

When I reflected upon the meanneſs of the ſhifts I had reduced myſelf to, I could not but curſe the folly and extravagance that had overwhelmed me in a ſea of troubles, from which it was highly improbable that I ſhould ever emerge. I had ſome time lived in hopes of an eſtate, at the death of my uncle; but he diſappointed me by marrying his houſekeeper; and, catching an opportunity ſoon after of quarrelling with me, for ſettling twenty pounds a year upon a girl whom I had ſeduced, told me that he would take care to prevent his fortune from being ſquandered upon proſtitutes.

Nothing now remained, but the chance of extricating myſelf by marriage; a ſcheme which, I flattered myſelf, nothing but my preſent diſtreſs would have made me think on with patience. I determined, therefore, to look out for a tender novice, with a large fortune at her own diſpoſal; and accordingly fixed my eyes upon Miſs *Biddy Simper*. I had now paid her ſix or ſeven viſits; and ſo fully convinced her of my being a gentleman and a rake, that I made no doubt that both her perſon and fortune would be ſoon mine.

At this critical time, Miſs *Gripe* called upon me, in a chariot bought with my money, and loaded with trinkets that I had in my days of affluence laviſhed on her. Thoſe days were now over; and there was *little hope* that they would ever return. She was not

able

able to withſtand the temptation of ten pounds that *Talon* the bailiff offered her, but brought him into my apartment diſguiſed in a livery; and taking my ſword to the window, under pretence of admiring the workmanſhip, beckoned him to ſeize me.

Delay would have been expenſive without uſe, as the debt was too conſiderable for payment or bail: I, therefore, ſuffered myſelf to be immediately conducted to jail.

Veſtibulum ante ipſum primiſque in faucibus Orci,
Luctus & ultrices poſuére cubilia curæ:
Pallenteſque habitant morbi, triſtiſque ſenectus,
Et metus, et malaſuada fames, et turpis egeſtas. VIRG.

Juſt in the gate and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares, and ſullen ſorrows dwell;
And pale diſeaſes, and repining age;
Want, fear, and famine's unreſiſted rage. DRYDEN.

Confinement of any kind is dreadful; a priſon is ſometimes able to ſhock thoſe, who endure it in a good cauſe: let your imagination, therefore, acquaint you, with what I have not words to expreſs, and conceive, if poſſible, the horrors of impriſonment attended with reproach and ignominy, of involuntary aſſociation with the refuſe of mankind, with wretches who were before too abandoned for ſociety, but being now freed from ſhame or fear, are hourly improving their vices by conſorting with each other.

There are, however, a few, whom like myſelf impriſonment has rather mortified than hardened: with theſe only I converſe; and of theſe you may perhaps hereafter receive ſome account from

Your humble ſervant, MISARGYRUS.

NUMB. 45. TUESDAY, *April* 10, 1753.

Nulla fides regni ſociis, omnisque poteſtas
Impatiens conſortis erit. Lucan.

No faith of partnerſhip dominion owns;
Still diſcord hovers o'er divided thrones.

IT is well known, that many things appear plauſible in ſpeculation, which can never be reduced to practice; and that of the numberleſs projects that have flattered mankind with theoretical ſpeciouſneſs, few have ſerved any other purpoſe than to ſhew the ingenuity of their contrivers. A voyage to the moon, however romantic and abſurd the ſcheme may now appear, ſince the properties of air have been better underſtood, ſeemed highly probable to many of the aſpiring wits in the laſt century, who began to doat upon their gloſſy plumes, and fluttered with impatience for the hour of their departure:

——— *Pereant veſtigia mille*
Ante fugam, abſentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

Hills, vales, and floods appear already croſt;
And, ere he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt. Pope.

Among the fallacies which only experience can detect, there are ſome, of which ſcarcely experience itſelf can deſtroy the influence; ſome which, by a captivating ſhew of indubitable certainty, are perpetually gaining upon the human mind; and which, though

though every trial ends in diſappointment, obtain new credit as the ſenſe of miſcarriage wears gradually away, perſuade us to try again what we have tried already, and expoſe us by the ſame failure to double vexation.

Of this tempting, this deluſive kind, is the expectation of great performances by confederated ſtrength. The ſpeculatiſt, when he has carefully obſerved how much may be performed by a ſingle band, calculates by a very eaſy operation the force of thouſands, and goes on accumulating power till reſiſtance vaniſhes before it; then rejoices in the ſucceſs of his new ſcheme, and wonders at the folly or idleneſs of former ages, who have lived in want of what might ſo readily be procured, and ſuffered themſelves to be debarred from happineſs by obſtacles which one united effort would have ſo eaſily ſurmounted.

But this gigantic phantom of collective power vaniſhes at once into air and emptineſs, at the firſt attempt to put it into action. The different apprehenſions, the diſcordant paſſions, the jarring intereſts of men, will ſcarcely permit that many ſhould unite in one undertaking.

Of a great and complicated deſign, ſome will never be brought to diſcern the end; and of the ſeveral means by which it may be accompliſhed, the choice will be a perpetual ſubject of debate, as every man is ſwayed in his determination by his own knowledge or convenience. In a long ſeries of action, ſome will languiſh with fatigue, and ſome be drawn off by preſent gratifications; ſome will loiter becauſe others labour, and ſome will ceaſe to labour

becauſe

becauſe others loiter: and if once they come within proſpect of ſucceſs and profit, ſome will be greedy and others envious; ſome will undertake more than they can perform, to enlarge their claims of advantage; ſome will perform leſs than they undertake, leſt their labours ſhould chiefly turn to the benefit of others.

The hiſtory of mankind informs us that a ſingle power is very ſeldom broken by a confederacy. States of different intereſts, and aſpects malevolent to each other, may be united for a time by common diſtreſs; and in the ardour of ſelf-preſervation fall unanimouſly upon an enemy, by whom they are all equally endangered. But if their firſt attack can be withſtood, time will never fail to diſſolve their union: ſucceſs and miſcarriage will be equally deſtructive: after the conqueſt of a province, they will quarrel in the diviſion; after the loſs of a battle, all will be endeavouring to ſecure themſelves by abandoning the reſt.

From the impoſſibility of confining numbers to the conſtant and uniform proſecution of a common intereſt, ariſes the difficulty of ſecuring ſubjects againſt the encroachment of governors. Power is always gradually ſtealing away from the many to the few, becauſe the few are more vigilant and conſiſtent; it ſtill contracts to a ſmaller number, till in time it centers in a ſingle perſon.

Thus all the forms of government inſtituted among mankind, perpetually tend towards monarchy; and power, however diffuſed through the whole community, is by negligence or corruption,

commotion

commotion or diſtreſs, repoſed at laſt in the chief magiſtrate.

"There never appear," ſays *Swift*, "more than "five or ſix men of genius in an age; but if they "were united, the world could not ſtand before "them." It is happy, therefore, for mankind, that of this union there is no probability. As men take in a wider compaſs of intellectual ſurvey, they are more likely to chuſe different objects of purſuit; as they ſee more ways to the ſame end, they will be leſs eaſily perſuaded to travel together; as each is better qualified to form an independent ſcheme of private greatneſs, he will reject with greater obſtinacy the project of another; as each is more able to diſtinguiſh himſelf as the head of a party, he will leſs readily be made a follower or an aſſociate.

The reigning philoſophy informs us, that the vaſt bodies which conſtitute the univerſe, are regulated in their progreſs through the ethereal ſpaces, by the perpetual agency of contrary forces; by one of which they are reſtrained from deſerting their orbits, and loſing themſelves in the immenſity of heaven; and held off by the other from ruſhing together, and cluſtering round their center with everlaſting coheſion.

The ſame contrariety of impulſe may be perhaps diſcovered in the motions of men: we are formed for ſociety, not for combination; we are equally unqualified to live in a cloſe connection with our fellow-beings, and in total ſeparation from them; we are attracted towards each other by general ſympathy, but kept back from contact by private intereſts.

Some philoſophers have been fooliſh enough to imagine, that improvements might be made in the ſyſtem of the univerſe, by a different arrangement of the orbs of heaven; and politicians, equally ignorant and equally preſumptuous, may eaſily be led to ſuppoſe, that the happineſs of our world would be promoted by a different tendency of the human mind. It appears, indeed, to a ſlight and ſuperficial obſerver, that many things impracticable in our preſent ſtate, might be eaſily effected, if mankind were better diſpoſed to union and co-operation: but a little reflection will diſcover, that if confederacies were eaſily formed, they would loſe their efficacy, ſince numbers would be oppoſed to numbers, and unanimity to unanimity; and inſtead of the preſent petty competitions of individuals or ſingle families, multitudes would be ſupplanting multitudes, and thouſands plotting againſt thouſands.

There is no claſs of the human ſpecies, of which the union ſeems to have been more expected, than of the learned: the reſt of the world have almoſt always agreed to ſhut ſcholars up together in colleges and cloiſters; ſurely not without hope, that they would look for that happineſs in concord, which they were debarred from finding in variety; and that ſuch conjunctions of intellect would recompenſe the munificence of founders and patrons, by performances above the reach of any ſingle mind.

But diſcord, who found means to roll her apple into the banqueting chamber of the goddeſſes, has had the addreſs to ſcatter her laurels in the ſeminaries of learning. The friendſhip of ſtudents and of beauties is for the moſt part equally ſincere, and equally

durable:

durable: as both depend for happineſs on the regard of others, on that of which the value ariſes merely from compariſon, they are both expoſed to perpetual jealouſies, and both inceſſantly employed in ſchemes to intercept the praiſes of each other.

I am, however, far from intending to inculcate, that this confinement of the ſtudious to ſtudious companions, has been wholly without advantage to the public: neighbourhood, where it does not conciliate friendſhip, incites competition; and he that would contentedly reſt in a lower degree of excellence, where he had no rival to dread, will be urged by his impatience of inferiority to inceſſant endeavours after great attainments.

Theſe ſtimulations of honeſt rivalry are, perhaps, the chief effects of academies and ſocieties; for whatever be the bulk of their joint labours, every ſingle piece is always the production of an individual, that owes nothing to his colleagues but the contagion of diligence, a reſolution to write, becauſe the reſt are writing, and the ſcorn of obſcurity while the reſt are illuſtrious.

degrees of malignity: but they have, I think, generally omitted that which is moſt common, and, perhaps, not leaſt miſchievous; which, ſince the moraliſts have not given it a name, I ſhall diſtinguiſh as the *lie* of *vanity*.

To vanity may juſtly be imputed moſt of the falſehoods, which every man perceives hourly playing upon his ear, and, perhaps, moſt of thoſe that are propagated with ſucceſs. To the lie of commerce, and the lie of malice, the motive is ſo apparent, that they are ſeldom negligently or implicitly received: ſuſpicion is always watchful over the practices of intereſt; and whatever the hope of gain, or deſire of miſchief, can prompt one man to aſſert, another is by reaſons equally cogent incited to refute. But vanity pleaſes herſelf with ſuch ſlight gratifications, and looks forward to pleaſure ſo remotely conſequential, that her practices raiſe no alarm, and her ſtratagems are not eaſily diſcovered.

Vanity is, indeed, often ſuffered to paſs unpurſued by ſuſpicion, becauſe he that would watch her motions, can never be at reſt: fraud and malice are bounded in their influence; ſome opportunity of time and place is neceſſary to their agency; but ſcarce any man is abſtracted one moment from his vanity; and he, to whom truth affords no gratifications, is generally inclined to ſeek them in falſehoods.

It is remarked by Sir *Kenelm Digby*, "that every "man has a deſire to appear ſuperior to others, "though it were only in having ſeen what they have "not ſeen." Such an accidental advantage, ſince *it neither* implies merit, nor confers dignity, one

would think ſhould not be deſired ſo much as to be counterfeited: yet even this vanity, trifling as it is, produces innumerable narratives, all equally falſe; but more or leſs credible in proportion to the ſkill or confidence of the relater. How many may a man of diffuſive converſation count among his acquaintances, whoſe lives have been ſignalized by numberleſs eſcapes; who never croſs the river but in a ſtorm, or take a journey into the country without more adventures than befel the knights-errant of ancient times in pathleſs foreſts or enchanted caſtles! How many muſt he know, to whom portents and prodigies are of daily occurrence; and for whom nature is hourly working wonders inviſible to every other eye, only to ſupply them with ſubjects of converſation!

Others there are that amuſe themſelves with the diſſemination of falſehood, at greater hazard of detection and diſgrace; men marked out by ſome lucky planet for univerſal confidence and friendſhip, who have been conſulted in every difficulty, entruſted with every ſecret, and ſummoned to every tranſaction: it is the ſupreme felicity of theſe men, to ſtun all companies with noiſy information; to ſtill doubt, and overbear oppoſition, with certain knowledge or authentic intelligence. A liar of this kind, with a ſtrong memory or briſk imagination, is often the oracle of an obſcure club, and, till time diſcovers his impoſtures, dictates to his hearers with uncontrouled authority; for if a publick queſtion be ſtarted, he was preſent at the debate; if a new faſhion be mentioned, he was at court the firſt day of its appearance; if a new performance of literature draws the

attention of the peblick, he has patroniſed the author, and ſeen his work in manuſcript; if a criminal of eminence be condemned to die, he often predicted his fate, and endeavoured his reformation: and who that lives at a diſtance from the ſcene of action, will dare to contradict a man, who reports from his own eyes and ears, and to whom all perſons and affairs are thus intimately known?

This kind of falſehood is generally ſucceſsful for a time, becauſe it is practiſed at firſt with timidity and caution: but the proſperity of the liar is of ſhort duration; the reception of one ſtory is always an incitement to the forgery of another leſs probable; and he goes on to triumph over tacit credulity, till pride or reaſon riſes up againſt him, and his companions will no longer endure to ſee him wiſer than themſelves.

It is apparent, that the inventors of all theſe fictions intend ſome exaltation of themſelves, and are led off by the purſuit of honour from their attendance upon truth: their narratives always imply ſome conſequence in favour of their courage, their ſagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great; they are always bribed by the preſent pleaſure of ſeeing themſelves ſuperior to thoſe that ſurround them, and receiving the homage of ſilent attention and envious admiration.

But vanity is ſometimes excited to fiction by leſs viſible gratifications: the preſent age abounds with a race of liars who are content with the conſciouſneſs of falſehood, and whoſe pride is to deceive others without any gain or glory to themſelves. Of this tribe it is the ſupreme pleaſure to remark a lady in

the

the playhouſe or the park, and to publiſh, under the character of a man ſuddenly enamoured, an advertiſement in the news of the next day, containing a minute deſcription of her perſon and her dreſs. From this artifice, however, no other effect can be expected, than perturbations which the writer can never ſee, and conjectures of which he never can be informed: ſome miſchief, however, he hopes he has done; and to have done miſchief, is of ſome importance. He ſets his invention to work again, and produces a narrative of a robbery or a murder, with all the circumſtances of time and place accurately adjuſted. This is a jeſt of greater effect and longer duration: if he fixes his ſcene at a proper diſtance, he may for ſeveral days keep a wife in terror for her huſband, or a mother for her ſon; and pleaſe himſelf with reflecting, that by his abilities and addreſs ſome addition is made to the miſeries of life.

There is, I think, an ancient law of *Scotland*, by which *leaſing-making* was capitally puniſhed. I am, indeed, far from deſiring to increaſe in this kingdom the number of executions; yet I cannot but think, that they who deſtroy the confidence of ſociety, weaken the credit of intelligence, and interrupt the ſecurity of life; haraſs the delicate with ſhame, and perplex the timorous with alarms; might very properly be awakened to a ſenſe of their crimes, by denunciations of a whipping-poſt or pillory: ſince many are ſo inſenſible of right and wrong, that they have no ſtandard of action but the law; nor feel guilt, but as they dread puniſhment.

NUMB. 53. TUESDAY, *May* 8, 1753.

Quiſque ſuos patimur Manes. VIRG.

Each has his lot, and bears the fate he drew.

SIR, *Fleet, May* 6.

IN conſequence of my engagements, I addreſs you once more from the habitations of miſery. In this place, from which buſineſs and pleaſure are equally excluded, and in which our only employment and diverſion is to hear the narratives of each other, I might much ſooner have gathered materials for a letter, had I not hoped to have been reminded of my promiſe: but ſince I find myſelf placed in the regions of oblivion, where I am no leſs neglected by you than by the reſt of mankind, I reſolved no longer to wait for ſolicitation, but ſtole early this evening from between gloomy ſullenneſs and riotous merriment, to give you an account of part of my companions.

One of the moſt eminent members of our club is Mr. *Edward Scamper*, a man of whoſe name the Olympic heroes would not have been aſhamed. *Ned* was born to a ſmall eſtate, which he determined to improve; and therefore, as ſoon as he became of age, mortgaged part of his land to buy a mare and ſtallion, and bred horſes for the courſe. He was at firſt very ſucceſsful, and gained ſeveral of the king's plates, as he is now every day boaſting, at the ex-

pence

pence of very little more than ten times their value. At laſt, however, he diſcovered, that victory brought him more honour than profit: reſolving, therefore, to be rich as well as illuſtrious, he repleniſhed his pockets by another mortgage, became on a ſudden a daring better, and reſolving not to truſt a jockey with his fortune, rode his horſe himſelf, diſtanced two of his competitors the firſt heat, and at laſt won the race, by forcing his horſe on a deſcent to full ſpeed at the hazard of his neck. His eſtate was thus repaired, and ſome friends that had no ſouls adviſed him to give over; but *Ned* now knew the way to riches, and therefore without caution increaſed his expences. From this hour he talked and dreamed of nothing but a horſe-race; and riſing ſoon to the ſummit of equeſtrian reputation, he was conſtantly expected on every courſe, divided all his time between lords and jockies, and, as the unexperienced regulated their betts by his example, gained a great deal of money by laying openly on one horſe and ſecretly on the other. *Ned* was now ſo ſure of growing rich, that he involved his eſtate in a third mortgage, borrowed money of all his friends, and riſqued his whole fortune upon *Bay-Lincoln*. He mounted with beating heart, ſtarted fair and won the firſt heat; but in the ſecond, as he was puſhing againſt the foremoſt of his rivals, his girth broke, his ſhoulder was diſlocated, and before he was diſmiſſed by the ſurgeon, two bailiffs faſtened upon him, and he ſaw *Newmarket* no more. His daily amuſement for four years has been to blow the ſignal for ſtarting, to make imaginary matches, to repeat the pedigree of

Bay-

Bay-Lincoln, and to form reſolutions againſt truſting another groom with the choice of his girth.

The next in ſeniority is Mr. *Timothy Snug*, a man of deep contrivance and impenetrable ſecrecy. His father died with the reputation of more wealth than he poſſeſſed: *Tim*, therefore, entered the world with a reputed fortune of ten thouſand pounds. Of this he very well knew that eight thouſand was imaginary: but being a man of refined policy, and knowing how much honour is annexed to riches, he reſolved never to detect his own poverty; but furniſhed his houſe with elegance, ſcattered his money with profuſion, encouraged every ſcheme of coſtly pleaſure, ſpoke of petty loſſes with negligence, and on the day before an execution entered his doors, had proclaimed at a publick table his reſolution to be jolted no longer in a hackney-coach.

Another of my companions is the magnanimous *Jack Scatter*, the ſon of a country gentleman, who having no other care than to leave him rich, conſidered that literature could not be had without expence; maſters would not teach for nothing; and when a book was bought and read, it would ſell for little. *Jack* was, therefore, taught to read and write by the butler; and when this acquiſition was made, was left to paſs his days in the kitchen and the ſtable, where he heard no crime cenſured but covetouſneſs and diſtruſt of poor honeſt ſervants, and where all the praiſe was beſtowed on good houſekeeping and a free heart. At the death of his father, *Jack* ſet himſelf to retrieve the honour of his family: he abandoned his cellar to the butler, ordered his groom to

provide

provide hay and corn at diſcretion, took his houſe-keeper's word for the expences of the kitchen, allowed all his ſervants to do their work by deputies, permitted his domeſticks to keep his houſe open to their relations and acquaintance, and in ten years was conveyed hither, without having purchaſed by the loſs of his patrimony either honour or pleaſure, or obtained any other gratification than that of having corrupted the neighbouring villagers by luxury and idleneſs.

Dick Serge was a draper in *Cornhill*, and paſſed eight years in proſperous diligence, without any care but to keep his books, or any ambition but to be in time an alderman: but then, by ſome unaccountable revolution in his underſtanding, he became enamoured of wit and humour, deſpiſed the converſation of pedlars and ſtockjobbers, and rambled every night to the regions of gaiety, in queſt of company ſuited to his taſte. The wits at firſt flocked about him for ſport, and afterwards for intereſt; ſome found their way into his books, and ſome into his pockets; the man of adventure was equipped from his ſhop for the purſuit of a fortune; and he had ſometimes the honour to have his ſecurity accepted when his friends were in diſtreſs. Elated with theſe aſſociations, he ſoon learned to neglect his ſhop; and having drawn his money out of the funds, to avoid the neceſſity of ſeizing men of honour for trifling debts, he has been forced at laſt to retire hither, till his friends can procure him a poſt at court.

Another that joins in the ſame meſs is *Bob Cornice*, whoſe life has been ſpent in fitting up a houſe.

About

About ten years ago *Bob* purchaſed the country habitation of a bankrupt: the mere ſhell of a building, *Bob* holds no great matter; the inſide is the teſt of elegance. Of this houſe he was no ſooner maſter than he ſummoned twenty workmen to his aſſiſtance, tore up the floors and laid them anew, ſtripped off the wainſcot, drew the windows from their frames, altered the diſpoſition of doors and fire-places, and caſt the whole fabrick into a new form: his next care was to have his ceilings painted, his pannels gilt, and his chimney-pieces carved: every thing was executed by the ableſt hands: *Bob*'s buſineſs was to follow the workmen with a microſcope, and call upon them to retouch their performances, and heighten excellence to perfection. The reputation of his houſe now brings round him a daily confluence of viſitants, and every one tells him of ſome elegance which he has hitherto overlooked, ſome convenience not yet procured, or ſome new mode in ornament or furniture. *Bob*, who had no wiſh but to be admired, nor any guide but the faſhion, thought every thing beautiful in proportion as it was new, and conſidered his work as unfiniſhed, while any obſerver could ſuggeſt an addition; ſome alteration was therefore every day made, without any other motive than the charms of novelty. A traveller at laſt ſuggeſted to him the convenience of a grotto: *Bob* immediately ordered the mount of his garden to be excavated; and having laid out a large ſum in ſhells and minerals, was buſy in regulating the diſpoſition of the colours and luſtres, when two gentlemen, who had aſked permiſſion to ſee his *gardens, preſented* him a writ, and led him off to his *elegant apartments.*

I know

I know not, Sir, whether among this fraternity of ſorrow you will think any much to be pitied; nor indeed do many of them appear to ſolicit compaſſion, for they generally applaud their own conduct, and deſpiſe thoſe whom want of taſte or ſpirit ſuffers to grow rich. It were happy if the priſons of the kingdom were filled only with characters like theſe, men whom proſperity could not make uſeful, and whom ruin cannot make wiſe: but there are among us many who raiſe different ſenſations, many that owe their preſent miſery to the ſeductions of treachery, the ſtrokes of caſualty, or the tenderneſs of pity; many whoſe ſufferings diſgrace ſociety, and whoſe virtues would adorn it: of theſe, when familiarity ſhall have enabled me to recount their ſtories without horror, you may expect another narrative from,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

MISARGYRUS.

NUMB. 58. SATURDAY, *May* 25, 1753.

Damnant quod non intelligunt. Cic.

They condemn what they do not underſtand.

EURIPIDES, having preſented *Socrates* with the writings of *Heraclitus*, a philoſopher famed for involution and obſcurity, enquired afterwards his opinion of their merit. "What I underſtand," ſaid *Socrates*, "I find to be excellent; and, there-"fore, believe that to be of equal value which I "cannot underſtand."

The reflection of every man who reads this paſſage will ſuggeſt to him the difference between the practice of *Socrates*, and that of modern critics: *Socrates*, who had, by long obſervation upon himſelf and others, diſcovered the weakneſs of the ſtrongeſt, and the dimneſs of the moſt enlightened intellect, was afraid to decide haſtily in his own favour, or to conclude that an author had written without meaning, becauſe he could not immediately catch his ideas; he knew that the faults of books are often more juſtly imputable to the reader, who ſometimes wants attention, and ſometimes penetration; whoſe underſtanding is often obſtructed by prejudice, and often diſſipated by remiſſneſs; who comes ſometimes to a new ſtudy, unfurniſhed with knowledge previouſly neceſſary; and finds difficultles inſuper-

able,

able, for want of ardour ſufficient to encounter them.

Obſcurity and clearneſs are relative terms: to ſome readers ſcarce any book is eaſy, to others not many are difficult: and ſurely they, whom neither any exuberant praiſe beſtowed by others, nor any eminent conqueſts over ſtubborn problems, have entitled to exalt themſelves above the common orders of mankind, might condeſcend to imitate the candour of *Socrates*; and where they find inconteſtible proofs of ſuperior genius, be content to think that there is juſtneſs in the connection which they cannot trace, and cogency in the reaſoning which they cannot comprehend.

This diffidence is never more reaſonable, than in the peruſal of the authors of antiquity; of thoſe whoſe works have been the delight of ages, and tranſmitted as the great inheritance of mankind from one generation to another: ſurely, no man can, without the utmoſt arrogance, imagine, that he brings any ſuperiority of underſtanding to the peruſal of theſe books which have been preſerved in the devaſtation of cities, and ſnatched up from the wreck of nations; which thoſe who fled before barbarians have been careful to carry off in the hurry of migration, and of which barbarians have repented the deſtruction. If in books thus made venerable by the uniform atteſtation of ſucceſſive ages, any paſſages ſhall appear unworthy of that praiſe which they have formerly received; let us not immediately determine, that they owed their reputation to dulneſs or bigotry; but ſuſpect at leaſt that our anceſtors had ſome rea-

ſons for their opinions, and that our ignorance of thoſe reaſons makes us differ from them.

It often happens, that an author's reputation is endangered in ſucceeding times, by that which raiſed the loudeſt applauſe among his cotemporaries: nothing is read with greater pleaſure than alluſions to recent facts, reigning opinions, or preſent controverſies; but when facts are forgotten, and controverſies extinguiſhed, theſe favourite touches loſe all their graces; and the author in his deſcent to poſterity muſt be left to the mercy of chance, without any power of aſcertaining the memory of thoſe things, to which he owed his luckieſt thoughts and his kindeſt reception.

On ſuch occaſions, every reader ſhould remember the diffidence of *Socrates*, and repair by his candour the injuries of time; he ſhould impute the ſeeming defects of his author to ſome chaſm of intelligence, and ſuppoſe, that the ſenſe which is now weak was once forcible, and the expreſſion which is now dubious formerly determinate.

How much the mutilation of ancient hiſtory has taken away from the beauty of poetical performances, may be conjectured from the light which a lucky commentator ſometimes effuſes, by the recovery of an incident that had been long forgotten: thus, in the third book of *Horace*, *Juno*'s denunciations againſt thoſe that ſhould preſume to raiſe again the walls of *Troy*, could for many ages pleaſe only by ſplendid images and ſwelling language, of which no man diſcovered the uſe or propriety, till *Le Fevre*, by ſhewing on what occaſion the Ode was written, changed wonder to rational delight. Many paſſages

yet

yet undoubtedly remain in the ſame author, which an exacter knowledge of the incidents of his time would clear from objections. Among theſe I have always numbered the following lines:

Aurum per medias ire ſatellites,
Et perrumpere amat ſaxa, potentius
Ictu fulmineo. Concidit Auguris
Argivi domus ob lucrum
Demerſa excidio. Diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo, et ſubruit æmulos
Reges muneribus. Munera navium
Sævos illaqueant duces.

Stronger than thunder's winged force,
All-powerful gold can ſpread its courſe,
Thro' watchful guards its paſſage make,
And loves through ſolid walls to break:
From gold the overwhelming woes,
That cruſh'd the Grecian augur roſe:
Philip with gold thro' cities broke,
And rival monarchs felt his yoke;
Captains of ſhips to gold are ſlaves,
The' fierce as their own winds and waves. FRANCIS.

The cloſe of this paſſage, by which every reader is now diſappointed and offended, was probably the delight of the *Roman* court: it cannot be imagined, that *Horace*, after having given to gold the force of thunder, and told of its power to ſtorm cities and to conquer kings, would have concluded his account of its efficacy with its influence over naval commanders, had he not alluded to ſome fact then current in the mouths of men, and therefore more intereſting for a time than the conqueſts of Philip. Of the like

kind may be reckoned another ſtanza in the ſame book:

——Juſſa coram non ſine conſcio
Surgit marito, ſeu vocat inſtitor
Seu navis Hiſpanæ magiſter
Dedecorum pretioſus emptor.

The conſcious huſband bids her riſe,
When ſome rich factor courts her charms,
Who calls the wanton to his arms,
And, prodigal of wealth and fame,
Profuſely buys the coſtly ſhame. FRANCIS.

He has little knowledge of *Horace* who imagines that the *factor*, or the *Spaniſh merchant*, are mentioned by chance: there was undoubtedly ſome popular ſtory of an intrigue, which thoſe names recalled to the memory of his reader.

The flame of his genius in other parts, though ſomewhat dimmed by time, is not totally eclipſed; his addreſs and judgment yet appear, though much of the ſpirit and vigour of his ſentiment is loſt: this has happened to the twentieth Ode of the firſt book;

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Græcâ quod ego ipſe teſtâ
Conditum levi; datus in theatro
Cùm tibi plauſus,
Care Mæcenas eques. Ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, ſimul et jocoſæ
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago.

A poet's

A poet's beverage humbly cheap,
(Should great Mæcenas be my gueſt)
The vintage of the Sabine grape,
But yet in ſober cups, ſhall crown the feaſt:
'Twas rack'd into a Grecian caſk,
Its rougher juice to melt away;
I ſeal'd it too—a pleaſing taſk!
With annual joy to mark the glorious day,
When in applauſive ſhouts thy name
Spread from the theatre around,
Floating on thy own Tiber's ſtream,
And Echo, playful nymph, return'd the ſound.

FRANCIS.

We here eaſily remark the intertexture of a happy compliment with an humble invitation; but certainly are leſs delighted than thoſe, to whom the mention of the applauſe beſtowed upon Mæcenas, gave occaſion to recount the actions or words that produced it.

Two lines which have exerciſed the ingenuity of modern critics, may, I think, be reconciled to the judgment, by an eaſy ſuppoſition: *Horace* thus addreſſes Agrippa;

Scriberis Vario fortis, et hoſtium
Victor, Mæonii carminis alite.

Varius, *a ſwan of Homer's wing*,
Shall brave Agrippa's conqueſts ſing.

That *Varius* ſhould be called "A bird of *Homeric* "ſong," appears ſo harſh to modern ears, that an emendation of the text has been propoſed: but ſurely the learning of the ancients had been long ago obliterated, had every man thought himſelf at

liberty to corrupt the lines which he did not underſtand. If we imagine that *Varius* had been by any of his cotemporaries celebrated under the appellation of *Muſarum Ales*, the ſwan of the Muſes, the language of *Horace* becomes graceful and familiar; and that ſuch a compliment was at leaſt poſſible, we know from the transformation feigned by *Horace* of himſelf.

The moſt elegant compliment that was paid to *Addiſon*, is of this obſcure and periſhable kind:

> When panting Virtue her laſt efforts made,
> You brought your CLIO to the virgin's aid.

Theſe lines muſt pleaſe as long as they are underſtood; but can be underſtood only by thoſe that have obſerved *Addiſon*'s ſignatures in the *Spectator*.

The nicety of theſe minute alluſions I ſhall exemplify by another inſtance, which I take this occaſion to mention, becauſe, as I am told, the commentators have omitted it. *Tibullus* addreſſes *Cynthia* in this manner:

> *Te ſpectem, ſuprema mihi cùm venerit hora,*
> *Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.*

> Before my cloſing eyes, dear *Cynthia*, ſtand,
> Held weakly by my fainting trembling hand.

To theſe lines *Ovid* thus refers in his elegy on the death of *Tibullus*;

> *Cynthia decedens, felicius, inquit, amata*
> *Sum tibi; vixiſti dum tuus ignis eram,*
> *Cui Nemeſis, quid, ait, tibi ſunt mea damna dolori?*
> *Ille tenuit moriens deficiente manu.*

Pleaſ

Bleſt was my reign, retiring Cynthia cry'd:
Not till he left my breaſt, Tibullus dy'd.
Forbear, ſaid Nemeſis, my loſs to moan,
The fainting trembling hand was mine alone.

The beauty of this paſſage, which conſiſts in the appropriation made by *Nemeſis* of the line originally directed to *Cynthia*, had been wholly imperceptible to ſucceeding ages, had chance, which has deſtroyed ſo many greater volumes, deprived us likewiſe of the poems of *Tibullus*.

NUMB. 62. SATURDAY, *June* 9, 1753.

O fortuna viris invida fortibus
Quam non æqua bonis præmia dividis. SENECA.

Capricious Fortune ever joys,
With partial hand to deal the prize,
To cruſh the brave and cheat the wiſe.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR, *Fleet, June* 6.

TO the account of ſuch of my companions as are impriſoned without being miſerable, or are miſerable without any claim to compaſſion; I promiſed to add the hiſtories of thoſe, whoſe virtue has made them unhappy, or whoſe misfortunes are at leaſt without a crime. That this catalogue ſhould

be very numerous, neither you nor your readers ought to expect; "rari quippe boni;" "the good "are few." Virtue is uncommon in all the claſſes of humanity; and I ſuppoſe it will ſcarcely be imagined more frequent in a priſon than in other places.

Yet in theſe gloomy regions is to be found the tenderneſs, the generoſity, the philanthropy of *Serenus*, who might have lived in competence and eaſe, if he could have looked without emotion on the miſeries of another. *Serenus* was one of thoſe exalted minds, whom knowledge and ſagacity could not make ſuſpicious; who poured out his ſoul in boundleſs intimacy, and thought community of poſſeſſions the law of friendſhip. The friend of *Serenus* was arreſted for debt, and after many endeavours to ſoften his creditor, ſent his wife to ſolicit that aſſiſtance which never was refuſed. The tears and importunity of female diſtreſs were more than was neceſſary to move the heart of *Serenus*; he haſted immediately away, and conferring a long time with his friend, found him confident that if the preſent preſſure was taken off, he ſhould ſoon be able to reeſtabliſh his affairs. *Serenus*, accuſtomed to believe, and afraid to aggravate diſtreſs, did not attempt to detect the fallacies of hope, nor reflect that every man overwhelmed with calamity believes, that if that was removed he ſhall immediately be happy: he, therefore, with little heſitation offered himſelf as ſurety.

In the firſt raptures of eſcape all was joy, gratitude, and confidence; the friend of *Serenus* diſplayed his

his proſpects, and counted over the ſums of which he ſhould infallibly be maſter before the day of payment. *Serenus* in a ſhort time began to find his danger, but could not prevail with himſelf to repent of beneficence; and therefore ſuffered himſelf ſtill to be amuſed with projects which he durſt not conſider, for fear of finding them impracticable. The debtor, after he had tried every method of raiſing money which art or indigence could prompt, wanted either fidelity or reſolution to ſurrender himſelf to priſon, and left *Serenus* to take his place.

Serenus has often propoſed to the creditor, to pay him whatever he ſhall appear to have loſt by the flight of his friend; but however reaſonable this propoſal may be thought, avarice and brutality have been hitherto inexorable, and *Serenus* ſtill continues to languiſh in priſon.

In this place, however, where want makes almoſt every man ſelfiſh, or deſperation gloomy, it is the good fortune of *Serenus* not to live without a friend: he paſſes moſt of his hours in the converſation of *Candidus*, a man whom the ſame virtuous ductility has with ſome difference of circumſtances made equally unhappy. *Candidus*, when he was young, helpleſs, and ignorant, found a patron that educated, protected, and ſupported him: his patron being more vigilant for others than himſelf, left at his death an only ſon, deſtitute and friendleſs. *Candidus* was eager to repay the benefits he had received; and having maintained the youth for a few years at his own houſe, afterwards placed him with a merchant of eminence, and gave bonds to a great value as a ſecurity for his conduct.

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The young man, removed too early from the only eye of which he dreaded the obſervation, and deprived of the only inſtruction which he heard with reverence, ſoon learned to conſider virtue as reſtraint, and reſtraint as oppreſſion; and to look with a longing eye at every expence to which he could not reach, and every pleaſure which he could not partake: by degrees he deviated from his firſt regularity, and unhappily mingling among young men buſy in diſſipating the gains of their fathers induſtry, he forgot the precepts of *Candidus*, ſpent the evening in parties of pleaſure, and the morning in expedients to ſupport his riots. He was, however, dextrous and active in buſineſs; and his maſter, being ſecured againſt any conſequences of diſhoneſty, was very little ſolicitous to inſpect his manners, or to enquire how he paſſed thoſe hours, which were not immediately devoted to the buſineſs of his profeſſion: when he was informed of the young man's extravagance or debauchery, "Let his bondſman "look to that," ſaid he, "I have taken care of "myſelf."

Thus the unhappy ſpendthrift proceeded from folly to folly, and from vice to vice, with the connivance if not the encouragement of his maſter; till in the heat of a nocturnal revel he committed ſuch violences in the ſtreet as drew upon him a criminal proſecution. Guilty and unexperienced, he knew not what courſe to take; to confeſs his crime to *Candidus*, and ſolicit his interpoſition, was little leſs dreadful than to ſtand before the frown of a court of juſtice. Having, therefore, paſſed the day with anguiſh in his heart and diſtraction in his looks, he

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ſeized at night a very large ſum of money in the compting-houſe, and ſetting out he knew not whither, was heard of no more.

The conſequence of his flight was the ruin of *Candidus*; ruin ſurely undeſerved and irreproachable, and ſuch as the laws of a juſt government ought either to prevent or repair: nothing is more inequitable than that one man ſhould ſuffer for the crimes of another, for crimes which he neither prompted nor permitted, which he could neither foreſee nor prevent. When we conſider the weakneſs of human reſolutions and the inconſiſtency of human conduct, it muſt appear abſurd that one man ſhall engage for another, that he will not change his opinions or alter his conduct.

It is, I think, worthy of conſideration, whether ſince no wager is binding without a poſſibility of loſs on each ſide, it is not equally reaſonable, that no contract ſhould be valid without reciprocal ſtipulations: but in this caſe, and others of the ſame kind, what is ſtipulated on his ſide to whom the bond is given? he takes advantage of the ſecurity, neglects his affairs, omits his duty, ſuffers timorous wickedneſs to grow daring by degrees, permits appetite to call for new gratifications, and, perhaps, ſecretly longs for the time in which he ſhall have power to ſeize the forfeiture: and if virtue or gratitude ſhould prove too ſtrong for temptation, and a young man perſiſt in honeſty, however inſtigated by his paſſions, what can ſecure him at laſt againſt a falſe accuſation? I for my part always ſhall ſuſpect, that he who can by ſuch methods ſecure his property, will go one ſtep farther to increaſe it: nor can I think that

man

man ſafely truſted with the means of miſchief, who, by his deſire to have them in his hands, gives an evident proof how much leſs he values his neighbour's happineſs than his own.

Another of our companions is *Lentulus*, a man whoſe dignity of birth was very ill ſupported by his fortune. As ſome of the firſt offices in the kingdom were filled by his relations, he was early invited to court, and encouraged by careſſes and promiſes to attendance and ſolicitation: a conſtant appearance in ſplendid company neceſſarily required magnificence of dreſs; and a frequent participation of faſhionable amuſements forced him into expence: but theſe meaſures were requiſite to his ſucceſs; ſince every body knows, that to be loſt to ſight is to be loſt to remembrance, and that he who deſires to fill a vacancy, muſt be always at hand, leſt ſome man of greater vigilance ſhould ſtep in before him.

By this courſe of life his little fortune was every day made leſs: but he received ſo many diſtinctions in public, and was known to reſort ſo familiarly to the houſes of the great, that every man looked on his preferment as certain, and believed that its value would compenſate for its ſlowneſs: he, therefore, found no difficulty in obtaining credit for all that his rank or his vanity made neceſſary; and as ready payment was not expected, the bills were proportionably enlarged, and the value of the hazard or delay were adjuſted ſolely by the equity of the creditor. At length death deprived *Lentulus* of one of his

rons, d a revolution in the miniſtry of another;

l his proſpects vaniſhed at once, and thoſe

ore encouraged his expences, began to

perceive

perceive that their money was in danger: there was now no other contention but who ſhould firſt ſeize upon his perſon, and, by forcing immediate payment, deliver him up naked to the vengeance of the reſt. In purſuance of this ſcheme, one of them invited him to a tavern, and procured him to be arreſted at the door; but *Lentulus*, inſtead of endeavouring ſecretly to pacify him by payment, gave notice to the reſt, and offered to divide amongſt them the remnant of his fortune: they feaſted ſix hours at his expence, to deliberate on his propoſal; and at laſt determined, that, as he could not offer more than five ſhillings in the pound, it would be more prudent to keep him in priſon, till he could procure from his relations the payment of his debts.

Lentulus is not the only man confined within theſe walls, on the ſame account: the like procedure, upon the like motives, is common among men whom yet the law allows to partake the uſe of fire and water with the compaſſionate and the juſt; who frequent the aſſemblies of commerce in open day, and talk with deteſtation and contempt of highwaymen or houſebreakers: but, ſurely, that man muſt be confeſſedly robbed, who is compelled, by whatever means, to pay the debts which he does not owe; nor can I look with equal hatred upon him, who, at the hazard of his life, holds out his piſtol and demands my purſe, as on him who plunders under ſhelter of the law, and, by detaining my ſon or my friend in priſon, extorts from me the price of their liberty. No man can be more an enemy to ſociety than he, by whoſe machinations our virtues are

turned

turned to our diſadvantage; he is leſs deſtructive to mankind that plunders cowardice, than he that preys upon compaſſion.

I believe, Mr. *Adventurer*, you will readily confeſs, that though not one of theſe, if tried before a commercial judicature, can be wholly acquitted from imprudence or temerity; yet that, in the eye of all who can conſider virtue as diſtinct from wealth, the fault of two of them, at leaſt, is outweighed by the merit; and that of the third is ſo much extenuated by the circumſtances of his life, as not to deſerve a perpetual priſon: yet muſt theſe, with multitudes equally blameleſs, languiſh in confinement, till malevolence ſhall relent, or the law be changed.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

MISARGYRUS.

NUMB. 69. TUESDAY, *July* 3, 1753.

Fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt. CÆSAR.

Men willingly believe what they wiſh to be true.

TULLY has long ago obſerved, that no man, however weakened by long life, is ſo conſcious of his own decrepitude, as not to imagine that he may yet hold his ſtation in the world for another year.

Of the truth of this remark every day furniſhes new confirmation: there is no time of life, in which men for the moſt part ſeem leſs to expect the ſtroke of death, than when every other eye ſees it impending; or are more buſy in providing for another year than when it is plain to all but themſelves, that at another year they cannot arrive. Though every funeral that paſſes before their eyes evinces the deceitfulneſs of ſuch expectations, ſince every man who is born to the grave thought himſelf equally certain of living at leaſt to the next year; the ſurvivor ſtill continues to flatter himſelf, and is never at a loſs for ſome reaſon why his life ſhould be protracted, and the voracity of death continued to be pacified with ſome other prey.

But this is only one of the innumerable artifices practiſed in the univerſal conſpiracy of mankind againſt themſelves: every age and every condition indulges ſome darling fallacy; every man amuſes

himſelf with projects which he knows to be improbable, and which, therefore, he reſolves to purſue without daring to examine them. Whatever any man ardently deſires, he very readily believes that he ſhall ſome time attain: he whoſe intemperance has overwhelmed him with diſeaſes, while he languiſhes in the ſpring, expects vigour and recovery from the ſummer ſun; and while he melts away in the ſummer, transfers his hopes to the froſts of winter: he that gazes upon elegance or pleaſure, which want of money hinders him from imitating or partaking, comforts himſelf that the time of diſtreſs will ſoon be at an end, and that every day brings him nearer to a ſtate of happineſs; though he knows it has paſſed not only without acquiſition of advantage, but perhaps without endeavours after it, in the formation of ſchemes that cannot be executed, and in the contemplation of proſpects which cannot be approached.

Such is the general dream in which we all ſlumber out our time: every man thinks the day coming, in which he ſhall be gratified with all his wiſhes, in which he ſhall leave all thoſe competitors behind, who are now rejoicing like himſelf in the expectation of victory; the day is always coming to the ſervile in which they ſhall be powerful, to the obſcure in which they ſhall be eminent, and to the deformed in which they ſhall be beautiful.

If any of my readers has looked with ſo little attention on the world about him, asto imagine this repreſentation exaggerated beyond probability, let him reflect a little upon his own life; let him conſider what were his hopes and proſpects ten years ago, and

what

what additions he then expected to be made by ten years to his happineſs: thoſe years are now elapſed; have they made good the promiſe that was extorted from them, have they advanced his fortune, enlarged his knowledge, or reformed his conduct, to the degree that was once expected? I am afraid, every man that recollects his hopes, muſt confeſs his diſappointment; and own that day has glided unprofitably after day, and that he is ſtill at the ſame diſtance from the point of happineſs.

With what conſolations can thoſe, who have thus miſcarried in their chief deſign, elude the memory of their ill ſucceſs? with what amuſements can they pacify their diſcontent, after the loſs of ſo large a portion of life? they can give themſelves up again to the ſame deluſions, they can form new ſchemes of airy gratifications, and fix another period of felicity; they can again reſolve to truſt the promiſe which they know will be broken, they can walk in a circle with their eyes ſhut, and perſuade themſelves to think that they go forward.

Of every great and complicated event, part depends upon cauſes out of our power, and part muſt be effected by vigour and perſeverance. With regard to that which is ſtiled in common language the work of chance, men will always find reaſons for confidence or diſtruſt, according to their different tempers or inclinations; and he that has been long accuſtomed to pleaſe himſelf with poſſibilities of fortuitous happineſs, will not eaſily or willingly be reclaimed from his miſtake. But the effects of human induſtry and ſkill are more eaſily ſubjected to calculation: whatever can be completed in a year,

To this teſt let every man bring his imaginations, before they have been too long predominant in his mind. Whatever is true will bear to be related, whatever is rational will endure to be explained; but when we delight to brood in ſecret over future happineſs, and ſilently to employ our meditations upon ſchemes of which we are conſcious that the bare mention would expoſe us to deriſion and contempt; we ſhould then remember, that we are cheating ourſelves by voluntary deluſions; and giving up to the unreal mockeries of fancy, thoſe hours in which ſolid advantages might be attained by ſober thought and rational aſſiduity.

There is, indeed, ſo little certainty in human affairs, that the moſt cautious and ſevere examiner may be allowed to indulge ſome hopes which he cannot prove to be much favoured by probability; ſince after his utmoſt endeavours to aſcertain events, he muſt often leave the iſſue in the hands of chance. And ſo ſcanty is our preſent allowance of happineſs, that in many ſituations life could ſcarcely be ſupported, if hope were not allowed to relieve the preſent hour by pleaſures borrowed from futurity; and re-animate the languor of dejection to new efforts, by pointing to diſtant regions of felicity, which yet no reſolution or perſeverance ſhall ever reach.

But theſe, like all other cordials, though they may invigorate in a ſmall quantity, intoxicate in a greater; theſe pleaſures, like the reſt, are lawful only in certain circumſtances, and to certain degrees; they may be uſeful in a due ſubſerviency to nobler purpoſes, but become dangerous and deſtructive when once they gain the aſcendant in the heart: to

ſoothe

ſoothe the mind to tranquillity by hope, even when that hope is likely to deceive us, may be ſometimes uſeful; but to lull our faculties in a lethargy, is poor and deſpicable.

Vices and errors are differently modified, according to the ſtate of the minds to which they are incident; to indulge hope beyond the warrant of reaſon, is the failure alike of mean and elevated underſtandings; but its foundation and its effects are totally different: the man of high courage and great abilities is apt to place too much confidence in himſelf, and to expect from a vigorous exertion of his powers more than ſpirit or diligence can attain: between him and his wiſh he ſees obſtacles indeed, but he expects to overleap or break them; his miſtaken ardour hurries him forward; and though perhaps he miſſes his end, he nevertheleſs obtains ſome collateral good, and performs ſomething uſeful to mankind and honourable to himſelf.

The drone of timidity preſumes likewiſe to hope, but without ground and without conſequence; the bliſs with which he ſolaces his hours, he always expects from others, though very often he knows not from whom; he folds his arms about him, and ſits in expectation of ſome revolution in the ſtate that ſhall raiſe him to greatneſs, or ſome golden ſhower that ſhall load him with wealth; he dozes away the day in muſing upon the morrow; and at the end of life is rouzed from his dream only to diſcover that the time of action is paſt, and that he can now ſhew his wiſdom only by repentance.

NUMB. 84. SATURDAY, *August* 25, 1753.

——— *Tolle periculum,*
Jam vaga proſiliet frœnis natura remotis. HOR.

But take the danger and the ſhame away,
And vagrant nature bounds upon her prey. FRANCIS.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT has been obſerved, I think, by Sir *William Temple*, and after him by almoſt every other writer, that *England* affords a greater variety of characters than the reſt of the world. This is aſcribed to the liberty prevailing amongſt us, which gives every man the privilege of being wiſe or fooliſh his own way, and preſerves him from the neceſſity of hypocriſy or the ſervility of imitation.

That the poſition itſelf is true, I am not completely ſatisfied. To be nearly acquainted with the people of different countries can happen to very few; and in life, as in every thing elſe beheld at a diſtance, there appears an even uniformity: the petty diſcriminations which diverſify the natural character, are not diſcoverable but by a cloſe inſpection; we, therefore, find them moſt at home, becauſe there we have moſt opportunities of remarking them. Much leſs am I convinced, that this peculiar diverſification, if it be real, is the conſequence

quence of peculiar liberty; for where is the government to be found that ſuperintends individuals with ſo much vigilance, as not to leave their private conduct without reſtraint? Can it enter into a reaſonable mind to imagine, that men of every other nation are not equally maſters of their own time or houſes with ourſelves, and equally at liberty to be parſimonious or profuſe, frolick or ſullen, abſtinent or luxurious? Liberty is certainly neceſſary to the full play of predominant humours; but ſuch liberty is to be found alike under the government of the many or the few, in monarchies or in commonwealths.

How readily the predominant paſſion ſnatches an interval of liberty, and how faſt it expands itſelf when the weight of reſtraint is taken away, I had lately an opportunity to diſcover, as I took a journey into the country in a ſtage-coach; which, as every journey is a kind of adventure, may be very properly related to you, though I can diſplay no ſuch extraordinary aſſembly as *Cervantes* has collected at *Don Quixote*'s inn.

In a ſtage-coach the paſſengers are for the moſt part wholly unknown to one another, and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at an end; one ſhould therefore imagine, that it was of little importance to any of them, what conjectures the reſt ſhould form concerning him. Yet ſo it is, that as all think themſelves ſecure from detection, all aſſume that character of which they are moſt deſirous, and on no occaſion is the general ambition of ſuperiority more apparently indulged.

On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I aſcended the vehicle with three men and two women, my fellow-travellers. It was eaſy to obſerve the affected elevation of mien with which every one entered, and the ſupercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each other. When the firſt ceremony was diſpatched, we ſat ſilent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to ſtrike reverence and ſubmiſſion into our companions.

It is always obſervable that ſilence propagates itſelf, and that the longer talk has been ſuſpended, the more difficult it is to find any thing to ſay. We began now to wiſh for converſation; but no one ſeemed inclined to deſcend from his dignity, or firſt propoſe a topick of diſcourſe. At laſt a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himſelf for this expedition with a ſcarlet ſurtout and a large hat with a broad lace, drew out his watch, looked on it in ſilence, and then held it dangling at his finger. This was, I ſuppoſe, underſtood by all the company as an invitation to aſk the time of the day, but nobody appeared to heed his overture; and his deſire to be talking ſo far overcame his reſentment, that he let us know of his own accord that it was paſt five, and that in two hours we ſhould be at breakfaſt.

His condeſcenſion was thrown away; we continued all obdurate; the ladies held up their heads; I amuſed myſelf with watching their behaviour; and of the other two, one ſeemed to employ himſelf in counting the trees as we drove by them, the other

other drew his hat over his eyes and counterfeited a ſlumber. The man of benevolence, to ſhew that he was not depreſſed by our neglect, hummed a tune and beat time upon his ſnuff-box.

Thus univerſally diſpleaſed with one another, and not much delighted with ourſelves, we came at laſt to the little inn appointed for our repaſt; and all began at once to recompenſe themſelves for the conſtraint of ſilence, by innumerable queſtions and orders to the people that attended us. At laſt, what every one had called for was got, or declared impoſſible to be got at that time, and we were perſuaded to ſit round the ſame table; when the gentleman in the red ſurtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to ſpare, but he was ſorry to ſee ſo little merriment among us; that all fellow-travellers were for the time upon the level, and that it was always his way to make himſelf one of the company. "I remember," ſays he, "it was on juſt ſuch a morning as this, that I and "my Lord *Mumble* and the Duke of *Tenterden* "were out upon a ramble: we called at a little "houſe as it might be this; and my landlady, I "warrant you, not ſuſpecting to whom ſhe was "talking, was ſo jocular and facetious, and made "ſo many merry anſwers to our queſtions, that we "were all ready to burſt with laughter. At laſt the "good woman happening to overhear me whiſper "the duke and call him by his title, was ſo ſur-"priſed and confounded, that we could ſcarcely "get a word from her; and the duke never met "me from that day to this, but he talks of the "little

" little houſe, and quarrels with me for terrifying " the landlady."

He had ſcarcely time to congratulate himſelf on the veneration which this narrative muſt have procured him from the company, when one of the ladies having reached out for a plate on a diſtant part of the table, began to remark " the inconve- " niences of travelling, and the difficulty which " they who never ſat at home without a great num- " ber of attendants found in performing for them- " ſelves ſuch offices as the road required; but that " people of quality often travelled in diſguiſe, and " might be generally known from the vulgar by " their condeſcenſion to poor inn-keepers, and the " allowance which they made for any defect in " their entertainment; that for her part, while peo- " ple were civil and meant well, it was never her " cuſtom to find fault, for one was not to expect upon " a journey all that one enjoyed at one's own houſe."

A general emulation ſeemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto ſaid nothing, called for the laſt news-paper; and having peruſed it a while with deep penſiveneſs, " It is impoſſible," ſays he, " for any man to gueſs how to act with re- " gard to the ſtocks: laſt week it was the general " opinion that they would fall; and I ſold out " twenty thouſand pounds in order to a purchaſe: " they have now riſen unexpectedly; and I make " no doubt but at my return to *London* I ſhall riſk " thirty thouſand pounds among them again."

A young man, who had hitherto diſtinguiſhed himſelf only by the vivacity of his looks, and a frequent

frequent diverſion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this cloſed his ſnuff-box, and told us, that "he had a hundred times talked with the "chancellor and the judges on the ſubject of the "ſtocks; that for his part he did not pretend to be "well acquainted with the principles on which they "were eſtabliſhed, but had always heard them "reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their "produce, and unſolid in their foundation; and "that he had been adviſed by three judges, his "moſt intimate friends, never to venture his money "in the funds, but to put it out upon land-ſecu-"rity, till he could light upon an eſtate in his own "country."

It might be expected, that upon theſe glimpſes of latent dignity, we ſhould all have began to look round us with veneration; and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that diſguiſes them is diſſolved, and they diſcover the dignity of each other: yet it happened, that none of theſe hints made much impreſſion on the company; every one was apparently ſuſpected of endeavouring to impoſe falſe appearances upon the reſt; all continued their haughtineſs in hopes to enforce their claims; and all grew every hour more ſullen, becauſe they found their repreſentations of themſelves without effect.

Thus we travelled on four days with malevolence perpetually increaſing, and without any endeavour but to outvie each other in ſupercilioufneſs and neglect; and when any two of us could ſeparate ourſelves for a moment, we vented our indignation at the ſaucineſs of the reſt.

At

At length the journey was at an end; and time and chance, that ſtrip off all diſguiſes, have diſcovered, that the intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furniſhed a ſhop with the money he has ſaved; the man who deals ſo largely in the funds, is a clerk of a broker in *'Change-alley*; the lady who ſo carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-ſhop behind the *Exchange*; and the young man, who is ſo happy in the friendſhip of the judges, engroſſes and tranſcribes for bread in a garret of the *Temple*. Of one of the women only I could make no diſadvantageous detection, becauſe ſhe had aſſumed no character, but accommodated herſelf to the ſcene before her, without any ſtruggle for diſtinction or ſuperiority.

I could not forbear to reflect on the folly of practiſing a fraud, which, as the event ſhewed, had been already practiſed too often to ſucceed, and by the ſucceſs of which no advantage could have been obtained; of aſſuming a character, which was to end with the day; and of claiming upon falſe pretences honours which muſt periſh with the breath that paid them.

But, Mr. *Adventurer*, let not thoſe who laugh at me and my companions, think this folly confined to a ſtage-coach. Every man in the journey of life takes the ſame advantage of the ignorance of his fellow-travellers, diſguiſes himſelf in counterfeited merit, and hears thoſe praiſes with complacency which his conſcience reproaches him for accepting. Every man deceives himſelf, while he thinks he is deceiving others; and forgets that the time is at hand when every illuſion ſhall ceaſe, when fictitious

excellence

excellence ſhall be torn away, and *all* muſt be ſhown to *all* in their real eſtate.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

VIATOR.

NUMB. 85. TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 28, 1753.

Qui cupit optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer. HOR.

The youth, who hopes th' Olympick prize to gain,
All arts muſt try, and every toil ſuſtain. FRANCIS.

IT is obſerved by *Bacon*, that "reading makes a "full man, converſation a ready man, and "writing an exact man."

As *Bacon* attained to degrees of knowledge ſcarcely ever reached by any other man, the directions which he gives for ſtudy have certainly a juſt claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with ſo great authority, as he that has practiſed it with undiſputed ſucceſs?

Under the protection of ſo great a name, I ſhall, therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the neceſſity of reading, the fitneſs of conſulting other underſtandings than their own, and of conſidering the ſentiments and opinions of thoſe who, however neglected in the preſent age, had in their own times, and many of them a long

time

time afterwards, ſuch reputation for knowledge and acuteneſs, as will ſcarcely ever be attained by thoſe that deſpiſe them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated among us, that libraries are filled only with uſeleſs lumber; that men of parts ſtand in need of no aſſiſtance; and that to ſpend life in poring upon books, is only to imbibe prejudices, to obſtruct and embarraſs the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expence of judgment, and to bury reaſon under a chaos of indigeſted learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themſelves wiſe, and of ſome who are thought wiſe by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be juſtly ſuſpected of endeavouring to ſhelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wiſhing to deſtroy that reputation which they have no hopes to ſhare. It will, I believe, be found invariably true, that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to thoſe, who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reaſon has the power aſcribed to it by its advocates, if ſo much is to be diſcovered by attention and meditation, it is hard to believe, that ſo many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourſelves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the preſent time expect the regard of poſterity, which will then inherit the reaſon which is now thought ſuperior to inſtruction, ſurely they may allow themſelves to be inſtructed by the reaſon of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares, that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his prede-

predeceſſors, and ſuch a declaration has been lately made, nothing but a degree of arrogance unpardonable in the greateſt human underſtanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raiſing prejudices againſt his own performance; for with what hopes of ſucceſs can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miſcarried? or with what peculiar force does he ſuppoſe himſelf invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible ſhould give way before him?

Of thoſe whom Providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely ſmall; and what can be added by each ſingle mind, even of this ſuperior claſs, is very little: the greateſt part of mankind muſt owe all their knowledge, and all muſt owe far the larger part of it, to the information of others. To underſtand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their ſyſtems, and retain their reaſonings, is a taſk more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted uſeleſs or idle, who has ſtored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occaſionally to others who have leſs leiſure or weaker abilities.

Perſius has juſtly obſerved, that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to poſſeſs it: to the ſcholar himſelf it is nothing with reſpect either to honour or advantage, for the world cannot reward thoſe qualities which are concealed from it; with reſpect to others it is nothing, becauſe it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with juſtice, therefore, that in an accompliſhed character, *Horace* unites juſt ſentiments with

the power of expreſſing them; and he that once accumulated learning, is next to conſider, l he ſhall moſt widely diffuſe and moſt agreeably part it.

A ready man is made by converſation. He t buries himſelf among his manuſcripts "beſprer as *Pope* expreſſes it, "with learned duſt," and we out his days and nights in perpetual reſearch and litary meditation, is too apt to loſe in his elocut what he adds to his wiſdom; and when he cor into the world, to appear overloaded with his c notions, like a man armed with weapons which cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating ſpeculations, of adapting himſelf to the various grees of intellect which the accidents of converſat will preſent; but will talk to moſt unintelligib and to all unpleaſantly.

I was once preſent at the lectures of a profou philoſopher, a man really ſkilled in the ſcier which he profeſſed, who having occaſion to expl the terms *opacum* and *pellucidum*, told us, after ſo heſitation, that *opacum* was, as one might ſay, *opa* and that *pellucidum* ſignified *pellucid*. Such v the dexterity with which this learned reader faci tated to his auditors the intricacies of ſcience; a ſo true is it, that a man may know what he cann teach.

Boerhaave complains, that the writers who ha treated of chemiſtry before him, are uſeleſs to t greater part of ſtudents, becauſe they pre-ſuppo their readers to have ſuch degrees of ſkill as are n often to be found. Into the ſame error are all m apt to fall, who have familiarized any ſubject

ther

themſelves in ſolitude: they diſcourſe, as if they thought every other man had been employed in the ſame inquiries; and expect that ſhort hints and obſcure illuſions will produce in others, the ſame train of ideas which they excite in themſelves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of ſtudy ſuffers from a recluſe life. When he meets with an opinion that pleaſes him, he catches it up with eagerneſs; looks only after ſuch arguments as tend to his confirmation; or ſpares himſelf the trouble of diſcuſſion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long without ſuſpicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treaſures it up among inconteſtible truths: but when he comes into the world among men who, arguing upon diſſimilar principles, have been led to different concluſions, and being placed in various ſituations, view the ſame object on many ſides; he finds his darling poſition attacked, and himſelf in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the ſtate of a man who having fenced always with the ſame maſter, is perplexed and amazed by a new poſture of his antagoniſt; he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is haraſſed by ſudden objections, he is unprovided with ſolutions or replies, his ſurprize impedes his natural powers of reaſoning, his thoughts are ſcattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an eaſy victory.

It is difficult to imagine, with what obſtinacy truths which one mind perceives almoſt by intuition, will be rejected by another; and how many artifices muſt be practiſed, to procure admiſſion for

the moſt evident propoſitions into underſtandings frighted by their novelty, or hardened againſt them by accidental prejudice; it can ſcarcely be conceived, how frequently, in theſe extemporaneous controverſies, the dull will be ſubtile, and the acute abſurd; how often ſtupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itſelf in its own gloom; and miſtaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reaſon can ſcarcely find means to diſentangle.

In theſe encounters the learning of the recluſe uſually fails him: nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a poſition into various forms, preſenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illuſtrating it by apt ſimilitudes; and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in ſolitude, muſt learn its application by mixing with mankind.

But while the various opportunities of converſation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our ſentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the uſe of ſuch as are not in themſelves ſtrictly defenſible: a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the miſtakes or ignorance of his adverſary, lays hold of conceſſions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail on his opponent, though he knows himſelf that they have no force: thus the ſeverity of reaſon is relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but without juſt arrangement or diſtinction; we learn to ſatisfy ourſelves with ſuch

ratiocination as ſilences others; and ſeldom recal to a cloſe examination, that diſcourſe which has gratified our vanity with victory and applauſe.

Some caution, therefore, muſt be uſed, leſt copiouſneſs and facility be made leſs valuable by inaccuracy and confuſion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and ſubject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the beſt method of enabling the mind to detect its own ſophiſms, and keep it on guard againſt the fallacies which it practiſes on others: in converſation we naturally diffuſe our thoughts, and in writing we contract them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconſtraint the grace of converſation.

To read, write, and converſe in due proportions, is, therefore, the buſineſs of a man of letters. For all theſe there is not often equal opportunity; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable; and moſt men fail in one or other of the ends propoſed, and are full without readineſs, or ready without exactneſs. Some deficiency muſt be forgiven all, becauſe all are men; and more muſt be allowed to paſs uncenſured in the greater part of the world, becauſe none can confer upon himſelf abilities, and few have the choice of ſituations proper for the improvement of thoſe which nature has beſtowed: it is, however, reaſonable, to have *perfection* in our eye; that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

NUMB. 92. SATURDAY, *September* 22, 1753.

Cuſo tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti. Hor.

Bold be the critick, zealous to his truſt,
Like the firm judge inexorably juſt.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IN the papers of criticiſm which you have given to the publick, I have remarked a ſpirit of candour and love of truth, equally remote from bigotry and captiouſneſs; a juſt diſtribution of praiſe amongſt the ancients and the moderns; a ſober deference to reputation long eſtabliſhed, without a blind adoration of antiquity; and a willingneſs to favour later performances, without a light or puerile fondneſs for novelty.

I ſhall, therefore, venture to lay before you, ſuch obſervations as have riſen to my mind in the conſideration of *Virgil*'s paſtorals, without any inquiry how far my ſentiments deviate from eſtabliſhed rules or common opinions.

If we ſurvey the ten paſtorals in a general view, it will be found that *Virgil* can derive from them very little claim to the praiſe of an inventor. To ſearch into the antiquity of this kind of poetry, is not my preſent purpoſe; that it has long ſubſiſted in the eaſt, the *Sacred Writings* ſufficiently inform

us;

us; and we may conjecture, with great probability, that it was ſometimes the devotion, and ſometimes the entertainment of the firſt generations of mankind. *Theocritus* united elegance with ſimplicity; and taught his ſhepherds to ſing with ſo much eaſe and harmony, that his countrymen deſpairing to excel, forbore to imitate him; and the Greeks, however vain or ambitious, left him in quiet poſſeſſion of the garlands which the wood-nymphs had beſtowed upon him.

Virgil, however, taking advantage of another language, ventured to copy or to rival the *Sicilian bard*: he has written with greater ſplendor of diction, and elevation of ſentiment: but as the magnificence of his performances was more, the ſimplicity was leſs; and, perhaps, where he excells *Theocritus*, he ſometimes obtains his ſuperiority by deviating from the paſtoral character, and performing what *Theocritus* never attempted.

Yet, though I would willingly pay to *Theocritus* the honour which is always due to an original author, I am far from intending to depreciate *Virgil*; of whom *Horace* juſtly declares, that the rural muſes have appropriated to him their elegance and ſweetneſs, and who, as he copied *Theocritus* in his deſign, has reſembled him likewiſe in his ſucceſs; for, if we except *Calpburnius*, an obſcure author of the lower ages, I know not that a ſingle paſtoral was written after him by any poet, till the revival of literature.

But though his general merit has been univerſally acknowledged, I am far from thinking all the productions of his rural *Thalia* equally excellent: there

is, indeed, in all his paſtorals a ſtrain of verſification which it is vain to ſeek in any other poet; but if we except the firſt and the tenth, they ſeem liable either wholly or in part to conſiderable objections.

The ſecond, though we ſhould forget the great charge againſt it, which I am afraid can never be refuted, might, I think, have periſhed, without any diminution of the praiſe of its author; for I know not that it contains one affecting ſentiment or pleaſing deſcription, or one paſſage that ſtrikes the imagination or awakens the paſſions.

The third contains a conteſt between two ſhepherds, begun with a quarrel of which ſome particulars might well be ſpared, carried on with ſprightlineſs and elegance, and terminated at laſt in a reconciliation: but, ſurely, whether the invectives with which they attack each other be true or falſe, they are too much degraded from the dignity of paſtoral innocence; and inſtead of rejoicing that they are both victorious, I ſhould not have grieved could they have been both defeated.

The poem to *Pollio* is, indeed, of another kind: it is filled with images at once ſplendid and pleaſing, and is elevated with grandeur of language worthy of the firſt of *Roman* poets; but I am not able to reconcile myſelf to the diſproportion, between the performance and the occaſion that produced it: that the golden age ſhould return becauſe *Pollio* had a ſon, appears ſo wild a fiction, that I am ready to ſuſpect the poet of having written, for ſome other purpoſe, what he took this opportunity of producing to the publick.

The fifth contains a celebration of *Daphnis*, which has ſtood to all ſucceeding ages as the model of paſtoral elegies. To deny praiſe to a performance which ſo many thouſands have laboured to imitate, would be to judge with too little deference for the opinion of mankind: yet whoever ſhall read it with impartiality, will find that moſt of the images are of the mythological kind, and, therefore, eaſily invented; and that there are few ſentiments of rational praiſe or natural lamentation.

In the *Silenus* he again riſes to the dignity of philoſophick ſentiments and heroic poetry. The addreſs to *Varus* is eminently beautiful: but ſince the compliment paid to *Gallus* fixes the tranſaction to his own time, the fiction of *Silenus* ſeems injudicious; nor has any ſufficient reaſon yet been found, to juſtify his choice of thoſe fables that make the ſubject of the ſong.

The ſeventh exhibits another conteſt of the tuneful ſhepherds: and, ſurely, it is not without ſome reproach to his inventive power, that of ten paſtorals *Virgil* has written two upon the ſame plan. One of the ſhepherds now gains an acknowledged victory, but without any apparent ſuperiority; and the reader, when he ſees the prize adjudged, is not able to diſcover how it was deſerved.

Of the eighth paſtoral, ſo little is properly the work of *Virgil*, that he has no claim to other praiſe or blame than that of a tranſlator.

Of the ninth, it is ſcarce poſſible to diſcover the deſign or tendency: it is ſaid, I know not upon what authority, to have been compoſed from frag-

ments of other poems; and except a few lines in which the author touches upon his own misfortunes, there is nothing that ſeems appropriated to any time or place, or of which any other uſe can be diſcovered than to fill up the poem.

The firſt and the tenth paſtorals, whatever be determined of the reſt, are ſufficient to place their author above the reach of rivalry. The complaint of *Gallus* diſappointed in his love, is full of ſuch ſentiments as diſappointed love naturally produces; his wiſhes are wild, his reſentment is tender, and his purpoſes are inconſtant. In the genuine language of deſpair, he ſooths himſelf a-while with the pity that ſhall be paid him after his death:

——— *Tamen cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,*
Montibus hæc veſtris: ſoli cantare periti
Arcades. O mihi tum quam molliter oſſa quieſcant,
Veſtra meos olim ſi fiſtula dicat amores!

——— Yet, O Arcadian ſwains,
Ye beſt artificers of ſoothing ſtrains!
Tune your ſoft reeds, and teach your rocks my woes,
So ſhall my ſhade in ſweeter reſt repoſe,
O that your birth and buſineſs had been mine;
To feed the flock, and prune the ſpreading vine!

WARTON.

Diſcontented with his preſent condition, and deſirous to be any thing but what he is, he wiſhes himſelf one of the ſhepherds. He then catches the idea of rural tranquillity; but ſoon diſcovers how much happier he ſhould be in theſe happy regions, with *Lycoris* at his ſide:

Hic

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori:
Hic nemus; hic ipſo tecum conſumerer ævo.
Nunc inſanus amor duri me Martis in armis;
Tela inter media, atque adverſos detinet hoſtes.
Tu procul a patria (nec ſit mihi credere) tantum
Alpinas, ah dura, nives, & frigore Rheni
Me ſine ſola vides. Ah te ne frigora lædant!
Ah tibi ne teneras glacies ſecet aſpera plantas!

Here cooling fountains roll thro' flow'ry meads,
Here woods, Lycoris, lift their verdant heads;
Here could I wear my careleſs life away,
And in thy arms inſenſibly decay.
Inſtead of that, me frantick love detains
'Mid foes, and dreadful darts, and bloody plains:
While you—and can my ſoul the tale believe,
Far from your country, lonely wand'ring leave
Me, me your lover, barbarous fugitive!
Seek the rough Alps where ſnows eternal ſhine,
And joyleſs borders of the frozen Rhine.
Ah! may no cold e'er blaſt my deareſt maid,
Nor pointed ice thy tender feet invade! WARTON.

He then turns his thoughts on every ſide, in queſt of ſomething that may ſolace or amuſe him: he propoſes happineſs to himſelf, firſt in one ſcene and then in another; and at laſt finds that nothing will ſatisfy;

Jam neque Hamadryades rurſum, nec carmina nobis
Ipſa placent: ipſæ rurſum concedite ſylvæ.
Non illum noſtri poſſunt mutare labores;
Nec ſi frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Scithoniaſque nives hyemis ſubeamus aquoſæ:
Nec ſi, cum moriens alta liber aret in ulmo,
Æthiopum verſemus oves ſub ſidere Cancri,
Omnia vincit amor; et nos cedamus amori.

But

But now again no more the woodland maids,
Nor paſtoral ſongs delight—Farewell, ye ſhades—
No toils of ours the cruel god can change,
Tho' loſt in frozen deſerts we ſhould range;
Tho' we ſhould drink where chilling Hebrus flows,
Endure bleak winter's blaſts, and Thracian ſnows;
Or on hot India's plains our flocks ſhould feed,
Where the parch'd elm declines his ſickening head;
Beneath fierce-glowing Cancer's fiery beams,
Far from cool breezes and refreſhing ſtreams.
Love over all maintains reſiſtleſs ſway,
And let us love's all-conquering power obey.

WARTON.

But notwithſtanding the excellence of the tenth paſtoral, I cannot forbear to give the preference to the firſt, which is equally natural and more diverſified. The complaint of the ſhepherd, who ſaw his old companion at eaſe in the ſhade, while himſelf was driving his little flock he knew not whither, is ſuch as, with variation of circumſtances, miſery always utters at the ſight of proſperity:

Nos patriæ fines, & dulcia linquimus arva;
Nos patriam fugimus: tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra,
Formoſam reſonare doces Amaryllida ſylvas.

We leave our country's bounds, our much lov'd plains;
We from our country fly, unhappy ſwains!
You, Tit'rus, in the groves at leiſure laid,
Teach Amaryllis' name to every ſhade. WARTON.

His account of the difficulties of his journey, gives a very tender image of paſtoral diſtreſs:

——— *En ipſe capellas*
Protenus æger ago: hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco:
Hic inter denſas corylos modo namque gemellos,
Spem gregis, ah! ſilice in nuda connixa reliquit.

And lo! ſad partner of the general care,
Weary and faint I drive my goats afar!
While ſcarcely this my leading hand ſuſtains,
Tir'd with the way, and recent from her pains;
For 'mid yon tangled hazels as we paſt,
On the bare flints her hapleſs twin ſhe caſt,
The hopes and promiſe of my ruin'd fold!

WARTON.

The deſcripion of *Virgil*'s happineſs in his little farm, combines almoſt all the images of rural pleaſure; and he, therefore, that can read it with indifference, has no ſenſe of paſtoral poetry:

Fortunate ſenex, ergo tua rura manebunt,
Et tibi magna ſatis; quamvis lapis omnia nudus,
Limoſoque palus obducat paſcua junco,
Non inſueta gravis tentabunt pabula fœtas,
Nec mala vicini pecoris contagia lædent.
Fortunate ſenex, his inter flumina nota,
Et fontes ſacros, frigus captabis opacum.
Hinc tibi, quæ ſemper vicino ab limite ſepes,
Hyblæis apibus florem depaſta ſalicti,
Sæpe levi ſomnum ſuadebit inire ſuſurro.
Hinc altâ ſub rupe canet frondator ad auras;
Nec tamen interea raucæ, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aëria ceſſabit turtur ab ulmo.

Happy old man! then ſtill thy farms reſtor'd,
Enough for thee, ſhall bleſs thy frugal board.
What tho' rough ſtones the naked ſoil o'erſpread,
Or marſhy bulruſh rear its wat'ry head,

No

No foreign food thy teeming ewes ſhall fear,
No touch contagious ſpread its influence here.
Happy old man! here 'mid th' accuſtom'd ſtreams
And ſacred ſprings, you'll ſhun the ſcorching beams;
While fi[illegible] yon willow-fence, thy paſture's bound,
The bees that ſuck their flow'ry ſtores around,
Shall ſweetly mingle, with the whiſpering boughs,
Their lulling murmurs, and invite repoſe:
While from ſteep rocks the pruner's ſong is heard;
Nor the ſoft-cooing dove, thy fav'rite bird,
Mean while ſhall ceaſe to breathe her melting ſtrain,
Nor turtles from th' aerial elm to plain. WARTON.

It may be obſerved, that theſe two poems were produced by events that really happened; and may, therefore, be of uſe to prove, that we can always feel more than we can imagine, and that the moſt artful fiction muſt give way to truth.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

DUBIUS.

NUMB. 95. TUESDAY, *October* 2, 1753.

—— *Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.* OVID.

And with ſweet novelty your ſoul detain.

IT is often charged upon writers, that with all their pretenſions to genius and diſcoveries, they do little more than copy one another; and that compoſitions obtruded upon the world with the pomp of novelty, contain only tedious repetitions of common ſentiments, or at beſt exhibit a tranſpoſition of known images, and give a new appearance to truth only by ſome ſlight difference of dreſs and decoration.

The allegation of reſemblance between authors, is indiſputably true; but the charge of plagiariſm, which is raiſed upon it, is not to be allowed with equal readineſs. A coincidence of ſentiment may eaſily happen without any communication, ſince there are many occaſions in which all reaſonable men will nearly think alike. Writers of all ages have had the ſame ſentiments, becauſe they have in all ages had the ſame objects of ſpeculation; the intereſts and paſſions, the virtues and vices of mankind, have been diverſified in different times, only by uneſſential and caſual varieties; and we muſt, therefore, expect in the works of all thoſe who attempt to deſcribe them, ſuch a likeneſs as we find in the

the pictures of the ſame perſon drawn in different periods of his life.

It is neceſſary, therefore, that before an author be charged with plagiariſm, one of the moſt reproachful, though, perhaps, not the moſt atrocious of literary crimes, the ſubject on which he treats ſhould be carefully conſidered. We do not wonder, that hiſtorians, relating the ſame facts, agree in their narration; or that authors, delivering the elements of ſcience, advance the ſame theorems, and lay down the ſame definitions: yet it is not wholly without uſe to mankind, that books are multiplied, and that different authors lay out their labours on the ſame ſubject; for there will always be ſome reaſon why one ſhould on particular occaſions, or to particular perſons, be preferable to another; ſome will be clear where others are obſcure, ſome will pleaſe by their ſtyle and others by their method, ſome by their embelliſhments and others by their ſimplicity, ſome by cloſeneſs and others by diffuſion.

The ſame indulgence is to be ſhewn to the writers of morality: right and wrong are immutable; and thoſe, therefore, who teach us to diſtinguiſh them, if they all teach us right, muſt agree with one another. The relations of ſocial life, and the duties reſulting from them, muſt be the ſame at all times and in all nations: ſome petty differences may be, indeed, produced, by forms of government or arbitrary cuſtoms; but the general doctrine can receive no alteration.

Yet it is not to be deſired, that morality ſhould be conſidered as interdicted to all future writers:

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men will always be tempted to deviate from their duty, and will, therefore, always want a monitor to recall them; and a new book often ſeizes the attention of the publick, without any other claim than that it is new. There is likewiſe in compoſition, as in other things, a perpetual viciſſitude of faſhion; and truth is recommended at one time to regard, by appearances which at another would expoſe it to neglect; the author, therefore, who has judgment to diſcern the taſte of his contemporaries, and ſkill to gratify it, will have always an opportunity to deſerve well of mankind, by conveying inſtruction to them in a grateful vehicle.

There are likewiſe many modes of compoſition, by which a moraliſt may deſerve the name of an original writer: he may familiariſe his ſyſtem by dialogues after the manner of the ancients, or ſubtilize it into a ſeries of ſyllogiſtic arguments: he may enforce his doctrine by ſerioufneſs and ſolemnity, or enliven it by ſprightlineſs and gaiety; he may deliver his ſentiments in naked precepts, or illuſtrate them by hiſtorical examples; he may detain the ſtudious by the artful concatenation of a continued diſcourſe, or relieve the buſy by ſhort ſtrictures, and unconnected eſſays.

To excel in any of theſe forms of writing, will require a particular cultivation of the genius; whoever can attain to excellence, will be certain to engage a ſet of readers, whom no other method would have equally allured; and he that communicates truth with ſucceſs, muſt be numbered among the firſt benefactors to mankind.

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The ſame obſervation may be extended likewiſe to the paſſions: their influence is uniform, and their effects nearly the ſame in every human breaſt: a man loves and hates, deſires and avoids, exactly like his neighbour; reſentment and ambition, avarice and indolence, diſcover themſelves by the ſame ſymptoms, in minds diſtant a thouſand years from one another.

Nothing, therefore, can be more unjuſt, than to charge an author with plagiariſm, merely becauſe he aſſigns to every cauſe its natural effect; and makes his perſonages act, as others in like circumſtances have always done. There are conceptions in which all men will agree, though each derives them from his own obſervation: whoever has been in love, will repreſent a lover impatient of every idea that interrupts his meditations on his miſtreſs, retiring to ſhades and ſolitude, that he may muſe without diſturbance on his approaching happineſs, or aſſociating himſelf with ſome friend that flatters his paſſion, and talking away the hours of abſence upon his darling ſubject. Whoever has been ſo unhappy as to have felt the miſeries of long-continued hatred, will, without any aſſiſtance from ancient volumes, be able to relate how the paſſions are kept in perpetual agitation, by the recollection of injury and meditations of revenge; how the blood boils at the name of the enemy, and life is worn away in contrivances of miſchief.

Every other paſſion is alike ſimple and limited, if it be conſidered only with regard to the breaſt which it inhabits; the anatomy of the mind, as that of

the body, muſt perpetually exhibit the ſame appearances; and though by the continued induſtry of ſucceſſive inquirers, new movements will be from time to time diſcovered, they can affect only the minuter parts, and are commonly of more curioſity than importance.

It will now be natural to inquire, by what arts are the writers of the preſent and future ages to attract the notice and favour of mankind. They are to obſerve the alterations which time is always making in the modes of life, that they may gratify every generation with a picture of themſelves. Thus love is uniform, but courtſhip is perpetually varying: the different arts of gallantry, which beauty has inſpired, would of themſelves be ſufficient to fill a volume; ſometimes balls and ſerenades, ſometimes tournaments and adventures, have been employed to melt the hearts of ladies, who in another century have been ſenſible of ſcarce any other merit than that of riches, and liſtened only to jointures and pin-money. Thus the ambitious man has at all times been eager of wealth and power; but theſe hopes have been gratified in ſome countries by ſupplicating the people, and in others by flattering the prince: honour in ſome ſtates has been only the reward of military atchievements, in others it has been gained by noiſy turbulence and popular clamours. Avarice has worn a different form, as ſhe actuated the uſurer of *Rome*, and the ſtock-jobber of *England*; and idleneſs itſelf, how little ſoever inclined to the trouble of invention, has been forced from time to time to change its amuſe-

ments, and contrive different methods of wearing out the day.

Here then is the fund, from which thoſe who ſtudy mankind may fill their compoſitions with an inexhauſtible variety of images and alluſions: and he muſt be confeſſed to look with little attention upon ſcenes thus perpetually changing, who cannot catch ſome of the figures before they are made vulgar by reiterated deſcriptions.

It has been diſcovered by Sir *Iſaac Newton*, that the diſtinct and primogenial colours are only ſeven; but every eye can witneſs, that from various mixtures, in various proportions, infinite diverſifications of tints may be produced. In like manner, the paſſions of the mind, which put the world in motion, and produce all the buſtle and eagerneſs of the buſy crowds that ſwarm upon the earth; the paſſions, from whence ariſe all the pleaſures and pains that we ſee and hear of, if we analyſe the mind of man, are very few; but thoſe few agitated and combined, as external cauſes ſhall happen to operate, and modified by prevailing opinions and accidental caprices, make ſuch frequent alterations on the ſurface of life, that the ſhow, while we are buſied in delineating it, vaniſhes from the view, and a new ſet of objects ſucceed, doomed to the ſame ſhortneſs of duration with the former: thus curioſity may always find employment, and the buſy part of mankind will furniſh the contemplative with the materials of ſpeculation to the end of time.

The complaint, therefore, that all topicks are preoccupied, is nothing more than the murmur of

ignorance or idleneſs, by which ſome diſcourage others and ſome themſelves: the mutability of mankind will always furniſh writers with new images, and the luxuriance of fancy may always embelliſh them with new decorations.

NUMB. 99. TUESDAY, *October* 16, 1753.

—— *Magnis tamen excidit ausis.* OVID.

But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd. ADDISON.

IT has always been the practice of mankind, to judge of actions by the event. The ſame attempts, conducted in the ſame manner, but terminated by different ſucceſs, produce different judgments: they who attain their wiſhes, never want celebrators of their wiſdom and their virtue; and they that miſcarry, are quickly diſcovered to have been defective not only in mental but in moral qualities. The world will never be long without ſome good reaſon to hate the unhappy: their real faults are immediately detected; and if thoſe are not ſufficient to ſink them into infamy, an additional weight of calumny will be ſuperadded: he that fails in his endeavours after wealth or power, will not long retain either honeſty or courage.

This ſpecies of injuſtice has ſo long prevailed in univerſal practice, that it ſeems likewiſe to have in-

fected ſpeculation: ſo few minds are able to ſeparate the ideas of greatneſs and proſperity, that even Sir *William Temple* has determined, "that he who can "deſerve the name of a hero, muſt not only be vir-"tuous but fortunate."

By this unreaſonable diſtribution of praiſe and blame, none have ſuffered oftner than projectors, whoſe rapidity of imagination and vaſtneſs of deſign raiſe ſuch envy in their fellow-mortals, that every eye watches for their fall, and every heart exults at their diſtreſſes: yet even a projector may gain favour by ſucceſs; and the tongue that was prepared to hiſs, then endeavours to excel others in loudneſs of applauſe.

When *Coriolanus*, in *Shakeſpeare*, deſerted to *Aufidius*, the *Volſcian* ſervants at firſt inſulted him, even while he ſtood under the protection of the houſehold gods; but when they ſaw that the project took effect, and the ſtranger was ſeated at the head of the table, one of them very judiciouſly obſerves, "that he always thought there was more in him "than he could think."

Machiavel has juſtly animadverted on the different notice taken by all ſucceeding times, of the two great projectors *Catiline* and *Cæſar*. Both formed the ſame project, and intended to raiſe themſelves to power, by ſubverting the commonwealth: they purſued their deſign, perhaps, with equal abilities, and with equal virtue; but *Catiline* periſhed in the field, and *Cæſar* returned from *Pharſalia* with unlimited authority: and from that time, every monarch of the earth has thought himſelf honoured by a compariſon with *Cæſar*; and *Cati-*

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line has been never mentioned, but that his name might be applied to traitors and incendiaries.

In an age more remote, *Xerxes* projected the conqueſt of *Greece*, and brought down the power of *Aſia* againſt it: but after the world had been filled with expectation and terror, his army was beaten, his fleet was deſtroyed, and *Xerxes* has been never mentioned without contempt.

A few years afterwards, *Greece* likewiſe had her turn of giving birth to a projector; who invading *Aſia* with a ſmall army, went forward in ſearch of adventures, and by his eſcape from one danger, gained only more raſhneſs to ruſh into another: he ſtormed city after city, over-ran kingdom after kingdom, fought battles only for barren victory, and invaded nations only that he might make his way through them to new invaſions: but having been fortunate in the execution of his projects, he died with the name of *Alexander the Great*.

Theſe are, indeed, events of ancient times; but human nature is always the ſame, and every age will afford us inſtances of publick cenſures influenced by events. The great buſineſs of the middle centuries, was the holy war; which undoubtedly was a noble project, and was for a long time proſecuted with a ſpirit equal to that with which it had been contrived: but the ardour of the *European* heroes only hurried them to deſtruction; for a long time they could not gain the territories for which they fought, and, when at laſt gained, they could not keep them: their expeditions, therefore, have been the ſcoff of idleneſs and ignorance, their underſtanding and their virtue have been equally vili-

fied, their conduct has been ridiculed, and their cauſe has been defamed.

When *Columbus* had engaged king *Ferdinand* in the diſcovery of the other hemiſphere, the ſailors, with whom he embarked in the expedition, had ſo little confidence in their commander, that after having been long at ſea looking for coaſts, which they expected never to find, they raiſed a general mutiny, and demanded to return. He found means to ſooth them into a permiſſion to continue the ſame courſe three days longer, and on the evening of the third day deſcried land. Had the impatience of his crew denied him a few hours of the time requeſted, what had been his fate but to have come back with the infamy of a vain projector, who had betrayed the king's credulity to uſeleſs expences, and riſked his life in ſeeking countries that had no exiſtence? how would thoſe that had rejected his propoſals, have triumphed in their acuteneſs? and when would his name have been mentioned, but with the makers of potable gold and malleable glaſs?

The laſt royal projectors with whom the world has been troubled, were *Charles* of *Sweden* and the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*. *Charles*, if any judgment may be formed of his deſigns by his meaſures and his enquiries, had purpoſed firſt to dethrone the *Czar*, then to lead his army through pathleſs deſarts into *China*, thence to make his way by the ſword through the whole circuit of *Aſia*, and by the conqueſt of *Turkey* to unite *Sweden* with his new dominions: but this mighty project was cruſhed at *Pultowa*; and *Charles* has ſince been conſidered as a madman by

thoſe

thoſe powers, who ſent their ambaſſadors to ſolicit his friendſhip, and their generals "to learn under "him the art of war."

The *Czar* found employment ſufficient in his own dominions, and amuſed himſelf in digging canals, and building cities; murdering his ſubjects with inſufferable fatigues, and tranſplanting nations from one corner of his dominions to another, without regretting the thouſands that periſhed on the way: but he attained his end, he made his people formidable, and is numbered by fame among the demi-gods.

I am far from intending to vindicate the ſanguinary projects of heroes and conquerors, and would wiſh rather to diminiſh the reputation of their ſucceſs, than the infamy of their miſcarriages: for I cannot conceive, why he that has burnt cities, waſted nations, and filled the world with horror and deſolation, ſhould be more kindly regarded by mankind, than he that died in the rudiments of wickedneſs; why he that accompliſhed miſchief ſhould be glorious, and he that only endeavoured it ſhould be criminal. I would wiſh *Cæſar* and *Catiline*, *Xerxes* and *Alexander*, *Charles* and *Peter*, huddled together in obſcurity or deteſtation.

But there is another ſpecies of projectors, to whom I would willingly conciliate mankind; whoſe ends are generally laudable, and whoſe labours are innocent; who are ſearching out new powers of nature, or contriving new works of art; but who are yet perſecuted with inceſſant obloquy, and whom the univerſal contempt with which they are treated, often debars from that ſucceſs which their

induſtry would obtain, if it were permitted to act without oppoſition.

They who find themſelves inclined to cenſure new undertakings, only becauſe they are new, ſhould conſider, that the folly of projection is very ſeldom the folly of a fool; it is commonly the ebullition of a capacious mind, crowded with variety of knowledge, and heated with intenſeneſs of thought; it proceeds often from the conſciouſneſs of uncommon powers, from the confidence of thoſe, who having already done much, are eaſily perſuaded that they can do more. When *Rowley* had completed the orrery, he attempted the perpetual motion; when *Boyle* had exhauſted the ſecrets of vulgar chemiſtry, he turned his thoughts to the work of tranſmutation.

A projector generally unites thoſe qualities which have the faireſt claim to veneration, extent of knowledge, and greatneſs of deſign: it was ſaid of *Catiline*, "immoderata, incredibilia, nimis alta ſemper "cupiebat." Projectors of all kinds agree in their intellects, though they differ in their morals; they all fail by attempting things beyond their power, by deſpiſing vulgar attainments, and aſpiring to performances, to which, perhaps, nature has not proportioned the force of man: when they fail, therefore, they fail not by idleneſs or timidity, but by raſh adventure and fruitleſs diligence.

T t the attempts of ſuch men will often miſcarry, : may reaſonably expect; yet from ſuch s d ſuch only, are we to hope for the cultiva- 1 of thoſe parts of nature which lie yet waſte, the invention of thoſe arts which are yet

wanting

wanting to the felicity of life. If they are, therefore, univerſally diſcouraged, art and diſcovery can make no advances. Whatever is attempted without previous certainty of ſucceſs, may be conſidered as a project, and amongſt narrow minds may, therefore, expoſe its author to cenſure and contempt; and if the liberty of laughing be once indulged, every man will laugh at what he does not underſtand, every project will be conſidered as madneſs, and every great or new deſign will be cenſured as a project. Men, unaccuſtomed to reaſon and reſearches, think every enterprize impracticable, which is extended beyond common effects, or compriſes many intermediate operations. Many that preſume to laugh at projectors, would conſider a flight through the air in a winged chariot, and the movement of a mighty engine by the ſteam of water, as equally the dreams of mechanick lunacy; and would hear, with equal negligence, of the union of the *Thames* and *Severn* by a canal, and the ſcheme of *Albuquerque*, the viceroy of the *Indies*, who in the rage of hoſtility had contrived to make *Egypt* a barren deſart, by turning the *Nile* into the *Red Sea*.

Thoſe who have attempted much, have ſeldom failed to perform more than thoſe who never deviate from the common roads of action: many valuable preparations of chemiſtry are ſuppoſed to have riſen from unſucceſsful enquiries after the grand elixir: it is, therefore, juſt to encourage thoſe who endeavour to enlarge the power of art, ſince they often ſucceed beyond expectation; and when they fail, may ſometimes benefit the world even by their miſcarriages.

NUMB. 102. SATURDAY, *October* 27, 1753.

—— Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non pœnitent votique peracti? JUV.

What in the conduct of our life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone. DRYDEN.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I HAVE been for many years a trader in *London*. My beginning was narrow, and my ſtock ſmall; I was, therefore, a long time brow-beaten and deſpiſed by thoſe, who having more money thought they had more merit than myſelf. I did not, however, ſuffer my reſentment to inſtigate me to any mean arts of ſupplantation, nor my eagerneſs of riches to betray me to any indirect methods of gain; I perſued my buſineſs with inceſſant aſſiduity, ſupported by the hope of being one day richer than thoſe who contemned me; and had, upon every annual review of my books, the ſatisfaction of finding my fortune increaſed beyond my expectation.

In a few years my induſtry and probity were fully recompenſed, my wealth was really great, and my reputation for wealth ſtill greater. I had large warehouſes crowded with goods, and conſiderable ſums in the publick funds; I was careſſed upon the Exchange

Exchange by the moſt eminent merchants; became the oracle of the common council; was ſolicited to engage in all commercial undertakings; was flattered with the hopes of becoming in a ſhort time one of the directors of a wealthy company; and, to complete my mercantile honours, enjoyed the expenſive happineſs of fining for ſheriff.

Riches, you know, eaſily produce riches: when I had arrived to this degree of wealth, I had no longer any obſtruction or oppoſition to fear; new acquiſitions were hourly brought within my reach, and I continued for ſome years longer to heap thouſands upon thouſands.

At laſt I reſolved to complete the circle of a citizen's proſperity by the purchaſe of an eſtate in the country, and to cloſe my life in retirement. From the hour that this deſign entered my imagination, I found the fatigues of my employment every day more oppreſſive, and perſuaded myſelf that I was no longer equal to perpetual attention, and that my health would ſoon be deſtroyed by the torment and diſtraction of extenſive buſineſs. I could image to myſelf no happineſs, but in vacant jollity, and uninterrupted leiſure; nor entertain my friends with any other topick, than the vexation and uncertainty of trade, and the happineſs of rural privacy.

But notwithſtanding theſe declarations, I could not at once reconcile myſelf to the thoughts of ceaſing to get money; and though I was every day enquiring for a purchaſe, I found ſome reaſon for rejecting all that were offered me; and, indeed, had accumulated ſo many beauties and conveniences in my idea of the ſpot, where I was finally to be

happy,

happy, that, perhaps, the world might have been travelled over, without discovery of a place which would not have been defective in some particular.

Thus I went on still talking of retirement, and still refusing to retire; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew ashamed to trifle longer with my own inclinations; an estate was at length purchased, I transferred my stock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a spacious manor.

Here for some time I found happiness equal to my expectation. I reformed the old house according to the advice of the best architects, I threw down the walls of the garden, and inclosed it with pallisades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a greenhouse with exotick plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

The fame of these expensive improvements brought in all the country to see the shew. I entertained my visitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, shewed them my apartments, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of some and the envy of others.

I was envied; but how little can one man judge of the condition of another? The time was now coming, in which affluence and splendor could no longer make me pleased with myself. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhausted; I had [illegible]lded one convenience to another, till I knew [illegible]at more to wish or to design; I had laid out [illegible]rdens, planted my park, and completed my

water-

water-works; and what now remained to be done? what, but to look up to turrets, of which when they were once raiſed I had no farther uſe, to range over apartments where time was tarniſhing the furniture, to ſtand by the caſcade of which I ſcarcely now perceived the ſound, and to watch the growth of woods that muſt give their ſhade to a diſtant generation.

In this gloomy inactivity, is every day begun and ended: the happineſs that I have been ſo long procuring is now at an end, becauſe it has been procured; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myſelf; I ride out to a neighbouring hill in the centre of my eſtate, from whence all my lands lie in proſpect round me; I ſee nothing that I have not ſeen before, and return home diſappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect.

In my happy days of buſineſs I had been accuſtomed to riſe early in the morning; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came ſo ſoon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to ſhut out affluence and proſperity. I now ſeldom ſee the riſing ſun, but to "tell him," with the fallen angel, "how I hate his beams." I awake from ſleep as to languor or impriſonment, and have no employment for the firſt hour but to conſider by what art I ſhall rid myſelf of the ſecond. I protract the breakfaſt as long as I can, becauſe when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can with ſome degree of decency grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I ſhould be happy; I eat not becauſe I am hungry, but becauſe I am idle: but, alas! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer,

and ſo ill does my conſtitution ſecond my inclination, that I cannot bear ſtrong liquors: ſeven hours muſt then be endured before I ſhall ſup; but ſupper comes at laſt, the more welcome as it is in a ſhort time ſucceeded by ſleep.

Such, Mr. *Adventurer*, is the happineſs, the hope of which ſeduced me from the duties and pleaſures of a mercantile life. I ſhall be told by thoſe who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amuſement, and many ſchemes of uſeful employment, which I do not appear ever to have known; and that nature and art have provided pleaſures, by which, without the drudgery of ſettled buſineſs, the active may be engaged, the ſolitary ſoothed, and the ſocial entertained.

Theſe arts, Sir, I have tried. When firſt I took poſſeſſion of my eſtate, in conformity to the taſte of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs and my ſtable with horſes; but a little experience ſhewed me, that theſe inſtruments of rural felicity would afford me few gratifications. I never ſhot but to miſs the mark, and, to confeſs the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could diſcover no muſick in the cry of the dogs, nor could diveſt myſelf of pity for the animal whoſe peaceful and inoffenſive life was ſacrificed to our ſport. I was not, indeed, always at leiſure to reflect upon her danger; for my horſe, who had been bred to the chace, did not always regard my choice either of ſpeed or way, but leaped hedges and ditches at his own diſcretion, and hurried me along th the dogs, to the great diverſion of my brother ſmen. His eagerneſs of perſuit once incited him

him to ſwim a river; and I had leiſure to reſolve in the water, that I would never hazard my life again for the deſtruction of a hare.

I then ordered books to be procured, and by the direction of the vicar had in a few weeks a cloſet elegantly furniſhed. You will, perhaps, be ſurpriſed when I ſhall tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their ſizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleaſure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myſelf any curioſity after events which have been long paſſed, and in which I can, therefore, have no intereſt: I am utterly unconcerned to know whether *Tully* or *Demoſthenes* excelled in oratory, whether *Hannibal* loſt *Italy* by his own negligence or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no ſkill in controverſial learning, nor can conceive why ſo many volumes ſhould have been written upon queſtions, which I have lived ſo long and ſo happily without underſtanding. I once reſolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of juſtice of the peace, but found them ſo crabbed and intricate, that in leſs than a month I deſiſted in deſpair, and reſolved to ſupply my deficiences by paying a competent ſalary to a ſkilful clerk.

I am naturally inclined to hoſpitality, and for ſome time kept up a conſtant intercourſe of viſits with the neighbouring gentlemen: but though they are eaſily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other houſe, I am not much relieved by their converſation; they have no ſkill in commerce or the ſtocks, and I have no knowledge

of

of the hiſtory of families or the factions of the country; ſo that when the firſt civilities are over, they uſually talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midſt of the company. Though I cannot drink myſelf, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glaſs; their mirth grows more turbulent and obſtreperous; and before their merriment is at an end, I am ſick with diſguſt, and, perhaps, reproached with my ſobriety, or by ſome ſly inſinuations inſulted as a cit.

Such, Mr. *Adventurer*, is the life to which I am condemned by a fooliſh endeavour to be happy by imitation; ſuch is the happineſs to which I pleaſed myſelf with approaching, and which I conſidered as the chief end of my cares and my labours. I toiled year after year with cheerfulneſs, in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle; the privilege of idleneſs is attained, but has not brought with it the bleſſing of tranquillity.

I am,

Yours, &c.

MERCATOR.

NUMB. 107. TUESDAY, *November* 13, 1753.

——*Sub judice lis eſt.* HOR.

And of their vain diſputings find no end. FRANCIS.

IT has been ſometimes aſked by thoſe, who find the appearance of wiſdom more eaſily attained by queſtions than ſolutions, how it comes to paſs, that the world is divided by ſuch difference of opinion; and why men, equally reaſonable, and equally lovers of truth, do not always think in the ſame manner?

With regard to ſimple propoſitions, where the terms are underſtood, and the whole ſubject is comprehended at once, there is ſuch an uniformity of ſentiment among all human beings, that, for many ages, a very numerous ſet of notions were ſuppoſed to be innate, or neceſſarily co-exiſtent with the faculty of reaſon: it being imagined, that univerſal agreement could proceed only from the invariable dictates of the univerſal parent.

In queſtions diffuſe and compounded, this ſimilarity of determination is no longer to be expected. At our firſt ſally into the intellectual world, we all march together along one ſtraight and open road; but as we proceed further, and wider proſpects open to our view, every eye fixes upon a different ſcene; we divide into various paths, and, as we move forward, are ſtill at a greater diſtance from each other.

As a queſtion becomes more complicated and involved, and extends to a greater number of relations, diſagreement of opinion will always be multiplied; not becauſe we are irrational, but becauſe we are finite beings, furniſhed with different kinds of knowledge, exerting different degrees of attention, one diſcovering conſequences which eſcape another, none taking in the whole concatenation of cauſes and effects, and moſt comprehending but a very ſmall part, each comparing what he obſerves with a different criterion, and each referring it to a different purpoſe.

Where, then, is the wonder, that they who ſee only a ſmall part, ſhould judge erroneouſly of the whole? or that they, who ſee different and diſſimilar parts, ſhould judge differently from each other?

Whatever has various reſpects, muſt have various appearances of good and evil, beauty or deformity; thus, the gardener tears up as a weed, the plant which the phyſician gathers as a medicine; and "a "general," ſays Sir *Kenelm Digby*, "will look with "pleaſure over a plain, as a fit place on which the "fate of empires might be decided in battle, which "the farmer will deſpiſe as bleak and barren, nei-"ther fruitful of paſturage, nor fit for tillage."

Two men examining the ſame queſtion proceed commonly like the phyſician and gardener in ſelecting herbs, or the farmer and hero looking on the plain; they bring minds impreſſed with different notions, and direct their inquiries to different ends; [illegible] m, therefore, contrary concluſions, and each at the other's abſurdity.

We

We have leſs reaſon to be ſurpriſed or offended when we find others differ from us in opinion, becauſe we very often differ from ourſelves. How often we alter our minds, we do not always remark; becauſe the change is ſometimes made imperceptibly and gradually, and the laſt conviction effaces all memory of the former: yet every man, accuſtomed from time to time to take a ſurvey of his own notions, will by a ſlight retroſpection be able to diſcover, that his mind has ſuffered many revolutions; that the ſame things have in the ſeveral parts of his life been condemned and approved, purſued and ſhunned: and that on many occaſions, even when his practice has been ſteady, his mind has been wavering, and he has perſiſted in a ſcheme of action, rather becauſe he feared the cenſure of inconſtancy, than becauſe he was always pleaſed with his own choice.

Of the different faces ſhewn by the ſame objects as they are viewed on oppoſite ſides, and of the different inclinations which they muſt conſtantly raiſe in him that contemplates them, a more ſtriking example cannot eaſily be found than two *Greek* epigrammatiſts will afford us in their accounts of human life, which I ſhall lay before the reader in *Engliſh* proſe.

Poſidippus, a comick poet, utters this complaint: "Through which of the paths of life is it eligible "to paſs? In publick aſſemblies are debates and "troubleſome affairs: domeſtic privacies are "haunted with anxieties; in the country is labour; "on the ſea is terror: in a foreign land, he that has "money muſt live in fear, he that wants it muſt "pine in diſtreſs; are you married? you are

" troubled with ſuſpicions; are you ſingle? you " languiſh in ſolitude; children occaſion toil, and " a childleſs life is a ſtate of deſtitution; the time " of youth is a time of folly, and gray hairs are " loaded with infirmity. This choice only, there- " fore, can be made, either never to receive being " or immediately to loſe it."

Such and ſo gloomy is the proſpect, which *Poſidippus* has laid before us. But we are not to acquieſce too haſtily in his determination againſt the value of exiſtence: for *Metrodorus*, a philoſopher of *Athens*, has ſhewn, that life has pleaſures as well as pains; and having exhibited the preſent ſtate of man in brighter colours, draws, with equal appearance of reaſon, a contrary concluſion.

" You may paſs well through any of the paths of " life. In publick aſſemblies are honours and tranſ- " actions of wiſdom; in domeſtick privacy, is ſtill- " neſs and quiet; in the country are the beauties of " nature; on the ſea is the hope of gain; in a " foreign land, he that is rich is honoured, he that " is poor may keep his poverty ſecret; are you mar- " ried? you have a cheerful houſe; are you ſingle? " you are unincumbered; children are objects of " affection, to be without children is to be without " care; the time of youth is the time of vigour, and " gray hairs are made venerable by piety. It will, " therefore, never be a wiſe man's choice, either not " to obtain exiſtence, or to loſe it; for every ſtate " of life has its felicity."

In theſe epigrams are included moſt of the queſtions which have engaged the ſpeculations of the enquirers after happineſs; and though they will

nor

not much aſſiſt our determinations, they may, perhaps, equally promote our quiet, by ſhewing that no abſolute determination ever can be formed.

Whether a publick ſtation, or private life be deſirable, has always been debated. We ſee here both the allurements and diſcouragements of civil employments: on one ſide there is trouble, on the other honour; the management of affairs is vexatious and difficult, but it is the only duty in which wiſdom can be conſpicuouſly diſplayed: it muſt then ſtill be left to every man to chooſe either eaſe or glory; nor can any general precept be given, ſince no man can be happy by the preſcription of another.

Thus, what is ſaid of children by *Poſidippus*, "that "they are occaſions of fatigue," and by *Metrodorus*, "that they are objects of affection," is equally certain; but whether they will give moſt pain or pleaſure, muſt depend on their future conduct and diſpoſitions, on many cauſes over which the parent can have little influence: there is, therefore, room for all the caprices of imagination, and deſire muſt be proportioned to the hope or fear that ſhall happen to predominate.

Such is the uncertainty in which we are always likely to remain with regard to queſtions, wherein we have moſt intereſt, and which every day affords us freſh opportunity to examine: we may examine, indeed, but we never can decide, becauſe our faculties are unequal to the ſubject: we ſee a little, and form an opinion; we ſee more, and change it.

This inconſtancy and unſteadineſs, to which we muſt ſo often find ourſelves liable, ought certainly to teach us moderation and forbea[illegible] ards

thoſe who cannot accommodate themſelves to our ſentiments: if they are deceived, we have no right to attribute their miſtake to obſtinacy or negligence, becauſe we likewiſe have been miſtaken; we may, perhaps, again change our own opinion; and what excuſe ſhall we be able to find for averſion and malignity conceived againſt him, whom we ſhall then find to have committed no fault, and who offended us only by refuſing to follow us into error?

It may likewiſe contribute to ſoften that reſentment which pride naturally raiſes againſt oppoſition, if we conſider, that he who differs from us, does not always contradict us; he has one view of an object, and we have another; each deſcribes what he ſees with equal fidelity, and each regulates his ſteps by his own eyes: one man, with *Poſidippus*, looks on celibacy as a ſtate of gloomy ſolitude, without a partner in joy or a comforter in ſorrow; the other conſiders it, with *Metrodorus*, as a ſtate free from incumbrances, in which a man is at liberty to chooſe his own gratifications, to remove from place to place in queſt of pleaſure, and to think of nothing but merriment and diverſion: full of theſe notions one haſtens to chooſe a wife, and the other laughs at his raſhneſs, or pities his ignorance; yet it is poſſible that each is right, but that each is right only for himſelf.

Life is not the object of ſcience: we ſee a little, very little; and what is beyond we only can conjecture. If we enquire of thoſe who have gone before us, we receive ſmall ſatisfaction; ſome have travelled life without obſervation, and ſome willingly miſlead us. The only thought, therefore, on which we can

repoſe with comfort, is that which preſents to us the care of Providence, whoſe eye takes in the whole of things, and under whoſe direction all involuntary errors will terminate in happineſs.

NUMB. 108. SATURDAY, *November* 17, 1753.

Nobis, cum ſimul occidit brevis lux,
Nox eſt perpetuo una dormienda. CATULLUS.

When once the ſhort-liv'd mortal dies,
A night eternal ſeals his eyes. ADDISON.

IT may have been obſerved by every reader, that there are certain topicks which never are exhauſted. Of ſome images and ſentiments the mind of man may be ſaid to be enamoured; it meets them, however often they occur, with the ſame ardour which a lover feels at the ſight of his miſtreſs, and parts from them with the ſame regret when they can no longer be enjoyed.

Of this kind are many deſcriptions which the poets have tranſcribed from each other, and their ſucceſſors will probably copy to the end of time; which will continue to engage, or, as the *French* term it, to flatter the imagination, as long as human nature ſhall remain the ſame.

When a poet mentions the ſpring, we know that the zephyrs are about to whiſper, that the groves are to recover their verdure, the linnets to warble forth their notes of love, and the flocks and herds

to friſk over vales painted with flowers: yet, who is there ſo inſenſible of the beauties of nature, ſo little delighted with the renovation of the world, as not to feel his heart bound at the mention of the ſpring?

When night overſhadows a romantick ſcene, all is ſtillneſs, ſilence, and quiet; the poets of the grove ceaſe their melody, the moon towers over the world in gentle majeſty, men forget their labours and their cares, and every paſſion and purſuit is for a while ſuſpended. All this we know already, yet we hear it repeated without wearineſs; becauſe ſuch is generally the life of man, that he is pleaſed to think on the time when he ſhall pauſe from a ſenſe of his condition.

When a poetical grove invites us to its covert, we know that we ſhall find what we have already ſeen, a limpid brook murmuring over pebbles, a bank diverſified with flowers, a green arch that excludes the ſun, and a natural grot ſhaded with myrtles; yet who can forbear to enter the pleaſing gloom, to enjoy coolneſs and privacy, and gratify himſelf once more by ſcenes with which nature has formed him to be delighted?

Many moral ſentiments likewiſe are ſo adapted to our ſtate, that we find approbation whenever they ſolicit it, and are ſeldom read without exciting a gentle emotion in the mind: ſuch is the compariſon of the life of man with the duration of a flower, a thought which, perhaps, every nation has heard warbled in its own language, from the inſpired poets of the *Hebrews* to our own times: yet this compariſon muſt always pleaſe, becauſe every heart feels its

its juſtneſs, and every hour confirms it by example.

Such, likewiſe, is the precept that directs us to uſe the preſent hour, and refer nothing to a diſtant time, which we are uncertain whether we ſhall reach: this every moraliſt may venture to inculcate, becauſe it will always be approved, and becauſe it is always forgotten.

This rule is, indeed, every day enforced, by arguments more powerful than the diſſertations of moraliſts: we ſee men pleaſing themſelves with future happineſs, fixing a certain hour for the completion of their wiſhes, and periſhing ſome at a greater and ſome at a leſs diſtance from the happy time; all complaining of their diſappointments, and lamenting that they had ſuffered the years which Heaven allowed them, to paſs without improvement, and deferred the principal purpoſe of their lives to the time when life itſelf was to forſake them.

It is not only uncertain, whether, through all the caſualties and dangers which beſet the life of man, we ſhall be able to reach the time appointed for happineſs or wiſdom; but it is likely, that whatever now hinders us from doing that which our reaſon and conſcience declare neceſſary to be done, will equally obſtruct us in times to come. It is eaſy for the imagination, operating on things not yet exiſting, to pleaſe itſelf with ſcenes of unmingled felicity, or plan out courſes of uniform virtue: but good and evil are in real life inſeparably united; habits grow ſtronger by indulgence; and reaſon loſes her dignity, in proportion as ſhe has oftener yielded to temptation: "he that cannot live well

"to-day;"

"to-day," ſays *Martial*, "will be leſs qualified to "live well to-morrow."

Of the uncertainty of every human good, every human being ſeems to be convinced; yet this uncertainty is voluntarily increaſed by unneceſſary delay, whether we reſpect external cauſes, or conſider the nature of our own minds. He that now feels a deſire to do right, and wiſhes to regulate his life according to his reaſon, is not ſure that, at any future time aſſignable, he ſhall be able to rekindle the ſame ardour; he that has now an opportunity offered him of breaking looſe from vice and folly, cannot know, but that he ſhall hereafter be more entangled, and ſtruggle for freedom without obtaining it.

We are ſo unwilling to believe any thing to our own diſadvantage, that we will always imagine the perſpicacity of our judgment and the ſtrength of our reſolution more likely to increaſe than to grow leſs by time; and, therefore, conclude, that the will to purſue laudable purpoſes, will be always ſeconded by the power.

But however we may be deceived in calculating the ſtrength of our faculties, we cannot doubt the uncertainty of that life in which they muſt be employed: we ſee every day the unexpected death of our friends and our enemies, we ſee new graves hourly opened for men older and younger than ourſelves, for the cautious and the careleſs, the diſſolute and the temperate, for men who like us were providing to enjoy or improve hours now irreverſibly cut off; we ſee all this, and yet, inſtead of living, let year glide after year in preparations to live.

Men

Men are ſo frequently cut off in the midſt of their projections, that ſudden death cauſes little emotion in them that behold it, unleſs it be impreſſed upon the attention by uncommon circumſtances. I, like every other man, have outlived multitudes, have ſeen ambition ſink in its triumphs, and beauty periſh in its bloom; but have been ſeldom ſo much affected as by the fate of *Euryalus*, whom I lately loſt as I began to love him.

Euryalus had for ſome time flouriſhed in a lucrative profeſſion; but having ſuffered his imagination to be fired by an unextinguiſhable curioſity, he grew weary of the ſame dull round of life, reſolved to haraſs himſelf no longer with the drudgery of getting money, but to quit his buſineſs and his profit, and enjoy for a few years the pleaſures of travel. His friends heard him proclaim his reſolution without ſuſpecting that he intended to purſue it; but he was conſtant to his purpoſe, and with great expedition cloſed his accounts and ſold his moveables, paſſed a few days in bidding farewel to his companions, and with all the eagerneſs of romantick chivalry croſſed the ſea in ſearch of happineſs. Whatever place was renowned in ancient or modern hiſtory, whatever region art or nature had diſtinguiſhed, he determined to viſit: full of deſign and hope he landed on the continent; his friends expected accounts from him of the new ſcenes that opened in his progreſs, but were informed in a few days that *Euryalus* was dead.

Such was the end of *Euryalus*. He is entered that ſtate, whence none ever ſhall return; and can now only benefit his friends, by remaining in their me-

mories

mories a permanent and efficacious inſtance of the blindneſs of deſire, and the uncertainty of all terreſtrial good. But, perhaps, every man has like me loſt an *Euryalus*, has known a friend die with happineſs in his graſp; and yet every man continues to think himſelf ſecure of life, and defers to ſome future time of leiſure what he knows it will be fatal to have finally omitted.

It is, indeed, with this as with other frailties inherent in our nature; the deſire of deferring to another time, what cannot be done without endurance of ſome pain, or forbearance of ſome pleaſure, will, perhaps, never be totally overcome or ſuppreſſed; there will always be ſomething that we ſhall wiſh to have finiſhed, and be nevertheleſs unwilling to begin: but againſt this unwillingneſs it is our duty to ſtruggle, and every conqueſt over our paſſions will make way for an eaſier conqueſt; cuſtom is equally forcible to bad and good; nature will always be at variance with reaſon, but will rebel more feebly as ſhe is oftener ſubdued.

The common neglect of the preſent hour is more ſhameful and criminal, as no man is betrayed to it by error, but admits it by negligence. Of the inſtability of life, the weakeſt underſtanding never thinks wrong, though the ſtrongeſt often omits to think juſtly: reaſon and experience are always ready to inform us of our real ſtate; but we refuſe to liſten to their ſuggeſtions, becauſe we feel our hearts unwilling to obey them: but, ſurely, nothing is more unworthy of a reaſonable being, than to ſhut his eyes, when he ſees the road which he is commanded to travel, that he may deviate with fewer reproaches

from himſelf; nor could any motive to tenderneſs, except the conſciouſneſs that we have all been guilty of the ſame fault, diſpoſe us to pity thoſe who thus conſign themſelves to voluntary ruin.

NUMB. 111. TUESDAY, *November* 27, 1753.

——Quæ non fecimus ipſi,
Vix ea noſtra voco. OVID.

The deeds of long deſcended anceſtors
Are but by grace of imputation ours. DRYDEN.

THE evils inſeparably annexed to the preſent condition of man, are ſo numerous and afflictive, that it has been, from age to age, the taſk of ſome to bewail, and of others to ſolace them; and he, therefore, will be in danger of ſeeing a common enemy, who ſhall attempt to depreciate the few pleaſures and felicities which nature has allowed us.

Yet I will confeſs, that I have ſometimes employed my thoughts in examining the pretenſions that are made to happineſs, by the ſplendid and envied condition of life; and have not thought the hour unprofitably ſpent, when I have detected the impoſture of counterfeit advantages, and found diſquiet lurking under falſe appearances of gaiety and greatneſs.

It

It is aſſerted by a tragic poet, that "eſt miſer "nemo niſi comparatus," "no man is miſerable, "but as he is compared with others happier than "himſelf:" this poſition is not ſtrictly and philoſophically true. He might have ſaid, with rigorous propriety, that no man is happy but as he is compared with the miſerable; for ſuch is the ſtate of this world, that we find in it abſolute miſery, but happineſs only comparative; we may incur as much pain as we can poſſibly endure, though we can never obtain as much happineſs as we might poſſibly enjoy.

Yet it is certain likewiſe, that many of our miſeries are merely comparative: we are often made unhappy, not by the preſence of any real evil, but by the abſence of ſome fictitious good; of ſomething which is not required by any real want of nature, which has not in itſelf any power of gratification, and which neither reaſon nor fancy would have prompted us to wiſh, did we not ſee it in the poſſeſſion of others.

For a mind diſeaſed with vain longings after unattainable advantages, no medicine can be preſcribed, but an impartial enquiry into the real worth of that which is ſo ardently deſired. It is well known, how much the mind, as well as the eye, is deceived by diſtance; and, perhaps, it will be found, that of many imagined bleſſings it may be doubted, whether he that wants or poſſeſſes them has more reaſon to be ſatisfied with his lot.

The dignity of high birth and long extraction, no man, to whom nature has denied it, can confer upon himſelf; and, therefore, it deſerves to be conſidered, whether

whether the want of that which can never be gained, may not eaſily be endured. It is true, that if we conſider the triumph and delight with which moſt of thoſe recount their anceſtors who have anceſtors to recount, and the artifices by which ſome who have riſen to unexpected fortune endeavour to inſert themſelves into an honourable ſtem, we ſhall be inclined to fancy that wiſdom or virtue may be had by inheritance, or that all the excellencies of a line of progenitors are accumulated on their deſcendant. Reaſon, indeed, will ſoon inform us, that our eſtimation of birth is arbitrary and capricious, and that dead anceſtors can have no influence but upon imagination: let it then be examined, whether one dream may not operate in the place of another; whether he that owes nothing to forefathers, may not receive equal pleaſure from the conſciouſneſs of owing all to himſelf; whether he may not, with a little meditation, find it more honourable to found than to continue a family, and to gain dignity than tranſmit it; whether, if he receives no dignity from the virtues of his family, he does not likewiſe eſcape the danger of being diſgraced by their crimes; and whether he that brings a new name into the world, has not the convenience of playing the game of life without a ſtake, and opportunity of winning much though he has nothing to loſe.

There is another opinion concerning happineſs, which approaches much more nearly to univerſality, but which may, perhaps, with equal reaſon be diſputed. The pretenſions to anceſtral honours many of the ſons of earth eaſily ſee to be ill-grounded; but all agree to celebrate the advantage of hereditary

riches,

riches, and to conſider thoſe as the minions of fortune, who are wealthy from their cradles, whoſe eſtate is "res non parta labore ſed relicta;" "the "acquiſition of another, not of themſelves;" and whom a father's induſtry has diſpenſed from a laborious attention to arts or commerce, and left at liberty to diſpoſe of life as fancy ſhall direct them.

If every man were wiſe and virtuous, capable to diſcern the beſt uſe of time, and reſolute to practiſe it; it might be granted, I think, without heſitation, that total liberty would be a bleſſing; and that it would be deſirable to be left at large to the exerciſe of religious and ſocial duties, without the interruption of importunate avocations.

But ſince felicity is relative, and that which is the means of happineſs to one man may be to another the cauſe of miſery, we are to conſider, what ſtate is beſt adapted to human nature in its preſent degeneracy and frailty. And, ſurely, to far the greater number it is highly expedient, that they ſhould by ſome ſettled ſcheme of duties be reſcued from the tyranny of caprice, that they ſhould be driven on by neceſſity through the paths of life with their attention confined to a ſtated taſk, that they may be leſs at leiſure to deviate into miſchief at the call of folly.

When we obſerve the lives of thoſe whom an ample inheritance has let looſe to their own direction, what do we diſcover that can excite our envy? Their time ſeems not to paſs with much applauſe from others, or ſatisfaction to themſelves: many ſquander their exuberance of fortune in luxury and debauchery, and have no other uſe of money than to inflame their paſſions, and riot in a wide range of licen-

licentiouſneſs; others, leſs criminal indeed, but, ſurely, not much to be praiſed, lie down to ſleep, and riſe up to trifle, are employed every morning in finding expedients to rid themſelves of the day, chaſe pleaſure through all the places of publick reſort, fly from *London* to *Bath* and from *Bath* to *London*, without any other reaſon for changing place, but that they go in queſt of company as idle and as vagrant as themſelves, always endeavouring to raiſe ſome new deſire that they may have ſomething to purſue, to rekindle ſome hope which they know will be diſappointed, changing one amuſement for another which a few months will make equally inſipid, or ſinking into languor and diſeaſe for want of ſomething to actuate their bodies or exhilarate their minds.

Whoever has frequented thoſe places, where idlers aſſemble to eſcape from ſolitude, knows that this is generally the ſtate of the wealthy; and from this ſtate it is no great hardſhip to be debarred. No man can be happy in total idleneſs: he that ſhould be condemned to lie torpid and motionleſs, "would fly for "recreation," ſays *South*, "to the mines and the "gallies;" and it is well, when nature or fortune find employment for thoſe, who would not have known how to procure it for themſelves.

He, whoſe mind is engaged by the acquiſition or improvement of a fortune, not only eſcapes the inſipidity of indifference, and the tedioufneſs of inactivity, but gains enjoyments wholly unknown to thoſe, who live lazily on the toil of others; for life affords no higher pleaſure than that of ſurmounting difficulties, paſſing from one ſtep of ſucceſs to

another, forming new wiſhes, and ſeeing them gratified. He that labours in any great or laudable undertaking, has his fatigues firſt ſupported by hope, and afterwards rewarded by joy; he is always moving to a certain end, and when he has attained it, an end more diſtant invites him to a new purſuit.

It does not, indeed, always happen, that diligence is fortunate; the wiſeſt ſchemes are broken by unexpected accidents; the moſt conſtant perſeverance ſometimes toils through life without a recompence; but labour, though unſucceſsful, is more eligible than idleneſs; he that proſecutes a lawful purpoſe by lawful means, acts always with the approbation of his own reaſon; he is animated through the courſe of his endeavours by an expectation which, though not certain, he knows to be juſt; and is at laſt comforted in his diſappointment, by the conſciouſneſs that he has not failed by his own fault.

That kind of life is moſt happy which affords us moſt opportunities of gaining our own eſteem; and what can any man infer in his own favour from a condition to which, however proſperous, he contributed nothing, and which the vileſt and weakeſt of the ſpecies would have obtained by the ſame right, had he happened to be the ſon of the ſame father.

To ſtrive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the higheſt human felicity; the next, is to ſtrive, and deſerve to conquer: but he whoſe life has paſſed without a conteſt, and who can boaſt neither ſucceſs nor merit, can ſurvey himſelf only as a uſeleſs filler of

of exiſtence; and if he is content with his own character, muſt owe his ſatisfaction to inſenſibility.

Thus it appears that the ſatiriſt adviſed rightly, when he directed us to reſign ourſelves to the hands of Heaven, and to leave to ſuperior powers the determination of our lot:

Permittes ipſis expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris:
Carior eſt illis homo quam ſibi.

Intruſt thy fortune to the pow'rs above:
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want.
In goodneſs as in greatneſs they excel:
Ah! that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well.

DRYDEN.

What ſtate of life admits moſt happineſs, is uncertain; but that uncertainty ought to repreſs the petulance of compariſon, and ſilence the murmurs of diſcontent.

thoſe, who by ſtudy, or appearance of ſtudy, were ſuppoſed to have gained knowledge unattainable by the buſy part of mankind; but in theſe enlightened days, every man is qualified to inſtruct every other man; and he that beats the anvil, or guides the plough, not content with ſupplying corporal neceſſities, amuſes himſelf in the hours of leiſure with providing intellectual pleaſures for his countrymen.

It may be obſerved, that of this, as of other evils, complaints have been made by every generation: but though it may, perhaps, be true, that at all times more have been willing than have been able to write, yet there is no reaſon for believing, that the dogmatical legions of the preſent race were ever equalled in number by any former period; for ſo widely is ſpread the itch of literary praiſe, that almoſt every man is an author, either in act or in purpoſe; has either beſtowed his favours on the publick, or withholds them, that they may be more ſeaſonably offered, or made more worthy of acceptance.

In former times, the pen, like the ſword, was conſidered as conſigned by nature to the hands of men; the ladies contented themſelves with private virtues and domeſtick excellence; and a female writer, like a female warrior, was conſidered as a kind of excentric being, that deviated, however illuſtriouſly, from her due ſphere of motion, and was, therefore, rather to be gazed at with wonder, than countenanced by imitation. But as the times paſt are ſaid to have been a nation of Amazons, who drew the

bow and wielded the battle-axe, formed encampments and waſted nations; the revolution of years has now produced a generation of Amazons of the pen, who with the ſpirit of their predeceſſors have ſet maſculine tyranny at defiance, aſſerted their claim to the regions of ſcience, and ſeem reſolved to conteſt the uſurpations of virility.

Some, indeed, there are of both ſexes, who are authors only in deſire, but have not yet attained the power of executing their intentions; whoſe performances have not arrived at bulk ſufficient to form a volume, or who have not the confidence, however impatient of nameleſs obſcurity, to ſolicit openly the aſſiſtance of the printer. Among theſe are the innumerable correſpondents of publick papers, who are always offering aſſiſtance which no man will receive, and ſuggeſting hints that are never taken, and who complain loudly of the perverſeneſs and arrogance of authors, lament their inſenſibility of their own intereſt, and fill the coffee-houſes with dark ſtories of performances by eminent hands, which have been offered and rejected.

To what cauſe this univerſal eagerneſs of writing can be properly aſcribed, I have not yet been able to diſcover. It is ſaid, that every art is propagated in proportion to the rewards conferred upon it; a poſition from which a ſtranger would naturally infer, that literature was now bleſſed with patronage far tranſcending the candour or munificence of the Auguſtine age, that the road to greatneſs was open to none but authors, and that by writing alone riches and honour were to be obtained.

But ſince it is true, that writers, like other competitors, are very little diſpoſed to favour one another, it is not to be expected, that at a time, when every man writes, any man will patronize; and, accordingly, there is not one that I can recollect at preſent, who profeſſes the leaſt regard for the votaries of ſcience, invites the addreſſes of learned men, or ſeems to hope for reputation from any pen but his own.

The cauſe, therefore, of this epidemical conſpiracy for the deſtruction of paper, muſt remain a ſecret: nor can I diſcover, whether we owe it to the influences of the conſtellations, or the intemperature of ſeaſons: whether the long continuance of the wind at any ſingle point, or intoxicating vapours exhaled from the earth, have turned our nobles and our peaſants, our ſoldiers and traders, our men and women, all into wits, philoſophers, and writers.

It is, indeed, of more importance to ſearch out the cure than the cauſe of this intellectual malady; and he would deſerve well of his country, who, inſtead of amuſing himſelf with conjectural ſpeculations, ſhould find means of perſuading the peer to inſpect his ſteward's accounts, or repair the rural manſion of his anceſtors, who could replace the tradeſman behind his counter, and ſend back the farmer to the mattock and the flail.

General irregularities are known in time to remedy themſelves. By the conſtitution of ancient *Ægypt*, the prieſthood was continually increaſing, till at length there was no people beſide themſelves; the

eſtabliſhment was then diſſolved, and the number of prieſts was reduced and limited. Thus among us, writers will, perhaps, be multiplied, till no readers will be found, and then the ambition of writing muſt neceſſarily ceaſe.

But as it will be long before the cure is thus gradually effected, and the evil ſhould be ſtopped, if it be poſſible, before it riſes to ſo great a height, I could wiſh that both ſexes would fix their thoughts upon ſome ſalutary conſiderations, which might repreſs their ardour for that reputation which not one of many thouſands is fated to obtain.

Let it be deeply impreſſed and frequently recollected, that he who has not obtained the proper qualifications of an author, can have no excuſe for the arrogance of writing, but the power of imparting to mankind ſomething neceſſary to be known. A man uneducated or unlettered may ſometimes ſtart a uſeful thought, or make a lucky diſcovery, or obtain by chance ſome ſecret of nature, or ſome intelligence of facts, of which the moſt enlightened mind may be ignorant, and which it is better to reveal, though by a rude and unſkilful communication, than to loſe for ever by ſuppreſſing it.

But few will be juſtified by this plea; for of the innumerable books and pamphlets that have overflowed the nation, ſcarce one has made any addition to real knowledge, or contained more than a tranſpoſition of common ſentiments and a repetition of common phraſes.

It will be naturally inquired, when the man who feels an inclination to write, may venture to ſuppoſe himſelf

himſelf properly qualified; and, ſince every man is inclined to think well of his own intellect, by what teſt he may try his abilities, without hazarding the contempt or reſentment of the publick.

The firſt qualification of a writer, is a perfect knowledge of the ſubject which he undertakes to treat; ſince we cannot teach what we do not know, nor can properly undertake to inſtruct others while we are ourſelves in want of inſtruction. The next requiſite is, that he be maſter of the language in which he delivers his ſentiments; if he treats of ſcience and demonſtration, that he has attained a ſtyle clear, pure, nervous, and expreſſive; if his topicks be probable and perſuaſory, that he be able to recommend them by the ſuperaddition of elegance and imagery, to diſplay the colours of varied diction, and pour forth the muſick of modulated periods.

If it be again inquired, upon what principles any man ſhall conclude that he wants theſe powers, it may be readily anſwered, that no end is attained but by the proper means; he only can rationally preſume that he underſtands a ſubject, who has read and compared the writers that have hitherto diſcuſſed it, familiarized their arguments to himſelf by long meditation, conſulted the foundations of different ſyſtems, and ſeparated truth from error by a rigorous examination.

In like manner, he only has a right to ſuppoſe that he can expreſs his thoughts, whatever they are, with perſpicuity or elegance, who has carefully peruſed the beſt authors, accurately noted their diverſities of ſtyle, diligently ſelected the beſt modes

of

of diction, and familiarized them by long habit
attentive practice.

No man is a rhetorician or philosopher by cha
He who knows that he undertakes to write
questions which he has never studied, may w
out hesitation determine, that he is about
waste his own time and that of his reader,
expose himself to the derision of those whom
aspires to instruct: he that without forming his
by the study of the best models, hastens to obt
his compositions on the publick, may be cert
that whatever hope or flattery may suggest,
shall shock the learned ear with barbarisms,
contribute, wherever his work shall be recei
to the depravation of taste and the corruption
language.

NUMB. 119. TUESDAY, *December* 25, 1753.

Latiùs regnes, avidum domando
Spiritum, quàm ſi Lybiam remotis
Gadibus jungas, et uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni. HOR.

By virtue's precepts to controul
The thirſty cravings of the ſoul,
Is over wider realms to reign
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain
You could to diſtant Lybia join,
And both the Carthages were thine. FRANCIS.

WHEN *Socrates* was aſked, "which of "mortal men was to be accounted neareſt to "the *gods* in happineſs?" he anſwered, "that man, "who is in want of the feweſt things."

In this anſwer, *Socrates* left it to be gueſſed by his auditors, whether, by the exemption from want which was to conſtitute happineſs, he meant amplitude of poſſeſſions or contraction of deſire. And, indeed, there is ſo little difference between them, that *Alexander* the Great confeſſed the inhabitant of a tub the next man to the maſter of the world; and left a declaration to future ages, that if he was not *Alexander* he ſhould wiſh to be *Diogenes*.

Theſe two ſtates, however, though they reſemble each other in their conſequence, differ widely with reſpect to the facility with which they may be attained. To make great acquiſitions can happen to very

very few; and in the uncertainty of human affairs, to many it will be incident to labour without reward, and to loſe what they already poſſeſs by endeavours to make it more; ſome will always want abilities, and others opportunities to accumulate wealth. It is therefore happy, that nature has allowed us a more certain and eaſy road to plenty; every man may grow rich by contracting his wiſhes, and by quiet acquieſcence in what has been given him ſupply the abſence of more.

Yet ſo far is almoſt every man from emulating the happineſs of the gods, by any other means than graſping at their power; that it ſeems to be the great buſineſs of life to create wants as faſt as they are ſatisfied. It has been long obſerved by moraliſts, that every man ſquanders or loſes a great part of that life, of which every man knows and deplores the ſhortneſs: and it may be remarked with equal juſtneſs, that though every man laments his own inſufficiency to his happineſs, and knows himſelf a neceſſitous and precarious being, inceſſantly ſoliciting the aſſiſtance of others, and feeling wants which his own art or ſtrength cannot ſupply; yet there is no man, who does not, by the ſuperaddition of unnatural cares, render himſelf ſtill more dependent; who does not create an artificial poverty, and ſuffer himſelf to feel pain for the want of that, of which, when it is gained, he can have no enjoyment.

It muſt, indeed, be allowed, that as we loſe part of our time becauſe it ſteals away ſilent and inviſible, and many an hour is paſſed before we recollect that it is paſſing; ſo unnatural deſires inſinuate themſelves *unobſerved into* the mind, and we do not perceive

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that they are gaining upon us, till the pain which they give us awakens us to notice. No man is ſufficiently vigilant to take account of every minute of his life, or to watch every motion of his heart. Much of our time likewiſe is ſacrificed to cuſtom; we trifle, becauſe we ſee others trifle: in the ſame manner we catch from example the contagion of deſire; we ſee all about us buſied in purſuit of imaginary good, and begin to buſtle in the ſame chace, leſt greater activity ſhould triumph over us.

It is true, that to man, as a member of ſociety, many things become neceſſary, which, perhaps, in a ſtate of nature are ſuperfluous; and that many things, not abſolutely neceſſary, are yet ſo uſeful and convenient, that they cannot eaſily be ſpared. I will make yet a more ample and liberal conceſſion. In opulent ſtates and regular governments, the temptations to wealth and rank, and to the diſtinctions that follow them, are ſuch as no force of underſtanding finds it eaſy to reſiſt.

If, therefore, I ſaw the quiet of life diſturbed only by endeavours after wealth and honour; by ſolicitude, which the world, whether juſtly or not, conſidered as important; I ſhould ſcarcely have had courage to inculcate any precepts of moderation and forbearance. He that is engaged in a purſuit, in which all mankind profeſs to be his rivals, is ſupported by the authority of all mankind in the proſecution of his deſign, and will, therefore, ſcarcely ſtop to hear the lectures of a ſolitary philoſopher. Nor am I certain, that the accumulation of honeſt gain ought to be hindered, or the ambition of juſt honours always to be repreſſed. Whatever can en-

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able the poſſeſſor to confer any benefit upon others, may be deſired upon virtuous principles; and we ought not too raſhly to accuſe any man of intending to confine the influence of his acquiſitions to himſelf.

But if we look round upon mankind, whom ſhall we find among thoſe that fortune permits to form their own manners, that is not tormenting himſelf with a wiſh for ſomething, of which all the pleaſure and all the benefit will ceaſe at the moment of attainment? One man is beggaring his poſterity to build a houſe, which when finiſhed he never will inhabit; another is levelling mountains to open a proſpect, which, when he has once enjoyed it, he can enjoy no more; another is painting cielings, carving wainſcot, and filling his apartments with coſtly furniture, only that ſome neighbouring houſe may not be richer or finer than his own.

That ſplendor and elegance are not deſirable, I am not ſo abſtracted from life as to inculcate; but if we inquire cloſely into the reaſon for which they are eſteemed, we ſhall find them valued principally as evidences of wealth. Nothing, therefore, can ſhew greater depravity of underſtanding, than to delight in the ſhew when the reality is wanting; or voluntarily to become poor, that ſtrangers may for a time imagine us to be rich.

But there are yet minuter objects and more trifling anxieties. Men may be found, who are kept from ſleep by the want of a ſhell particularly variegated! who are waſting their lives, in ſtratagems to obtain a book in a language which they do not underſtand; who pine with envy at the flowers of another man's parterre;

parterre; who hover like vultures round the owner of a foſſil, in hopes to plunder his cabinet at his death; and who would not much regret to ſee a ſtreet in flames, if a box of medals might be ſcattered in the tumult.

He that imagines me to ſpeak of theſe ſages in terms exaggerated and hyperbolical, has converſed but little with the race of virtuoſos. A ſlight acquaintance with their ſtudies, and a few viſits to their aſſemblies, would inform him, that nothing is ſo worthleſs, but that prejudice and caprice can give it value; nor any thing of ſo little uſe, but that by indulging an idle competition or unreaſonable pride, a man may make it to himſelf one of the neceſſaries of life.

Deſires like theſe, I may ſurely, without incurring the cenſure of moroſeneſs, adviſe every man to repel when they invade his mind; or if he admits them, never to allow them any greater influence, than is neceſſary to give petty employments the power of pleaſing, and diverſify the day with ſlight amuſements.

An ardent wiſh, whatever be its object, will always be able to interrupt tranquillity. What we believe ourſelves to want, torments us not in proportion to its real value, but according to the eſtimation by which we have rated it in our own minds: in ſome diſeaſes, the patient has been obſerved to long for food, which ſcarce any extremity of hunger would in health have compelled him to ſwallow; but while his organs were thus depraved the craving was irreſiſtible, nor could any reſt be obtained till it was appeaſed by compliance. Of the ſame nature are

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the irregular appetites of the mind; though they are often excited by trifles, they are equally diſquieting with real wants: the *Roman*, who wept at the death of his lamprey, felt the ſame degree of ſorrow that extorts tears on other occaſions.

Inordinate deſires, of whatever kind, ought to be repreſſed upon yet a higher conſideration; they muſt be conſidered as enemies not only to happineſs but to virtue. There are men among thoſe commonly reckoned the learned and the wiſe, who ſpare no ſtratagems to remove a competitor at an auction, who will ſink the price of a rarity at the expence of truth, and whom it is not ſafe to truſt alone in a library or cabinet. Theſe are faults, which the fraternity ſeem to look upon as jocular miſchiefs, or to think excuſed by the violence of the temptation: but I ſhall always fear that he, who accuſtoms himſelf to fraud in little things, wants only opportunity to practiſe it in greater; "he that has hardened himſelf by killing a ſheep," ſays *Pythagoras*, "will with leſs reluctance ſhed the blood of a man."

To prize every thing according to its *real* uſe, ought to be the aim of a rational being. There are few things which can much conduce to happineſs, and, therefore, few things to be ardently deſired. He that looks upon the buſineſs and buſtle of the world, with the philoſophy with which *Socrates* ſurveyed the fair at *Athens*, will turn away at laſt with his exclamation, "How many things are here which "I do not want!"

NUMB. 120. SATURDAY, *December* 29, 1753.

——— Ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet. OVID.

But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bleſt before he die. ADDISON.

THE numerous miſeries of human life have extorted in all ages an univerſal complaint. The wiſeſt of men terminated all his experiments in ſearch of happineſs, by the mournful confeſſion, that "all is vanity;" and the antient patriarchs lamented, that "the days of their pilgrimage were few and evil."

There is, indeed, no topick on which it is more ſuperfluous to accumulate authorites, nor any aſſertion of which our own eyes will more eaſily diſcover, or our ſenſations more frequently impreſs the truth, than, that miſery is the lot of man, that our preſent ſtate is a ſtate of danger and infelicity.

When we take the moſt diſtant proſpect of life, what does it preſent us but a chaos of unhappineſs, confuſed and tumultuous ſcene of labour and conteſt, diſappointment and defeat? If we view paſt ages in the reflection of hiſtory, what do they offer to our meditation but crimes and calamities? One year is diſtinguiſhed by a famine, another by an earthquake;

kingdoms are made deſolate, ſometimes by wars, and ſometimes by peſtilence; the peace of the world is interrupted at one time by the caprices of a tyrant, at another by the rage of a conqueror. The memory is ſtored only with viciſſitudes of evil; and the happineſs, ſuch as it is, of one part of mankind, is found to ariſe commonly from ſanguinary ſucceſs, from victories which confer upon them the power, not ſo much of improving life by any new enjoyment, as of inflicting miſery on others, and gratifying their own pride by comparative greatneſs.

But by him that examines life with a more cloſe attention, the happineſs of the world will be found ſtill leſs than it appears. In ſome intervals of publick proſperity, or to uſe terms more proper, in ſome intermiſſions of calamity, a general diffuſion of happineſs may ſeem to overſpread a people; all is triumph and exultation, jollity and plenty; there are no publick fears and dangers, and "no complainings in the ſtreets." But the condition of individuals is very little mended by this general calm: pain and malice and diſcontent ſtill continue their havock; the ſilent depredation goes inceſſantly forward; and the grave continues to be filled by the victims of ſorrow.

He that enters a gay aſſembly, beholds the cheerfulneſs diſplayed in every countenance, and finds all ſitting vacant and diſengaged, with no other attention than to give or to receive pleaſure; would naturally imagine, that he had reached at laſt the metropolis of felicity, the place ſacred to gladneſs of

heart, from whence all fear and anxiety were irreverſil excluded. Such, indeed, we may often find to be the opinion of thoſe, who from a lower ſtation look up to the pomp and gaiety which they cannot reach: but who is there of thoſe who frequent theſe luxurious aſſemblies, that will not confeſs his own uneaſineſs, or cannot recount the vexations and diſtreſſes that prey upon the lives of his gay companions?

The world, in its beſt ſtate, is nothing more than a larger aſſembly of beings, combining to counterfeit happineſs which they do not feel, employing every art and contrivance to embelliſh life, and to hide their real condition from the eyes of one another.

The ſpecies of happineſs moſt obvious to the obſervation of others, is that which depends upon the goods of fortune; yet even this is often fictitious. There is in the world more poverty than is generally imagined; not only becauſe many whoſe poſſeſſions are large have deſires ſtill larger, and many meaſure their wants by the gratifications which others enjoy; but great numbers are preſſed by real neceſſities which it is their chief ambition to conceal, and are forced to purchaſe the appearance of competence and cheerfulneſs at the expence of many comforts and conveniencies of life.

Many, however, are confeſſedly rich, and many more are ſufficiently removed from all danger of real poverty: but it has been long ago remarked, that money cannot purchaſe quiet; the higheſt of mankind can promiſe themſelves no exemption from

that diſcord or ſuſpicion, by which the ſweetneſs of domeſtick retirement is deſtroyed; and muſt always be even more expoſed, in the ſame degree as they are elevated above others, to the treachery of dependents, the calumny of defamers, and the violence of opponents.

Affliction is inſeparable from our preſent ſtate; it adheres to all the inhabitants of this world in different proportions indeed, but with an allotment which ſeems very little regulated by our own conduct. It has been the boaſt of ſome ſwelling moraliſts, that every man's fortune was in his own power, that prudence ſupplied the place of all other divinities, and that happineſs is the unfailing conſequence of virtue. But, ſurely, the quiver of Omnipotence is ſtored with arrows, againſt which the ſhield of human virtue, however adamantine it has been boaſted, is held up in vain: we do not always ſuffer by our crimes; we are not always protected by our innocence.

A good man is by no means exempt from the danger of ſuffering by the crimes of others; even his goodneſs may raiſe him enemies of implacable malice and reſtleſs perſeverance: the good man has never been warranted by Heaven from the treachery of friends, the diſobedience of children, or the diſhoneſty of a wife; he may ſee his cares made uſeleſs by profuſion, his inſtructions defeated by perverſeneſs, and his kindneſs rejected by ingratitude; he may languiſh under the infamy of falſe accuſations, or periſh reproachfully by an unjuſt ſentence.

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A good man is ſubject, like other mortals, to all the influences of natural evil; his harveſt is not ſpared by the tempeſt, nor his cattle by the murrain; his houſe flames like others in a conflagration; nor have his ſhips any peculiar power of reſiſting hurricanes: his mind, however elevated, inhabits a body ſubject to innumerable caſualties, of which he muſt always ſhare the dangers and the pains; he bears about him the ſeeds of diſeaſe, and may linger away a great part of his life under the tortures of the gout or ſtone; at one time groaning with inſufferable anguiſh, at another diſſolved in liſtleſſneſs and languor.

From this general and indiſcriminate diſtribution of miſery, the moraliſts have always derived one of their ſtrongeſt moral arguments for a future ſtate; for ſince the common events of the preſent life happen alike to the good and bad, it follows from the juſtice of the Supreme Being, that there muſt be another ſtate of exiſtence, in which a juſt retribution ſhall be made, and every man ſhall be happy and miſerable according to his works.

The miſeries of life may, perhaps, afford ſome proof of a future ſtate, compared as well with the mercy as the juſtice of God. It is ſcarcely to be imagined, that Infinite Benevolence would create a being capable of enjoying ſo much more than is here to be enjoyed, and qualified by nature to prolong pain by remembrance, and anticipate it by terror, if he was not deſigned for ſomething nobler and better than a ſtate, in which

many of his faculties can ſerve only for his torment; in which he is to be importuned by deſires that never can be ſatisfied, to feel many evils which he had no power to avoid, and to fear many which he ſhall never feel: there will ſurely come a time, when every capacity of happineſs ſhall be filled, and none ſhall be wretched but by his own fault.

In the mean time, it is by affliction chiefly that the heart of man is purified, and that the thoughts are fixed upon a better ſtate. Proſperity, allayed and imperfect as it is, has power to intoxicate the imagination, to fix the mind upon the preſent ſcene, to produce confidence and elation, and to make him who enjoys affluence and honours forget the hand by which they were beſtowed. It is ſeldom that we are otherwiſe, than by affliction, awakened to a ſenſe of our own imbecillity, or taught to know how little all our acquiſitions can conduce to ſafety or to quiet; and how juſtly we may aſcribe to the ſuperintendence of a higher Power, thoſe bleſſings which in the wantonneſs of ſucceſs we conſidered as the attainments of our policy or courage.

Nothing confers ſo much ability to reſiſt the temptations that perpetually ſurround us, as an habitual conſideration of the ſhortneſs of life, and the uncertainty of thoſe pleaſures that ſolicit our purſuit; and this conſideration can be inculcated only by affliction. "O Death! how bitter is the re-" membrance of thee, to a man that lives at eaſe " in his poſſeſſions!" If our preſent ſtate were

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one continued ſucceſſion of delights, or one uniform flow of calmneſs and tranquillity, we ſhould never willingly think upon its end; death would then ſurely ſurpriſe us as "a thief in the "night;" and our taſk of duty would remain unfiniſhed, till "the night came when no man can "work."

While affliction thus prepares us for felicity, we may conſole ourſelves under its preſſures, by remembering, that they are no particular marks of divine diſpleaſure; ſince all the diſtreſſes of perſecution have been ſuffered by thoſe, "of whom the world "was not worthy;" and the Redeemer of Mankind himſelf was "a man of ſorrows and acquainted "with grief."

NUMB. 126. SATURDAY, *January* 19, 1754.

——Steriles nec legit arenas
Ut caneret paucis, merſitque hoc pulvere verum. LUCAN.

Canſt thou believe the vaſt eternal Mind
Was e'er to Syrts and Lybian ſands confin'd?
That he would chuſe this waſte, this barren ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around,
And leave his truth in wilds and deſarts drown'd?

THERE has always prevailed among that part of mankind that addict their minds to ſpeculation, a propenſity to talk much of the delights of retirement; and ſome of the moſt pleaſ

ing compoſitions produced in every age contain deſcriptions of the peace and happineſs of a country life.

I know not whether thoſe who thus ambitiouſly repeat the praiſes of ſolitude, have always conſidered, how much they depreciate mankind by declaring, that whatever is excellent or deſirable is to be obtained by departing from them; that the aſſiſtance which we may derive from one another, is not equivalent to the evils which we have to fear; that the kindneſs of a few is overbalanced by the malice of many; and that the protection of ſociety is too dearly purchaſed, by encountering its dangers and enduring its oppreſſions.

Theſe ſpecious repreſentations of ſolitary happineſs, however opprobrious to human nature, have ſo far ſpread their influence over the world, that almoſt every man delights his imagination with the hopes of obtaining ſome time an opportunity of retreat. Many, indeed, who enjoy retreat only in imagination, content themſelves with believing, that another year will tranſport them to rural tranquillity, and die while they talk of doing what, if they had lived longer, they would never have done. But many likewiſe there are, either of greater reſolution or more credulity, who in earneſt try the ſtate which they have been taught to think thus ſecure from cares and dangers; and retire to privacy, either that they may improve their happineſs, increaſe their knowledge, or exalt their virtue.

The greater part of the admirers of ſolitude, as of all other claſſes of mankind, have no higher or

remoter view, than the preſent gratification of their paſſions. Of theſe ſome, haughty and impetuous, fly from ſociety only becauſe they cannot bear to repay to others the regard which themſelves exact; and think no ſtate of life eligible, but that which places them out of the reach of cenſure or controul, and affords them opportunities of living in a perpetual compliance with their own inclinations, without the neceſſity of regulating their actions by any other man's convenience or opinion.

There are others of minds more delicate and tender, eaſily offended by every deviation from rectitude, ſoon diſguſted by ignorance or impertinence, and always expecting from the converſation of mankind more elegance, purity, and truth, than the mingled maſs of life will eaſily afford. Such men are in haſte to retire from groſſneſs, falſehood, and brutality; and hope to find in private habitations at leaſt a negative felicity, an exemption from the ſhocks and perturbations with which publick ſcenes are continually diſtreſſing them.

To neither of theſe votaries will ſolitude afford that content, which ſhe has been taught ſo laviſhly to promiſe. The man of arrogance will quickly diſcover, that by eſcaping from his opponents he has loſt his flatterers, that greatneſs is nothing where it is not ſeen, and power nothing where it cannot be felt: and he, whoſe faculties are employed in too cloſe an obſervation of failings and defects, will find his condition very little mended by transferring his attention from others to himſelf; he will probably ſoon come back in queſt of new objects, and

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glad to keep his captiouſneſs employed on any character rather than his own.

Others are ſeduced into ſolitude merely by the authority of great names, and expect to find thoſe charms in tranquillity which have allured ſtateſmen and conquerors to the ſhades: theſe likewiſe are apt to wonder at their diſappointment, for want of conſidering, that thoſe whom they aſpire to imitate carried with them to their country ſeats minds full fraught with ſubjects of reflection, the conſciouſneſs of great merit, the memory of illuſtrious actions, the knowledge of important events, and the ſeeds of mighty deſigns to be ripened by future meditation. Solitude was to ſuch men a releaſe from fatigue, and an opportunity of uſefulneſs. But what can retirement confer upon him, who having done nothing can receive no ſupport from his own importance, who having known nothing can find no entertainment in reviewing the paſt, and who intending nothing can form no hopes from proſpects of the future: he can, ſurely, take no wiſer courſe than that of loſing himſelf again in the crowd, and filling the vacuities of his mind with the news of the day.

Others conſider ſolitude as the parent of philoſophy, and retire in expectation of greater intimacies with ſcience, as *Numa* repaired to the groves when he conferred with *Egeria*. Theſe men have not always reaſon to repent. Some ſtudies require a continued proſecution of the ſame train of thought, ſuch as is too often interrupted by the petty avocations of common life: ſometimes, likewiſe, it

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is neceſſary, that a multiplicity of objects be at once preſent to the mind; and every thing, therefore, muſt be kept at a diſtance, which may perplex the memory, or diſſipate the attention.

But though learning may be conferred by ſolitude, its application muſt be attained by general converſe. He has learned to no purpoſe, that is not able to teach; and he will always teach unſucceſsfully, who cannot recommend his ſentiments by his diction or addreſs.

Even the acquiſition of knowledge is often much facilitated by the advantages of ſociety: he that never compares his notions with thoſe of others, readily acquieſces in his firſt thoughts, and very ſeldom diſcovers the objections which may be raiſed againſt his opinions; he, therefore, often thinks himſelf in poſſeſſion of truth, when he is only fondling an error long ſince exploded. He that has neither companions nor rivals in his ſtudies, will always applaud his own progreſs, and think highly of his performances, becauſe he knows not that others have equalled or excelled him. And I am afraid it may be added, that the ſtudent who withdraws himſelf from the world, will ſoon feel that ardour extinguiſhed which praiſe or emulation had enkindled; and take the advantage of ſecreſy to ſleep, rather than to labour.

There remains yet another ſet of recluſes, whoſe intention intitles them to higher reſpect, and whoſe motives deſerve a more ſerious conſideration. Theſe retire from the world, not merely to baſk in eaſe or gratify curioſity; but that being diſengaged from common cares, they may employ more time in

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the duties of religion: that they may regulate their actions with ſtricter vigilance, and purify their thoughts by more frequent meditation.

To men thus elevated above the miſts of mortality, I am far from preſuming myſelf qualified to give directions. On him that appears "to paſs through "things temporary," with no other care than "not "to loſe finally the things eternal," I look with ſuch veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its parts; yet I could never forbear to wiſh, that while vice is every day muliplying ſeducements, and ſtalking forth with more hardened effrontery, virtue would not withdraw the influence of her preſence, or forbear to aſſert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perſeverance in the right. Piety practiſed in ſolitude, like the flower that blooms in the deſart, may give its fragrance to the winds of Heaven, and delight thoſe unbodied ſpirits that ſurvey the works of God and the actions of men; but it beſtows no aſſiſtance upon earthly beings, and however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the ſacred ſplendor of beneficence.

Our Maker, who, though he gave us ſuch varieties of temper and ſuch difference of powers, yet deſigned us all for happineſs, undoubtedly intended, that we ſhould obtain that happineſs by different means. Some are unable to reſiſt the temptations of importunity, or the impetuoſity of their own paſſions incited by the force of preſent temptations: of theſe it is undoubtedly the duty to fly from enemies which they cannot conquer, and to cultivate, in the calm of ſolitude, that virtue which is too tender to endure

dure the tempeſts of publick life. But there are others, whoſe paſſions grow more ſtrong and irregular in privacy; and who cannot maintain an uniform tenor of virtue, but by expoſing their manners to the publick eye, and aſſiſting the admonitions of conſcience with the fear of infamy: for ſuch it is dangerous to exclude all witneſſes of their conduct, till they have formed ſtrong habits of virtue, and weakened their paſſions by frequent victories. But there is a higher order of men ſo inſpired with ardour, and ſo fortified with reſolution, that the world paſſes before them without influence or regard: theſe ought to conſider themſelves as appointed the guardians of mankind: they are placed in an evil world, to exhibit publick examples of good life; and may be ſaid, when they withdraw to ſolitude, to deſert the ſtation which Providence aſſigned them.

NUMB. 131. TUESDAY, *February* 5, 1754.

——*Miſce*
Ergo aliquid noſtris de moribus. JUVENALI

And mingle ſomething of our times to pleaſe.
DRYDEN Jun.

FONTENELLE, in his panegyrick on Sir *Iſaac Newton*, cloſes a long enumeration of that great philoſopher's virtues and attainments, with an obſervation, that "he was not diſtinguiſhed from other "men, by any ſingularity either natural or af-"fected."

It is an eminent inſtance of *Newton*'s ſuperiority to the reſt of mankind, that he was able to ſeparate knowledge from thoſe weakneſſes by which knowledge is generally diſgraced; that he was able to excel in ſcience and wiſdom, without purchaſing them by the neglect of little things; and that he ſtood alone, merely becauſe he had left the reſt of mankind behind him, not becauſe he deviated from the beaten track.

Whoever, after the example of *Plutarch*, ſhould compare the lives of illuſtrious men, might ſet this part of *Newton*'s character to view with great advantage, by oppoſing it to that of *Bacon*, perhaps the only man of later ages, who has any pretenſions to diſpute with him the palm of genius or ſcience.

Bacon,

Bacon, after he had added to a long and careful contemplation of almoſt every other object of knowledge a curious inſpection into common life, and, after having ſurveyed nature as a philoſopher, had examined "men's buſineſs and boſoms" as a ſtateſman; yet failed ſo much in the conduct of domeſtick affairs, that, in the moſt lucrative poſt to which a great and wealthy kingdom could advance him, he felt all the miſeries of diſtreſsful poverty, and committed all the crimes to which poverty incites. Such were at once his negligence and rapacity, that, as it is ſaid, he would gain by unworthy practices that money, which, when ſo acquired, his ſervants might ſteal from one end of the table, while he ſat ſtudious and abſtracted at the other.

As ſcarcely any man has reached the excellence, very few have ſunk to the weakneſs of *Bacon:* but almoſt all the ſtudious tribe, as they obtain any participation of his knowledge, feel likewiſe ſome contagion of his defects; and obſtruct the veneration which learning would procure, by follies greater or leſs to which only learning could betray them.

It has been formerly remarked by *The Guardian*, that the world puniſhes with too great ſeverity the error of thoſe, who imagine that the ignorance of little things may be compenſated by the knowledge of great; for ſo it is, that as more can detect petty failings than can diſtinguiſh or eſteem great qualifications, and as mankind is in general more eaſily diſpoſed to cenſure than to admiration, contempt is often incurred by flight miſtakes, which real virtue or uſefulneſs cannot counterbalance.

Yet

Yet ſuch miſtakes and inadvertencies, it is not eaſy for a man deeply immerſed in ſtudy to avoid; no man can become qualified for the common intercourſes of life, by private meditation; the manners of the world are not a regular ſyſtem, planned by philoſophers upon ſettled principles, in which every cauſe has a congruous effect, and one part has a juſt reference to another. Of the faſhions prevalent in every country, a few have ariſen, perhaps, from particular temperatures of the climate; a few more from the conſtitution of the government; but the greater part have grown up by chance; been ſtarted by caprice, been contrived by affectation, or borrowed without any juſt motives of choice from other countries.

Of all theſe, the ſavage that hunts his prey upon the mountains, and the ſage that ſpeculates in his cloſet, muſt neceſſarily live in equal ignorance; yet by the obſervation of theſe trifles it is, that the ranks of mankind are kept in order, that the addreſs of one to another is regulated, and the general buſineſs of the world carried on with facility and method.

Theſe things, therefore, though ſmall in themſelves, become great by their frequency; and he very much miſtakes his own intereſt, who, to the unavoidable unſkilfulneſs of abſtraction and retirement, adds a voluntary neglect of common forms, and increaſes the diſadvantages of a ſtudious courſe of life by an arrogant contempt of thoſe practices, by which others endeavour to gain favour and multiply friendſhips.

A real and interior diſdain of faſhion and ceremony, is, indeed, not very often to be found: much the

the greater part of thoſe who pretend to laugh at foppery and formality, ſecretly wiſh to have poſſeſſed thoſe qualifications which they pretend to deſpiſe; and becauſe they find it difficult to waſh away the tincture which they have ſo deeply imbibed, endeavour to harden themſelves in a ſullen approbation of their own colour. Neutrality is a ſtate, into which the buſy paſſions of man cannot eaſily ſubſide; and he who is in danger of the pangs of envy, is generally forced to recreate his imagination with an effort of comfort.

Some, however, may be found, who, ſupported by the conſciouſneſs of great abilities, and elevated by a long courſe of reputation and applauſe, voluntarily conſign themſelves to ſingularity, affect to croſs the roads of life becauſe they know that they ſhall not be juſtled, and indulge a boundleſs gratification of will becauſe they perceive that they ſhall be quietly obeyed. Men of this kind are generally known by the name of *Humouriſts*, an appellation by which he that has obtained it, and can be contented to keep it, is ſet free at once from the ſhackles of faſhion; and can go in or out, ſit or ſtand, be talkative or ſilent, gloomy or merry, advance abſurdities or oppoſe demonſtration, without any other reprehenſion from mankind, than that it is his way, that he is an odd fellow, and muſt be let alone.

This ſeems to many, an eaſy paſſport through the various factions of mankind; and thoſe on whom it is beſtowed, appear too frequently to conſider the patience with which their caprices are ſuffered as an undoubted evidence of their own importance, of a genius to which ſubmiſſion is univerſally paid, and

whoſe irregularities are only conſidered as conſequences of its vigour. Theſe peculiarities, however, are always found to ſpot a character, though they may not totally obſcure it; and he who expects from mankind, that they ſhould give up eſtabliſhed cuſtoms in compliance with his ſingle will, and exacts that deference which he does not pay, may be endured, but can never be approved.'

Singularity is, I think, in its own nature univerſally and invariably diſpleaſing. In whatever reſpect a man differs from others, he muſt be conſidered by them as either worſe or better: by being [illegible] well known that a man gains admiration oftener than love, ſince all approbation of his practice muſt neceſſarily condemn him that gives it; and though a man often pleaſes by inferiority, there are few who deſire to give ſuch pleaſure. Yet the truth is, that ſingularity is almoſt always regarded as a brand of ſlight reproach; and where it is aſſociated with acknowledged merit, ſerves as an abatement or an allay of excellence, by which weak eyes are reconciled to its luſtre, and by which, though kindneſs is not gained, at leaſt envy is averted.

But let no man be in haſte to conclude his own merit ſo great or conſpicuous, as to require or juſtify ſingularity: it is as hazardous for a moderate underſtanding to uſurp the prerogatives of genius, as for a common form to play over the airs of unconteſted beauty. The pride of men will not patiently endure to ſee one, whoſe underſtanding or attainments are but level with their own, break the rules by which they have conſented to be bound, or forſake the direction which they ſubmiſſively follow. All viola-

tion

tion of eſtabliſhed practice implies in its own nature a rejection of the common opinion, a defiance of common cenſure, and an appeal from general laws to private judgment: he, therefore, who differs from others without apparent advantage, ought not to be angry if his arrogance is puniſhed with ridicule; if thoſe, whoſe example he ſuperciliouſly overlooks, point him out to deriſion, and hoot him back again into the common road.

The pride of ſingularity is often exerted in little things, where right and wrong are indetermin[illegible] and where, therefore, vanity is without [illegible]s, and [illegible] there are occaſions on which it is [illegible] ſtand alone. To be pious among infidels, to be diſintereſted in a time of general venality, to lead a life of virtue and reaſon in the midſt of ſenſualiſts, is a proof of a mind intent on nobler things than the praiſe or blame of men, of a ſoul fixed in the contemplation of the higheſt good, and ſuperior to the tyranny of cuſtom and example.

In moral and religious queſtions only, a wiſe man will hold no conſultations with faſhion, becauſe theſe duties are conſtant and immutable, and depend not on the notions of men, but the commands of Heaven: yet even of theſe, the external mode is to be in ſome meaſure regulated by the prevailing taſte of the age in which we live; for he is certainly no friend to virtue, who neglects to give it any lawful attraction, or ſuffers it to deceive the eye or alienate the affections for want of innocent compliance with faſhionable decorations.

It is yet remembered of the learned and pious *Nelſon*, that he was remarkably elegant in his man-

been ſpent in conſulting the ancient ſages, and another in writing *Adventurers*.

At the concluſion of any undertaking, it is uſual to compute the loſs and profit. As I ſhall ſoon ceaſe to write *Adventurers*, I could not forbear lately to conſider what has been the conſequence of my labours; and whether I am to reckon the hours laid out in theſe compoſitions, as applied to a good and laudable purpoſe, or ſuffered to fume away in uſeleſs evaporations.

That I have intended well, I have the atteſtation of my own heart: but good intentions may be fruſtrated, when they are executed without ſuitable ſkill, or directed to an end unattainable in itſelf.

Some there are, who leave writers very little room for ſelf-congratulation; ſome who affirm, that books have no influence upon the publick, that no age was ever made better by its authors, and that to call upon mankind to correct their manners, is like *Xerxes*, to ſcourge the wind, or ſhackle the torrent.

This opinion they pretend to ſupport by unfailing experience. The world is full of fraud and corruption, rapine or malignity; intereſt is the ruling motive of mankind, and every one is endeavouring to increaſe his own ſtores of happineſs by perpetual accumulation, without reflecting upon the numbers whom his ſuperfluity condemns to want: in this ſtate of things a book of morality is publiſhed, in which charity and benevolence are ſtrongly enforced; and it is proved beyond oppoſition, that men are happy in proportion as they are virtuous, and rich as they are liberal. The book is applauded, and the author

thor is preferred; he imagines his applauſe deſerved, and receives leſs pleaſure from the acquiſition of reward than the conſciouſneſs of merit. Let us look again upon mankind: intereſt is ſtill the ruling motive, and the world is yet full of fraud and corruption, malevolence and rapine.

The difficulty of confuting this aſſertion ariſes merely from its generality and comprehenſion: to overthrow it by a detail of diſtinct facts, requires a wider ſurvey of the world than human eyes can take; the progreſs of reformation is gradual and ſilent, as the extenſion of evening ſhadows; we know that they were ſhort at noon, and are long at ſun-ſet, but our ſenſes were not able to diſcern their increaſe: we know of every civil nation, that it was once ſavage, and how was it reclaimed but by a precept and admonition?

Mankind are univerſally corrupt, but corrupt in different degrees; as they are univerſally ignorant, yet with greater or leſs irradiations of knowledge. How has knowledge or virtue been increaſed and preſerved in one place beyond another, but by diligent inculcation and rational inforcement?

Books of morality are daily written, yet its influence is ſtill little in the world; ſo the ground is annually ploughed, and yet multitudes are in want of bread. But, ſurely, neither the labours of the moraliſt nor of the huſbandman are vain: let them for a while neglect their taſks, and their uſefulneſs will be known; the wickedneſs that is now frequent would become univerſal, the bread that is now ſcarce would wholly fail.

The power, indeed, of every individual is ſmall, and the conſequence of his endeavours imperceptible in a general proſpect of the world. Providence has given no man ability to do much, that ſomething might be left for every man to do. The buſineſs of life is carried on by a general co-operation; in which the part of any ſingle man can be no more diſtinguiſhed, than the effect of a particular drop when the meadows are floated by a ſummer ſhower: yet every drop increaſes the inundation, and every hand adds to the happineſs or miſery of mankind.

That a writer, however zealous or eloquent, ſeldom works a viſible effect upon cities or nations, will readily be granted. The book which is read moſt, is read by few, compared with thoſe that read it not; and of thoſe few, the greater part peruſe it with diſpoſitions that very little favour their own improvement.

It is difficult to enumerate the ſeveral motives which procure to books the honour of peruſal: ſpite, vanity, and curioſity, hope and fear, love and hatred, every paſſion which incites to any other action, ſerves at one time or other to ſtimulate a reader.

Some are fond to take a celebrated volume into their hands, becauſe they hope to diſtinguiſh their penetration, by finding faults which have eſcaped the publick; others eagerly buy it in the firſt bloom of reputation, that they may join the chorus of praiſe, and not lag, as *Falſtaff* terms it, in "the "rearward of the faſhion."

Some read for ſtyle, and ſome for argument: one has little care about the ſentiment, he obſerves only how

how it is expreſſed; another regards not the concluſion, but is diligent to mark how it is inferred: they read for other purpoſes than the attainment of practical knowledge; and are no more likely to grow wiſe by an examination of a treatiſe of moral prudence, than an architect to inflame his devotion by conſidering attentively the proportions of a temple.

Some read that they may embelliſh their converſation, or ſhine in diſpute; ſome that they may not be detected in ignorance, or want the reputation of literary accompliſhments: but the moſt general and prevalent reaſon of ſtudy is the impoſſibility of finding another amuſement equally cheap or conſtant, equally dependent on the hour or the weather. He that wants money to follow the chaſe of pleaſure through her yearly circuit, and is left at home when the gay world rolls to *Bath* or *Tunbridge*; he whoſe gout compels him to hear from his chamber the rattle of chariots tranſporting happier beings to plays and aſſemblies, will be forced to ſeek in books a refuge from himſelf.

The author is not wholly uſeleſs, who provides innocent amuſements for minds like theſe. There are in the preſent ſtate of things ſo many more inſtigations to evil, than incitements to good, that he who keeps me in a neutral ſtate, may be juſtly conſidered as a benefactor to life.

But, perhaps, it ſeldom happens, that ſtudy terminates in mere paſtime. Books have always a ſecret influence on the underſtanding; we cannot at pleaſure obliterate ideas: he that reads books of ſcience,

though

though without any fixed deſire of improvement, will grow more knowing; he that entertains himſelf with moral or religious treatiſes, will imperceptibly advance in goodneſs; the ideas which are often offered to the mind, will at laſt find a lucky moment when it is diſpoſed to receive them.

It is, therefore, urged without reaſon, as a diſcouragement to writers, that there are already books ſufficient in the world; that all the topicks of perſuaſion have been diſcuſſed, and every important queſtion clearly ſtated and juſtly decided; and that, therefore, there is no room to hope, that pigmies ſhould conquer where heroes have been defeated, or that the petty copiers of the preſent time ſhould advance the great work of reformation, which their predeceſſors were forced to leave unfiniſhed.

Whatever be the preſent extent of human knowledge, it is not only finite, and therefore in its own nature capable of increaſe; but ſo narrow, that almoſt every underſtanding may, by a diligent application of its powers, hope to enlarge it. It is, however, not neceſſary, that a man ſhould forbear to write, till he has diſcovered ſome truth unknown before; he may be ſufficiently uſeful, by only diverſifying the ſurface of knowledge, and luring the mind by a new appearance to a ſecond view of thoſe beauties which it had paſſed over inattentively before. Every writer may find intellects correſpondent to his own, to whom his expreſſions are familiar, and his thoughts congenial; and, perhaps, truth is often more ſucceſsfully propagated by men of moderate abilities, who, adopting the opinions of others,

s, have no care but to explain them clearly,
by ſubtile ſpeculatiſts and curious ſearchers,
exact from their readers powers equal to their
and if their fabricks of ſcience be ſtrong, take
re to render them acceſſible.

r my part, I do not regret the hours which I
laid out in theſe little compoſitions. That
vorld has grown apparently better, ſince the
ication of the *Adventurer*, I have not obſerved;
am willing to think, that many have been af-
l by ſingle ſentiments, of which it is their buſi-
to renew the impreſſion; that many have caught
of truth, which it is now their duty to purſue;
hat thoſe who have received no improvement,
wanted not opportunity but intention to im-
e.

NUMB. 138. SATURDAY, *March* 2, 1754.

Quid purè tranquillet? honos, an dulce lucellum,
An ſecretum iter, et fallentis ſemita vitæ? Hor.

Whether the tranquil mind and pure,
Honours or wealth our bliſs inſure;
Or down through life unknown to ſtray,
Where lonely leads the ſilent way. FRANCIS.

HAVING conſidered the importance of authors to the welfare of the publick, I am led by a natural train of thought, to reflect on their condition with regard to themſelves; and to enquire what degree of happineſs or vexation is annexed to the difficult and laborious employment of providing inſtruction or entertainment for mankind.

In eſtimating the pain or pleaſure of any particular ſtate, every man, indeed, draws his deciſions from his own breaſt, and cannot with certainty determine, whether other minds are affected by the ſame cauſes in the ſame manner. Yet by this criterion we muſt be content to judge, becauſe no other can be obtained; and, indeed, we have no reaſon to think it very fallacious, for excepting here and there an anomalous mind, which either does not feel like others, or diſſembles its ſenſibility, we find men unanimouſly concur in attributing happineſs or miſery to particular conditions, as they agree in acknowledging the cold of winter and the heat of *autumn*.

we apply to authors themſelves for an account
eir ſtate, it will appear very little to deſerve
; for they have in all ages been addicted to
laint. The neglect of learning, the ingrati-
of the preſent age, and the abſurd preference
hich ignorance and dullneſs often obtain favour
ewards, have been from age to age topicks of
tive; and few have left their names to poſterity,
ut ſome appeal to future candour from the
rſeneſs and malice of their own times.

ave, nevertheleſs, been often inclined to doubt,
ier authors, however querulous, are in reality
miſerable than their fellow mortals. The
it life is to all a ſtate of infelicity; every man,
an author, believes himſelf to merit more
he obtains, and ſolaces the preſent with the
ect of the future; others, indeed, ſuffer thoſe
pointments in ſilence, of which the writer
lains, to ſhew how well he has learnt the art of
itation.

ere is at leaſt one gleam of felicity, of which
riters have miſſed the enjoyment: he whoſe
have ſo far overpowered his fears, as that he
eſolved to ſtand forth a candidate for fame,
n fails to amuſe himſelf, before his appearance,
pleaſing ſcenes of affluence or honour; while
rtune is yet under the regulation of fancy, he
models it to his wiſh, ſuffers no thoughts of
es or rivals to intrude upon his mind, but
s over the bounties of patronage, or liſtens to
ice of praiſe.

ne there are, that talk very luxuriouſly of the
l period of an author's happineſs, and tell of

the

the tumultuous raptures of invention, when the mind riots in imagery, and the choice ſtands ſuſpended between different ſentiments.

Theſe pleaſures, I believe, may ſometimes be indulged to thoſe, who come to a ſubject of diſquiſitions with minds full of ideas, and with fancies ſo vigorous, as eaſily to excite, ſelect, and arrange them. To write is, indeed, no unpleaſing employment, when one ſentiment readily produces another, and both ideas and expreſſions preſent themſelves at the firſt ſummons: but ſuch happineſs, the greateſt genius does not always obtain; and common writers know it only to ſuch a degree, as to credit its poſſibility. Compoſition is, for the moſt part, an effort of ſlow diligence and ſteady perſeverance, to which the mind is dragged by neceſſity or reſolution, and from which the attention is every moment ſtarting to more delightful amuſements.

It frequently happens, that a deſign which, when conſidered at a diſtance, gave flattering hopes of facility, mocks us in the execution with unexpected difficulties; the mind which, while it conſidered it in the groſs, imagined itſelf amply furniſhed with materials, finds ſometimes an unexpected barrenneſs and vacuity, and wonders whether all thoſe ideas are vaniſhed, which a little before ſeemed ſtruggling for emiſſion.

Sometimes many thoughts preſent themſelves; but ſo confuſed and unconnected, that they are not without difficulty reduced to method, or concatenated, in a regular and dependent ſeries: the mind falls at once into a labyrinth, of which neither the beginning nor end can be diſcovered, and toils and *ſtruggles* without progreſs or extrication.

It is aſſerted by *Horace*, that "if matter be once "got together, words will be found with very little "difficulty;" a poſition which, though ſufficiently plauſible to be inſerted in poetical precepts, is by no means ſtrictly and philoſophically true. If words were naturally and neceſſarily conſequential to ſentiments, it would always follow, that he who has moſt knowledge muſt have moſt eloquence, and that every man would clearly expreſs what he fully underſtood: yet we find, that to think, and diſcourſe, are often the qualities of different perſons: and many books might ſurely be produced, where juſt and noble ſentiments are degraded and obſcured by unſuitable diction.

Words, therefore, as well as things, claim the care of an author. Indeed of many authors, and thoſe not uſeleſs or contemptible, words are almoſt the only care: many make it their ſtudy, not ſo much to ſtrike out new ſentiments, as to recommend thoſe which are already known to more favourable notice by fairer decorations; but every man, whether he copies or invents, whether he delivers his own thoughts or thoſe of another, has often found himſelf deficient in the power of expreſſion, big with ideas which he could not utter, obliged to ranſack his memory for terms adequate to his conceptions, and at laſt unable to impreſs upon his reader the image exiſting in his own mind.

It is one of the common diſtreſſes of a writer, to be within a word of a happy period, to want only a ſingle epithet to give amplification its full force, to require only a correſpondent term in order to finiſh a paragraph with elegance, and make one of its

members anſwer to the other: but theſe eficiencies cannot always be ſupplied; and after a long ſtudy and vexation, the paſſage is turned anew, and the web unwoven that was ſo nearly finiſhed.

But when thoughts and words are collected and adjuſted, and the whole compoſition at laſt concluded, it ſeldom gratifies the author, when he comes coolly and deliberately to review it, with the hopes which had been excited in the fury of the performance: novelty always captivates the mind; as our thoughts riſe freſh upon us, we readily believe them juſt and original, which, when the pleaſure of production is over, we find to be mean and common, or borrowed from the works of others, and ſupplied by memory rather than invention.

But though it ſhould happen that the writer finds no ſuch faults in his performance, he is ſtill to remember, that he looks upon it with partial eyes: and when he conſiders, how much men who could judge of others with great exactneſs, have often failed of judging of themſelves, he will be afraid of deciding too haſtily in his own favour, or of allowing himſelf to contemplate with too much complacence, treaſure that has not yet been brought to the teſt, nor paſſed the only trial that can ſtamp its value.

From the publick, and only from the publick, is he to await a confirmation of his claim, and a final juſtification of ſelf-eſteem; but the publick is not eaſily perſuaded to favour an author. If mankind were left to judge for themſelves, it is reaſonable to imagine, that of ſuch writings, at leaſt, as deſcribe the movements of the human paſſions, and of which every man carries the archetype within him, a juſt

opinion

opinion would be formed; but whoever has remarked the fate of books, muſt have found it governed by other cauſes, than general conſent ariſing from general conviction. If a new performance happens not to fall into the hands of ſome, who have courage to tell, and authority to propagate their opinion, it often remains long in obſcurity, and periſhes unknown and unexamined. A few, a very few, commonly conſtitute the taſte of the time; the judgment which they have once pronounced, ſome are too lazy to diſcuſs, and ſome too timorous to contradict: it may however be, I think, obſerved, that their power is greater to depreſs than exalt, as mankind are more credulous of cenſure than of praiſe.

This perverſion of the publick judgment is not to be raſhly numbered amongſt the miſeries of an author; ſince it commonly ſerves, after miſcarriage, to reconcile him to himſelf. Becauſe the world has ſometimes paſſed an unjuſt ſentence, he readily concludes the ſentence unjuſt by which his performance is condemned; becauſe ſome have been exalted above their merits by partiality, he is ſure to aſcribe the ſucceſs of a rival, not to the merit of his work, but the zeal of his patrons. Upon the whole, as the author ſeems to ſhare all the common miſeries of life, he appears to partake likewiſe of its lenitives and abatements.

PHILOLOGICAL

TRACTS.

THE

PLAN

OF AN

NGLISH DICTIONARY.

o the Right Honourable PHILIP DORMER, Earl of CHESTERFIELD, one of his Majeſty's Principal Secretaries of State.

My LORD,

WHEN firſt I undertook to write an *Engliſh* Dictionary, I had no expectation of any gher patronage than that of the proprietors of the py, nor proſpect of any other advantage than the ice of my labour. I knew that the work in which engaged is generally conſidered as drudgery for the ind, as the proper toil of artleſs induſtry; a taſk at requires neither the light of learning, nor the tivity of genius, but may be ſucceſsfully performed thout any higher quality than that of bearing irthens with dull patience, and beating the track the alphabet with ſluggiſh reſolution.

Whether this opinion, ſo long tranſmitted, and ſo widely propagated, had its beginning from truth and nature, or from accident and prejudice; whether it be decreed by the authority of reaſon, or the tyranny of ignorance, that of all the candidates for literary praiſe, the unhappy lexicographer holds the loweſt place, neither vanity nor intereſt incited me to enquire. It appeared that the province allotted me was, of all the regions of learning, generally confeſſed to be the leaſt delightful, that it was believed to produce neither fruits nor flowers; and that, after a long and laborious cultivation, not even the barren laurel had been found upon it.

Yet on this province, my Lord, I entered, with the pleaſing hope, that, as it was low, it likewiſe would be ſafe. I was drawn forward with the proſpect of employment, which, though not ſplendid, would be uſeful; and which, though it could not make my life envied, would keep it innocent; which would awaken no paſſion, engage me in no contention, nor throw in my way any temptation to diſturb the quiet of others by cenſure, or my own by flattery.

I had read indeed of times, in which princes and ſtateſmen thought it part of their honour to promote the improvement of their native tongues; and in which dictionaries were written under the protection of greatneſs. To the patrons of ſuch undertakings I willingly paid the homage of believing that they, who were thus ſolicitous for the perpetuity of their language, had reaſon to expect that their actions would be celebrated by poſterity, and that the

the eloquence which they promoted would be employed in their praiſe. But I conſider ſuch acts of beneficence as prodigies, recorded rather to raiſe wonder than expectation; and content with the terms that I had ſtipulated, had not ſuffered my imagination to flatter me with any other encouragement, when I found that my deſign had been thought by your Lordſhip of importance ſufficient to attract your favour.

How far this unexpected diſtinction can be rated among the happy incidents of life, I am not yet able to determine. Its firſt effect has been to make me anxious, leſt it ſhould fix the attention of the publick too much upon me, and, as it once happened to an epick poet of *France*, by raiſing the reputation of the attempt, obſtruct the reception of the work. I imagine what the world will expect from a ſcheme, proſecuted under your Lordſhip's influence; and I know that expectation, when her wings are once expanded, eaſily reaches heights which performance never will attain; and when ſhe has mounted the ſummit of perfection, derides her follower, who dies in the purſuit.

Not therefore to raiſe expectation, but to repreſs it, I here lay before your Lordſhip the Plan of my undertaking, that more may not be demanded than I intend; and that, before it is too far advanced to be thrown into a new method, I may be advertiſed of its defects or ſuperfluities. Such informations I may juſtly hope, from the emulation with which thoſe, who deſire the praiſe of elegance or diſcornment, muſt contend in the promotion of a deſign

that you, my Lord, have not thought unworthy to ſhare your attention with treaties and with wars.

In the firſt attempt to methodiſe my ideas I found a difficulty, which extended itſelf to the whole work. It was not eaſy to determine by what rule of diſtinction the words of this Dictionary were to be choſen. The chief intent of it is to preſerve the purity, and aſcertain the meaning of our *Engliſh* idiom; and this ſeems to require nothing more than that our language be conſidered, ſo far as it is our own; that the words and phraſes uſed in the general intercourſe of life, or found in the works of thoſe whom we commonly ſtile polite writers, be ſelected, without including the terms of particular profeſſions; ſince, with the arts to which they relate, they are generally derived from other nations, and are very often the ſame in all the languages of this part of the world. This is, perhaps, the exact and pure idea of a grammatical dictionary; but in lexicography, as in other arts, naked ſcience is too delicate for the purpoſes of life. The value of a work muſt be eſtimated by its uſe: it is not enough that a dictionary delights the critic, unleſs, at the ſame time, it inſtructs the learner; as it is to little purpoſe that an engine amuſes the philoſopher by the ſubtilty of its mechaniſm, if it requires ſo much knowledge in its application as to be of no advantage to the common workman.

The title which I prefix to my work has long conveyed a very miſcellaneous idea, and they that take a dictionary into their hands, have been accuſtomed to expect from it a ſolution of almoſt every difficulty.

difficulty. If foreign words therefore were rejected, it could be little regarded, except by criticks, or thoſe who aſpire to criticiſm; and however it might enlighten thoſe that write, would be all darkneſs to them that only read. The unlearned much oftener conſult their dictionaries for the meaning of words, than for their ſtructures or formations; and the words that moſt want explanation, are generally terms of art; which, therefore, experience has taught my predeceſſors to ſpread with a kind of pompous luxuriance over their productions.

The academicians of *France*, indeed, rejected terms of ſcience in their firſt eſſay, but found afterwards a neceſſity of relaxing the rigour of their determination; and, though they would not naturalize them at once by a ſingle act, permitted them by degrees to ſettle themſelves among the natives, with little oppoſition; and it would ſurely be no proof of judgment to imitate them in an error which they have now retracted, and deprive the book of its chief uſe, by ſcrupulous diſtinctions.

Of ſuch words, however, all are not equally to be conſidered as parts of our language; for ſome of them are naturalized and incorporated, but others ſtill continue aliens, and are rather auxiliaries than ſubjects. This naturalization is produced either by an admiſſion into common ſpeech, in ſome metaphorical ſignification, which is the acquiſition of a kind of property among us; as we ſay, the *zenith* of advancement, the *meridian* of life, the *cynoſure* * of neighbouring eyes; or it is the conſequence of

* Milton.

long

long intermixture and frequent uſe, by which the ear is accuſtomed to the ſound of words, till the original is forgotten, as in *equator*, *ſatellites*; or of the change of a foreign into an *Engliſh* termination, and a conformity to the laws of the ſpeech into which they are adopted; as in *category*, *cachexy*, *peripneumony*.

Of thoſe which ſtill continue in the ſtate of aliens, and have made no approaches towards aſſimilation, ſome ſeem neceſſary to be retained; becauſe the purchaſers of the Dictionary will expect to find them. Such are many words in the common law, as *capias*, *habeas corpus*, *præmunire*, *niſi prius*: ſuch are ſome terms of controverſial divinity, as hypoſtaſis; and of phyſick, as the names of diſeaſes; and in general, all terms which can be found in books not written profeſſedly upon particular arts, or can be ſuppoſed neceſſary to thoſe who do not regularly ſtudy them. Thus, when a reader not ſkilled in phyſick happens in *Milton* upon this line,

——— pining atrophy,
Maraſmus, and wide-waſting peſtilence,

he will, with equal expectation, look into his dictionary for the word *maraſmus*, as for *atrophy*, or *peſtilence*; and will have reaſon to complain if he does not find it.

It ſeems neceſſary to the completion of a dictionary deſigned not merely for criticks, but for popular uſe, that it ſhould compriſe, in ſome degree, the peculiar words of every profeſſion; that the terms of war and navigation ſhould be inſerted, ſo far as they can be required by readers of travels, and of

hiſtory; and thoſe of law, merchandiſe, and mechanical trades, ſo far as they can be ſuppoſed uſeful in the occurrences of common life.

But there ought, however, to be ſome diſtinction made between the different claſſes of words; and therefore it will be proper to print thoſe which are incorporated into the language in the uſual character, and thoſe which are ſtill to be conſidered as foreign, in the *italick* letter.

Another queſtion may ariſe with regard to appellatives, or the names of ſpecies. It ſeems of no great uſe to ſet down the words *horſe*, *dog*, *cat*, *willow*, *elder*, *daſy*, *roſe*, and a thouſand others, of which it will be hard to give an explanation, not more obſcure than the word itſelf. Yet it is to be conſidered, that, if the names of animals be inſerted, we muſt admit thoſe which are more known, as well as thoſe with which we are, by accident, leſs acquainted; and if they are all rejected, how will the reader be relieved from difficulties produced by alluſions to the crocodile, the chameleon, the ichneumon, and the hyæna? If no plants are to be mentioned, the moſt pleaſing part of nature will be excluded, and many beautiful epithets be unexplained. If only thoſe which are leſs known are to be mentioned, who ſhall fix the limits of the reader's learning? The importance of ſuch explications appears from the miſtakes which the want of them has occaſioned. Had *Shakeſpeare* had a dictionary of this kind, he had not made the *woodbine* entwine the *honeyſuckle*; nor would *Milton*, with ſuch aſſiſtance, have diſpoſed ſo improperly of his *ellops* and his *ſcorpion*.

Beſides,

Beſides, as ſuch words, like others, require that their accents ſhould be ſettled, their ſounds aſcertained, and their etymologies deduced, they cannot be properly omitted in the dictionary. And though the explanations of ſome may be cenſured as trivial, becauſe they are almoſt univerſally underſtood; and thoſe of others as unneceſſary, becauſe they will ſeldom occur; yet it ſeems not proper to omit them, ſince it is rather to be wiſhed that many readers ſhould find more than they expect, than that one ſhould miſs what he might hope to find.

When all the words are ſelected and arranged, the firſt part of the work to be conſidered is the orthography, which was long vague and uncertain; which at laſt, when its fluctuation ceaſed, was in many caſes ſettled but by accident; and in which, according to your Lordſhip's obſervation, there is ſtill great uncertainty among the beſt criticks: nor is it eaſy to ſtate a rule by which we may decide between cuſtom and reaſon, or between the equiponderant authorities of writers alike eminent for judgment and accuracy.

The great orthographical conteſt has long ſubſiſted between etymology and pronunciation. It has been demanded, on one hand, that men ſhould write as they ſpeak; but, as it has been ſhewn that this conformity never was attained in any language, and that it is not more eaſy to perſuade men to agree exactly in ſpeaking than in writing, it may be aſked with equal propriety, why men do not rather ſpeak as they write. In *France*, where this controverſy was at its greateſt height, neither party, however ardent, durſt adhere ſteadily to their own rule; the

etymologiſt was often forced to ſpell with the people; and the advocate for the authority of pronunciation found it ſometimes deviating ſo capriciouſly from the received uſe of writing, that he was conſtrained to comply with the rule of his adverſaries, leſt he ſhould loſe the end by the means, and be left alone by following the crowd.

When a queſtion of orthography is dubious, that practice has, in my opinion, a claim to preference which preſerves the greateſt number of radical letters, or ſeems moſt to comply with the general cuſtom of our language. But the chief rule which I propoſe to follow is, to make no innovation, without a reaſon ſufficient to balance the inconvenience of change; and ſuch reaſons I do not expect often to find. All change is of itſelf an evil, which ought not to be hazarded but for evident advantage; and as inconſtancy is in every caſe a mark of weakneſs, it will add nothing to the reputation of our tongue. There are, indeed, ſome who deſpiſe the inconveniences of confuſion, who ſeem to take pleaſure in departing from cuſtom, and to think alteration deſirable for its own ſake; and the reformation of our orthography, which theſe writers have attempted, ſhould not paſs without its due honours, but that I ſuppoſe they hold a ſingularity its own reward, or may dread the faſcination of laviſh praiſe.

The preſent uſage of ſpelling, where the preſent uſage can be diſtinguiſhed, will therefore, in this work, be generally followed; yet there will be often occaſion to obſerve, that it is in itſelf inaccurate, and tolerated rather than choſen; particularly when, by a change of one letter, or more, the meaning of a word

a word is obſcured; as in *farrier*, or *ferrier*, as it was formerly written, from *ferrum*, or *fer*; in *gibberiſh*, for *gebriſh*, the jargon of *Geber* and his chymical followers, underſtood by none but their own tribe. It will be likewiſe ſometimes proper to trace back the orthography of different ages, and ſhew by what gradations the word departed from its original.

Cloſely connected with orthography is pronunciation, the ſtability of which is of great importance to the duration of a language, becauſe the firſt change will naturally begin by corruptions in the living ſpeech. The want of certain rules for the pronunciation of former ages, has made us wholly ignorant of the metrical art of our ancient poets; and ſince thoſe who ſtudy their ſentiments regret the loſs of their numbers, it is ſurely time to provide that the harmony of the moderns may be more permanent.

A new pronunciation will make almoſt a new ſpeech; and therefore, ſince one great end of this undertaking is to fix the *Engliſh* language, care will be taken to determine the accentuation of all polyſyllables by proper authorities, as it is one of thoſe capricious phænomena which cannot be eaſily reduced to rules. Thus there is no antecedent reaſon for difference or accent in the words *dolorous* and *ſonorous*; yet of the one *Milton* gives the ſound in this line:

He paſs'd o'er many a region *dolorous*;

and that of the other in this,

Sonorous metal blowing martial ſounds.

It

t may likewiſe be proper to remark metrical li-ces, ſuch as contractions, *generous*, *gen'rous*; *re-nd*, *rev'rend*; and coalitions, as *region*, *queſtion*. ut it is ſtill more neceſſary to fix the pronuncia-n of monoſyllables, by placing with them words correſpondent ſound, that one may guard the er againſt the danger of that variation, which, ome of the moſt common, has already happened; hat the words *wound* and *wind*, as they are now quently pronounced, will not rhyme to *found* and *d*. It is to be remarked, that many words written e are differently pronounced, as *flow*, and *brow*; ich may be thus regiſtered, *flow*, *woe*, *brow*, *now*; of which the exemplification may be generally en by a diſtich: thus the words *tear*, or lacerate, l *tear*, the water of the eye, have the ſame let-s, but may be diſtinguiſhed thus, *tear*, *dare*; *tear*, *r*.

Some words have two ſounds, which may be equal-admitted, as being equally defenſible by autho-y. Thus *great* is differently uſed.

For *Swift* and him deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and *great*. POPE.

As if misfortune made the throne her ſeat,
And none could be unhappy but the *great*. ROWE.

he care of ſuch minute particulars may be cen-ed as trifling; but theſe particulars have not been ought unworthy of attention in more poliſhed nguages.

The accuracy of the *French*, in ſtating the ſounds their letters, is well known; and, among the *Italians*,

Italians, *Creſcembeni* has not thought it unneceſſary to inform his countrymen of the words which, in compliance with different rhymes, are allowed to be differently ſpelt, and of which the number is now ſo fixed, that no modern poet is ſuffered to encreaſe it.

When the orthography and pronunciation are adjuſted, the etymology or derivation is next to be conſidered, and the words are to be diſtinguiſhed according to their different claſſes, whether ſimple, as *day*, *light*, or compound, as *day-light*; whether primitive, as, to *act*, or derivative, as *action*, *actionable*, *active*, *activity*. This will much facilitate the attainment of our language, which now ſtands in our dictionaries a confuſed heap of words without dependence, and without relation.

When this part of the work is performed, it will be neceſſary to enquire how our primitives are to be deduced from foreign languages, which may be often very ſucceſsfully performed by the aſſiſtance of our own etymologiſts. This ſearch will give occaſion to many curious diſquiſitions and ſometimes perhaps to conjectures, which to readers unacquainted with this kind of ſtudy, cannot but appear improbable and capricious. But it may be reaſonably imagined, that what is ſo much in the power of men as language, will very often be capriciouſly conducted. Nor are theſe diſquiſitions and conjectures to be conſidered altogether as wanton ſports of wit, or vain ſhews of learning; our language is well known not to be primitive or ſelf-originated, but to have adopted words of every generation, and, either for the ſupply of its neceſſities, or the encreaſe of its copiouſneſs, to have received additions from very diſtant

diſtant regions; ſo that in ſearch of the progenitors of our ſpeech, we may wander from the tropick to the frozen zone, and find ſome in the vallies of *Paleſtine*, and ſome upon the rocks of *Norway*.

Beſide the derivation of particular words, there is likewiſe an etymology of phraſes. Expreſſions are often taken from other languages; ſome apparently, as to *run a riſque*, *courir un riſque*; and ſome even when we do not ſeem to borrow their words; thus, to *bring about* or accompliſh, appears an *Engliſh* phraſe, but in reality our native word *about* has no ſuch import, and is only a *French* expreſſion, of which we have an example in the common phraſes *venir à bout d'une affaire*.

In exhibiting the deſcent of our language, our etymologiſts ſeem to have been too laviſh of their learning, having traced almoſt every word through various tongues, only to ſhew what was ſhewn ſufficiently by the firſt derivation. This practice is of great uſe in ſynoptical lexicons, where mutilated and doubtful languages are explained by their affinity to others more certain and extenſive, but is generally ſuperfluous in *Engliſh* etymologies. When the word is eaſily deduced from a *Saxon* original, I ſhall not often enquire further, ſince we know not the parent of the *Saxon* dialect; but when it is borrowed from the *French*, I ſhall ſhew whence the *French* is apparently derived. Where a *Saxon* root cannot be found, the defect may be ſupplied from kindred languages, which will be generally furniſhed with much liberality by the writers of our gloſſaries; writers who deſerve often the higheſt praiſe, both of judgment and induſtry, and may expect at leaſt to

be mentioned with honour by me, [illegible] they have freed from the greateſt part of a very laborious work, and on whom they have impoſed, at worſt, only the eaſy taſk of rejecting ſuperfluities.

By tracing in this manner every word to its original, and not admitting, but with great caution, any of which no original can be found, we ſhall ſecure our language from being over-run with cant, from being crowded with low terms, the ſpawn of folly or affectation, which ariſe from no juſt principles of ſpeech, and of which therefore no legitimate derivation can be ſhewn.

When the etymology is thus adjuſted, the analogy of our language is next to be conſidered; when we have diſcovered whence our words are derived, we are to examine by what rules they are governed, and how they are inflected through their various terminations. The terminations of the *Engliſh* are few, but thoſe few have hitherto remained unregarded by the writers of our dictionaries. Our ſubſtantives are declined only by the plural termination, our adjectives admit no variation but in the degrees of compariſon, and our verbs are conjugated by auxiliary words, and are only changed in the preter tenſe.

To our language may be with great juſtneſs applied the obſervation of *Quintilian*, that ſpeech was not formed by an analogy ſent from heaven. It did not deſcend to us in a ſtate of uniformity and perfection, but was produced by neceſſity, and enlarged by accident, and is therefore compoſed of diſſimilar parts, thrown together by negligence, by affectation, by learning, or by ignorance.

Our

Our inflections therefore are by no means conſtant, but admit of numberleſs irregularities, which in this Dictionary will be diligently noted. Thus *fox* makes in the plural *foxes*, but *ox* makes *oxen*. *Sheep* is the ſame in both numbers. Adjectives are ſometimes compared by changing the laſt ſyllable, as *proud*, *prouder*, *proudeſt*; and ſometimes by particles prefixed, as *ambitious*, *more* ambitious, *moſt* ambitious. The forms of our verbs are ſubject to great variety; ſome end their preter tenſe in *ed*, as I *love*, I *loved*, I have *loved*; which may be called the regular form, and is followed by moſt of our verbs of ſouthern original. But many depart from this rule, without agreeing in any other; as I *ſhake*, I *ſhook*, I have *ſhaken*, or *ſhook*, as it is ſometimes written in poetry; I *make*, I *made*, I have *made*; I *bring*, I *brought*; I *wring*; I *wrung*, and many others, which, as they cannot be reduced to rules, muſt be learned from the dictionary rather than the grammar.

The verbs are likewiſe to be diſtinguiſhed according to their qualities, as actives from neuters; the neglect of which has already introduced ſome barbarities in our converſation, which if not obviated by juſt animadverſions, may in time creep into our writings.

Thus, my Lord, will our language be laid down, diſtinct in its minuteſt ſubdiviſions, and reſolved into its elemental principles. And who upon this ſurvey can forbear to wiſh, that theſe fundamental atoms of our ſpeech might obtain the firmneſs and immutability of the primogenial and conſtituent particles of matter, that they might retain their ſub-

ſtance while they alter their appearance, and be varied and compounded, yet not deſtroyed.

But this is a privilege which words are ſcarcely to expect: for, like their author, when they are no longer gaining ſtrength, they are generally loſing it. Though art may ſometimes prolong their duration, it will rarely give them perpetuity; and their changes will be almoſt always informing us, that language is the work of man, of a being from whom permanence and ſtability cannot be derived.

Words having been hitherto conſidered as ſeparate and unconnected, are now to be likewiſe examined as they are ranged in their various relations to others by the rules of ſyntax or conſtruction, to which I do not know that any regard has been yet ſhewn in *Engliſh* dictionaries, and in which the grammarians can give little aſſiſtance. The ſyntax of this language is too inconſtant to be reduced to rules, and can be only learned by the diſtinct conſideration of particular words as they are uſed by the beſt authors. Thus, we ſay, according to the preſent modes of ſpeech, The ſoldier died *of* his wounds, and the ſailor periſhed *with* hunger: and every man acquainted with our language would be offended by a change of theſe particles, which yet ſeem originally aſſigned by chance, there being no reaſon to be drawn from grammar why a man may not, with equal propriety, be ſaid to die *with* a wound, or periſh *of* hunger.

Our ſyntax therefore is not to be taught by general rules, but by ſpecial precedents; and in examining whether *Addiſon* has been with juſtice accuſed of a ſoleciſm in this paſſage,

The

The poor inhabitant———
Starves in the midſt of nature's bounty curſt,
And in the loaden vineyard *dies for thirſt*,

is not in our power to have recourſe to any eſtaliſhed laws of ſpeech; but we muſt remark how the writers of former ages have uſed the ſame word, and conſider whether he can be acquitted of impropriety, upon the teſtimony of *Davies*, given in his favour by a ſimilar paſſage.

She loaths the wat'ry glaſs wherein ſhe gaz'd,
And ſhuns it ſtill, although *for thirſt ſhe dye*.

When the conſtruction of a word is explained, it is neceſſary to purſue it through its train of phraſeology, through thoſe forms where it is uſed in a manner peculiar to our language, or in ſenſes not to be compriſed in the general explanations; as from the verb *make* ariſe theſe phraſes, to *make love*, to *make an end*, to *make way*; as, he *made way* for his followers, the ſhip *made way* before the wind; to *make a bed*, to *make merry*, to *make a mock*, to *make preſents*, to *make a doubt*, to *make out an aſſertion*, to *make good* a breach, to *make good* a cauſe, to *make nothing* of an attempt, to *make lamentation*, to *make a merit*, and many others which will occur in reading with that view, and which only their frequency hinders from being generally remarked.

The great labour is yet to come, the labour o interpreting theſe words and phraſes with brevity fulneſs, and perſpicuity; a taſk of which the exter and intricacy is ſufficiently ſhewn by the miſcarriag of thoſe who have generally attempted it. Th difficulty is increaſed by the neceſſity of explaini

the words in the ſame language; for there is often only one word for one idea; and though it be eaſy to tranſlate the words *bright*, *ſweet*, *ſalt*, *bitter*, into another language, it is not eaſy to explain them.

With regard to the interpretation, many other queſtions have required conſideration. It was ſome time doubted whether it be neceſſary to explain the things implied by particular words; as under the term *baronet*, whether, inſtead of this explanation, *a title of honour next in degree to that of baron*, it would be better to mention more particularly the creation, privileges, and rank of baronets; and whether, under the word *barometer*, inſtead of being ſatisfied with obſerving that it is *an inſtrument to diſcover the weight of the air*, it would be fit to ſpend a few lines upon its invention, conſtruction, and principles. It is not to be expected, that with the explanation of the one the herald ſhould be ſatisfied, or the philoſopher with that of the other; but ſince it will be required by common readers, that the explications ſhould be ſufficient for common uſe; and ſince, without ſome attention to ſuch demands, the Dictionary cannot become generally valuable, I have determined to conſult the beſt writers for explanations real as well as verbal; and perhaps I may at laſt have reaſon to ſay, after one of the augmenters of *Furetier*, that my book is more learned than its author.

In explaining the general and popular language, it ſeems neceſſary to ſort the ſeveral ſenſes of each word, and to exhibit firſt its natural and primitive ſignification; as,

To

To *arrive*, to reach the ſhore in a voyage: he *arrived* at a ſafe harbour.

Then to give its conſequential meaning, *to arrive*, to reach any place, whether by land or ſea; as, he *arrived* at his country ſeat.

Then its metaphorical ſenſe, to obtain any thing deſired; as, he *arrived* at a peerage.

Then to mention any obſervation that ariſes from the compariſon of one meaning with another; as, it may be remarked of the word *arrive*, that, in conſequence of its original and etymological ſenſe, it cannot be properly applied but to words ſignifying ſomething deſirable: thus we ſay, a man *arrived* at happineſs; but cannot ſay, without a mixture of irony, he *arrived* at miſery.

Ground, the earth, generally as oppoſed to the air or water. He ſwam till he reached *ground*. The bird fell to the *ground*.

Then follows the accidental or conſequential ſignification, in which *ground* implies any thing that lies under another; as he laid colours upon a rough *ground*. The ſilk had blue flowers on a red *ground*.

Then the remoter or metaphorical ſignification; as, the *ground* of his opinion was a falſe computation. The *ground* of his work was his father's manuſcript.

After having gone through the natural and figurative ſenſes, it will be proper to ſubjoin the poetical ſenſe of each word, where it differs from that which is in common uſe; as *wanton*, applied to any thing of which the motion is irregular without terror; as,

In *wanton* ringlets curl'd her hair.

To the poetical ſenſe may ſucceed the familiar; as of *toaſt*, uſed to imply the perſon whoſe health is drank; as,

The wiſe man's paſſion, and the vain man's *toaſt*. POPE.

The familiar may be followed by the burleſque, as of *mellow*, applied to good fellowſhip.

In all thy humours, whether grave or *mellow*. ADDISON.

Or of *bite*, uſed for *cheat*,

——More a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was *bit*. POPE.

And, laſtly, may be produced the peculiar ſenſe, in which a word is found in any great author: as *faculties*, in *Shakeſpeare*, ſignifies the powers of authority.

——This *Duncan*
Has born his *faculties* ſo meek, has been
So clear in his great office, that, *&c.*

The ſignification of adjectives may be often aſcertained by uniting them to ſubſtantives; as, *ſimple ſwain*, *ſimple ſheep*. Sometimes the ſenſe of a ſubſtantive may be elucidated by the epithets annexed to it in good authors; as, the *boundleſs ocean*, the *open lawns*: and where ſuch advantage can be gained by a ſhort quotation, it is not to be omitted.

The difference of ſignification in words generally accounted ſynonimous, ought to be carefully obſerved; as in *pride*, *haughtineſs*, *arrogance*: and the firſt and critical meaning ought to be diſtinguiſhed from that which is looſe and popular; as in the word *ſophiſt*, which, though in its philoſophical and exact

exact ſenſe it can be of little uſe among human beings, is often ſo much degraded from its original ſignification, that the academicians have inſerted in their work, the perfection of a language, and, with a little more licentiouſneſs, might have prevailed on themſelves to have added *the perfection of a dictionary*.

There are many other characters of words which it will be of uſe to mention. Some have both an active and paſſive ſignification; as *fearful*, that which gives or which feels terror; a *fearful prodigy*, a *fearful hare*. Some have a perſonal, ſome a real meaning; as in oppoſition to *old*, we uſe the adjective *young*, of animated beings, and *new* of other things. Some are reſtrained to the ſenſe of praiſe, and others to that of diſapprobation; ſo commonly, though not always, we *exhort* to good actions, we *inſtigate* to ill; we *animate*, *incite*, and *encourage* indifferently to good or bad. So we uſually *aſcribe* good, but *impute* evil; yet neither the uſe of theſe words, nor, perhaps, of any other in our licentious language, is ſo eſtabliſhed as not to be often reverſed by the correcteſt writers. I ſhall therefore, ſince the rules of ſtile, like thoſe of law, ariſe from precedents often repeated, collect the teſtimonies on both ſides, and endeavour to diſcover and promulgate the decrees of cuſtom, who has ſo long poſſeſſed, whether by right or by uſurpation, the ſovereignty of words.

It is neceſſary likewiſe to explain many words by their oppoſition to others; for contraries are beſt ſeen when they ſtand together. Thus the verb *ſtand* has one ſenſe, as oppoſed to *fall*, and another as oppoſed to *fly*; for want of attending to which diſtinc-

tion,

tion, obvious as it is, the learned Dr. *Bentley* has ſquandered his criticiſm to no purpoſe, on theſe lines of *Paradiſe Loſt*:

——In heaps
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming ſteeds. What *ſtood*, *recoil'd*,
O'erwearied, through the faint, ſatanic hoſt,
Defenſive ſcarce, or with pale fear ſurpris'd,
Fled ignominious——

'Here,' ſays the critick, 'as the ſentence is now 'read, we find that what *ſtood*, *fled*:' and therefore he propoſes an alteration, which he might have ſpared if he had conſulted a dictionary, and found that nothing more was affirmed than that thoſe *fled* who did *not fall*.

In explaining ſuch meanings as ſeem accidental and adventitious, I ſhall endeavour to give an account of the means by which they were introduced. Thus, to *eke out* any thing, ſignifies to lengthen it beyond its juſt dimenſions, by ſome low artifice; becauſe the word *eke* was the uſual refuge of our old writers, when they wanted a ſyllable. And *buxom*, which means only *obedient*, is now made, in familiar phraſes, to ſtand for *wanton*; becauſe in an ancient form of marriage, before the Reformation, the bride promiſed complaiſance and obedience, in theſe terms: 'I will be bonair and *buxom* in bed and at 'board.'

I know well, my Lord, how trifling many of theſe remarks will appear ſeparately conſidered, and how eaſily they may give occaſion to the contemptuous merriment of ſportive idleneſs, and the gloomy cenſures of arrogant ſtupidity; but dulneſs it is eaſy to deſpiſe, and laughter it is eaſy to repay. I ſhall not

be

be ſolicitous what is thought of my work by ſuch as know not the difficulty or importance of philological ſtudies; nor ſhall think thoſe that have done nothing, qualified to condemn me for doing little. It may not, however, be improper to remind them, that no terreſtrial greatneſs is more than an aggregate of little things; and to inculcate, after the *Arabian* proverb, that drops, added to drops, conſtitute the ocean.

There remains yet to be conſidered the diſtribution of words into their proper claſſes, or that part of lexicography which is ſtrictly critical.

The popular part of the language, which includes all words not appropriated to particular ſciences, admits of many diſtinctions and ſubdiviſions; as, into words of general uſe, words employed chiefly in poetry, words obſolete, words which are admitted only by particular writers, yet not in themſelves improper; words uſed only in burleſque writing; and words impure and barbarous.

Words of general uſe will be known by having no ſign of particularity, and their various ſenſes will be ſupported by authorities of all ages.

The words appropriated to poetry will be diſtinguiſhed by ſome mark prefixed, or will be known by having no authorities but thoſe of poets.

Of antiquated or obſolete words, none will be inſerted but ſuch as are to be found in authors who wrote ſince the acceſſion of *Elizabeth*, from which we date the golden age of our language; and of theſe many might be omitted, but that the reader may require, with an appearance of reaſon, that no difficulty ſhould be left unreſolved in books which

he

he finds himſelf invited to read, as confeſſed and eſtabliſhed models of ſtile. Theſe will be likewiſe pointed out by ſome note of excluſion, but not of diſgrace.

The words which are found only in particular books, will be known by the ſingle name of him that has uſed them; but ſuch will be omitted, unleſs either their propriety, elegance, or force, or the reputation of their authors, affords ſome extraordinary reaſon for their reception.

Words uſed in burleſque and familiar compoſitions, will be likewiſe mentioned with their proper authorities; ſuch as *dudgeon*, from *Butler*, and *leaſing*, from *Prior*; and will be diligently characteriſed by marks of diſtinction.

Barbarous, or impure words and expreſſions, may be branded with ſome note of infamy, as they are carefully to be eradicated wherever they are found; and they occur too frequently even in the beſt writers: as in *Pope*,

——*in* endleſs error *hurl'd*.
'Tis theſe that early taint the female ſoul.

In *Addiſon*:

Attend to what a *leſſer* muſe indites.

And in *Dryden*,

A dreadful quiet felt, and *worſer* far
Than arms——

If this part of the work can be well performed, it will be equivalent to the propoſal made by *Boileau* to the academicians, that they ſhould review all their polite writers, and correct ſuch impurities as might be found in them, that their authority might not contribute, at any diſtant time, to the depravation of the language.

With regard to queſtions of purity, or propriety, was once in doubt whether I ſhould not attribute) much to myſelf, in attempting to decide them, d whether my province was to extend beyond the ɔpoſition of the queſtion, and the diſplay of the frages on each ſide; but I have ſince deter-ned, by your Lordſhip's opinion, to interpoſe my 'n judgment, and ſhall therefore endeavour to ſup-rt what appears to me moſt conſonant to grammar d reaſon. *Auſonius* thought that modeſty forbad n to plead inability for a taſk to which *Cæſar* had lged him equal.

Cur me poſſe negem poſſe quod ille putat?

ıd I may hope, my Lord, that ſince you, whoſe thority in our language is ſo generally acknow-lged, have commiſſioned me to declare my own inion, I ſhall be conſidered as exerciſing a kind of :arious juriſdiction, and that the power which ght have been denied to my own claim, will be ıdily allowed me as the delegate of your Lordſhip.

In citing authorities, on which the credit of every rt of this Work muſt depend, it will be proper to ſerve ſome obvious rules; ſuch as of preferring iters of the firſt reputation to thoſe of an inferior ık; of noting the quotations with accuracy; and ſelecting, when it can be conveniently done, ſuch ıtences, as, beſides their immediate uſe, may give :aſure or inſtruction, by conveying ſome elegance language, or ſome precept of prudence, or piety.

It has been aſked, on ſome occaſions, who ſhall ıge the judges? And ſince, with regard to this ſign, a queſtion may ariſe by what authority the-

authorities

authorities are ſelected, it is neceſſary to obviate it, by declaring that many of the writers whoſe teſtimonies will be alleged, were ſelected by Mr. *Pope*; of whom, I may be juſtified in affirming, that were he ſtill alive, ſolicitous as he was for the ſucceſs of this work, he would not be diſpleaſed that I have undertaken it.

It will be proper that the quotations be ranged according to the ages of their authors; and it will afford an agreeable amuſement, if, to the words and phraſes which are not of our own growth, the name of the writer who firſt introdueed them can be affixed; and if, to words which are now antiquated, the authority be ſubjoined of him who laſt admitted them. Thus, for *ſcathe* and *buxom*, now obſolete, *Milton* may be cited.

———The mountain oak
Stands *ſcath'd* to heaven ———
———He with broad ſails
Winnow'd the *buxom* air———

By this method every word will have its hiſtory, and the reader will be informed of the gradual changes of the language, and have before his eyes the riſe of ſome words, and the fall of others. But obſervations ſo minute and accurate are to be deſired rather than expected; and if uſe be carefully ſupplied, curioſity muſt ſometimes bear its diſappointments.

This, my Lord, is my idea of an *Engliſh* Dictionary; a dictionary by which the pronunciation of our language may be fixed, and its attainment facilitated; by which its purity may be preſerved, its uſe aſcertained, and its duration lengthened. And *though*, perhaps, to correct the language of nations

by books of grammar, and amend their manners by diſcourſes of morality, may be taſks equally difficult; yet, as it is unavoidable to wiſh, it is natural likewiſe to hope, that your Lordſhip's patronage may not be wholly loſt; that it may contribute to the preſervation of ancient, and the improvement of modern writers; that it may promote the reformation of thoſe tranſlators, who, for want of underſtanding the characteriſtical difference of tongues, have formed a chaotic dialect of heterogeneous phraſes; and awaken to the care of purer diction ſome men of genius, whoſe attention to argument makes them negligent of ſtile, or whoſe rapid imagination, like the *Peruvian* torrents, when it brings down gold, mingles it with ſand.

When I ſurvey the Plan which I have laid before you, I cannot, my Lord, but confeſs, that I am frighted at its extent, and, like the ſoldiers of *Cæſar*, look on *Britain* as a new world, which it is almoſt madneſs to invade. But I hope, that though I ſhould not complete the conqueſt, I ſhall at leaſt diſcover the coaſt, civilize part of the inhabitants, and make it eaſy for ſome other adventurer to proceed farther, to reduce them wholly to ſubjection, and ſettle them under laws.

We are taught by the great *Roman* orator, that every man ſhould propoſe to himſelf the higheſt degree of excellence, but that he may ſtop with honour at the ſecond or third: though therefore my performance ſhould fall below the excellence of other dictionaries, I may obtain, at leaſt, the praiſe of having endeavoured well; nor ſhall I think it any reproach to my diligence, that I have retired without

a triumph.

a triumph, from a conteſt with united academies, and long ſucceſſions of learned compilers. I cannot hope, in the warmeſt moments, to preſerve ſo much caution through ſo long a work, as not often to ſink into negligence, or to obtain ſo much knowledge of all its parts, as not frequently to fail by ignorance. I expect that ſometimes the deſire of accuracy will urge me to ſuperfluities, and ſometimes the fear of prolixity betray me to omiſſions: that in the extent of ſuch variety, I ſhall be often bewildered; and in the mazes of ſuch intricacy, be frequently entangled; that in one part refinement will be ſubtiliſed beyond exactneſs, and evidence dilated in another beyond perſpicuity. Yet I do not deſpair of approbation from thoſe who, knowing the uncertainty of conjecture, the ſcantineſs of knowledge, the fallibility of memory, and the unſteadineſs of attention, can compare the cauſes of error with the means of avoiding it, and the extent of art with the capacity of man; and whatever be the event of my endeavours, I ſhall not eaſily regret an attempt which has procured me the honour of appearing thus publickly,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

PREFACE

TO THE

ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

IT is the fate of thoſe who toil at the lower employments of life, to be rather driven by the fear of evil, than attracted by the proſpect of good; to be expoſed to cenſure, without hope of praiſe; to be diſgraced by miſcarriage, or puniſhed for neglect, where ſucceſs would have been without applauſe, and diligence without reward.

Among theſe unhappy mortals is the writer of dictionaries; whom mankind have conſidered, not as the pupil, but the ſlave of ſcience, the pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbiſh and clear obſtructions from the paths through which Learning and Genius preſs forward to conqueſt and glory, without beſtowing a ſmile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progreſs. Every other author may aſpire to praiſe; the lexicographer can only hope to eſcape reproach, and even this negative recompence has been yet granted to very few.

I have, notwithſtanding this diſcouragement, attempted a Dictionary of the *Engliſh* language,

which, while it was employed in the cultivation of every ſpecies of literature, has itſelf been hitherto neglected; ſuffered to ſpread, under the direction of chance, into wild exuberance; reſigned to the tyranny of time and faſhion; and expoſed to the corruptions of ignorance, and caprices of innovation.

When I took the firſt ſurvey of my undertaking, I found our ſpeech copious without order, and energetick without rule: wherever I turned my view, there was perplexity to be diſentangled, and confuſion to be regulated; choice was to be made out of boundleſs variety, without any eſtabliſhed principle of ſelection; adulterations were to be detected, without a ſettled teſt of purity; and modes of expreſſion to be rejected or received, without the ſuffrages of any writers of claſſical reputation or acknowledged authority.

Having therefore no aſſiſtance but from general grammar, I applied myſelf to the peruſal of our writers; and noting whatever might be of uſe to aſcertain or illuſtrate any word or phraſe, accumulated in time the materials of a dictionary, which, by degrees, I reduced to method, eſtabliſhing to myſelf, in the progreſs of the work, ſuch rules as experience and analogy ſuggeſted to me; experience, which practice and obſervation were continually increaſing; and analogy, which, though in ſome words obſcure, was evident in others.

In adjuſting the *Orthography*, which has been to this time unſettled and fortuitous, I found it neceſſary to diſtinguiſh thoſe irregularities that are inherent in our tongue, and perhaps coëval with it, from

from others which the ignorance or negligence of later writers has produced. Every language has its anomalies, which, though inconvenient, and in themſelves once unneceſſary, muſt be tolerated among the imperfections of human things, and which require only to be regiſtered, that they may not be increaſed, and aſcertained, that they may not be confounded: but every language has likewiſe its improprieties and abſurdities, which it is the duty of the lexicographer to correct or proſcribe.

As language was at its beginning merely oral, all words of neceſſary or common uſe were ſpoken before they were written; and while they were unfixed by any viſible ſigns, muſt have been ſpoken with great diverſity, as we now obſerve thoſe who cannot read to catch ſounds imperfectly, and utter them negligently. When this wild and barbarous jargon was firſt reduced to an alphabet, every penman endeavoured to expreſs, as he could, the ſounds which he was accuſtomed to pronounce or to receive, and vitiated in writing ſuch words as were already vitiated in ſpeech. The powers of the letters, when they were applied to a new language, muſt have been vague and unſettled, and therefore different hands would exhibit the ſame ſound by different combinations.

From this uncertain pronunciation ariſe in a great part the various dialects of the ſame country, which will always be obſerved to grow fewer, and leſs different, as books are multiplied; and from this arbitrary repreſentation of ſounds by letters, proceeds that diverſity of ſpelling obſervable in the *Saxon* remains,

mains, and I ſuppoſe in the firſt books of every nation, which perplexes or deſtroys analogy, and produces anomalous formations, that, being once incorporated, can never be afterward diſmiſſed or reformed.

Of this kind are the derivatives *length* from *long*, *ſtrength* from *ſtrong*, *darling* from *dear*, *breadth* from *broad*, from *dry*, *drought*, and from *high*, *height*, which *Milton*, in zeal for analogy, writes *highth*: *Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis de pluribus una?* to change all would be too much, and to change one is nothing.

This uncertainty is moſt frequent in the vowels, which are ſo capriciouſly pronounced, and ſo differently modified, by accident or affectation, not only in every province, but in every mouth, that to them, as is well known to etymologiſts, little regard is to be ſhewn in the deduction of one language from another.

Such defects are not errours in orthography, but ſpots of barbarity impreſſed ſo deep in the *Engliſh* language, that criticiſm can never waſh them away: theſe, therefore, muſt be permitted to remain untouched; but many words have likewiſe been altered by accident, or depraved by ignorance, as the pronunciation of the vulgar has been weakly followed; and ſome ſtill continue to be variouſly written, as authors differ in their care or ſkill: of theſe it was proper to enquire the true orthography, which I have always conſidered as depending on their derivation, and have therefore referred them to their original languages: thus I write *enchant*, *enchantment*, *enchanter*, after the *French*, and *incantation* after the *Latin*;

Latin; thus *entire* is choſen rather than *intire*, becauſe it paſſed to us not from the *Latin integer*, but from the *French entier*.

Of many words it is difficult to ſay whether they were immediately received from the *Latin* or the *French*, ſince at the time when we had dominions in *France*, we had *Latin* ſervice in our churches. It is, however, my opinion, that the *French* generally ſupplied us; for we have few *Latin* words, among the terms of domeſtick uſe, which are not *French*; but many *French*, which are very remote from *Latin*.

Even in words of which the derivation is apparent, I have been often obliged to ſacrifice uniformity to cuſtom; thus I write, in compliance with a numberleſs majority, *convey* and *inveigh*, *deceit* and *receipt*, *fancy* and *phantom*; ſometimes the derivative varies from the primitive, as *explain* and *explanation*, *repeat* and *repetition*.

Some combinations of letters having the ſame power, are uſed indifferently without any diſcoverable reaſon of choice, as in *choak*, *choke*; *ſoap*, *ſope*; *fewel*, *fuel*, and many others; which I have ſometimes inſerted twice, that thoſe who ſearch for them under either form, may not ſearch in vain.

In examining the orthography of any doubtful word, the mode of ſpelling by which it is inſerted in the ſeries of the dictionary, is to be conſidered as that to which I give, perhaps not often raſhly, the preference. I have left, in the examples, to every author his own practice unmoleſted, that the reader may balance ſuffrages, and judge between us: but this queſtion is not always to be determined by reputed or by real learning; ſome men, intent upon

greater things, have thought little on ſounds and derivations; ſome, knowing in the ancient tongues, have neglected thoſe in which our words are commonly to be ſought. Thus *Hammond* writes *feciblneſs* for *feaſiblenеſs*, becauſe I ſuppoſe he imagined it derived immediately from the *Latin*; and ſome words, ſuch as *dependant*, *dependent*; *dependance*, *dependence*, vary their final ſyllable, as one or another language is preſent to the writer.

In this part of the work, where caprice has long wantoned without control, and vanity ſought praiſe by petty reformation, I have endeavoured to proceed with a ſcholar's reverence for antiquity, and a grammarian's regard to the genius of our tongue. I have attempted few alterations, and among thoſe few, perhaps the greater part is from the modern to the ancient practice; and I hope I may be allowed to recommend to thoſe, whoſe thoughts have been perhaps employed too anxiouſly on verbal ſingularities, not to diſturb, upon narrow views, or for minute propriety, the orthography of their fathers. It has been aſſerted, that for the law to be *known*, is of more importance than to be *right*. Change, ſays *Hooker*, is not made without inconvenience, even from worſe to better. There is in conſtancy and ſtability a general and laſting advantage, which will always overbalance the ſlow improvements of gradual correction. Much leſs ought our written language to comply with the corruptions of oral utterance, or copy that which every variation of time or place makes different from itſelf, and imitate thoſe changes, which will again be changed, while imitation is employed in obſerving them.

This

This recommendation of ſteadineſs and uniformity does not proceed from an opinion, that particular combinations of letters have much influence on human happineſs; or that truth may not be ſucceſsfully taught by modes of ſpelling fanciful and erroneous: I am not yet ſo loſt in lexicography, as to forget that *words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the ſons of heaven.* Language is only the inſtrument of ſcience, and words are but the ſigns of ideas: I wiſh, however, that the inſtrument might be leſs apt to decay, and that ſigns might be permanent, like the things which they denote.

In ſettling the orthography, I have not wholly neglected the pronunciation, which I have directed, by printing an accent upon the acute or elevated ſyllable. It will ſometimes be found, that the accent is placed by the author quoted, on a different ſyllable from that marked in the alphabetical ſeries; it is then to be underſtood, that cuſtom has varied, or that the author has, in my opinion, pronounced wrong. Short directions are ſometimes given where the ſound of letters is irregular; and if they are ſometimes omited, defect in ſuch minute obſervations will be more eaſily excuſed, than ſuperfluity.

In the inveſtigation both of the orthography and ſignification of words, their *Etymology* was neceſſarily to be conſidered, and they were therefore to be divided into primitives and derivatives. A primitive word, is that which can be traced no further to any *Engliſh* root; thus *circumſpect*, *circumvent*, *circumſtance*, *delude*, *concave*, and *complicate*, though compounds in the *Latin*, are to us primitives. Deriva-

tives, are all thoſe that can be referred to any word in *Engliſh* of greater ſimplicity.

The derivatives I have referred to their primitives, with an accuracy ſometimes needleſs; for who does not ſee that *remoteneſs* comes from *remote*, *lovely* from *love*, *concavity* from *concave*, and *demonſtrative* from *demonſtrate?* But this grammatical exuberance the ſcheme of my work did not allow me to repreſs. It is of great importance, in examining the general fabrick of a language, to trace one word from another, by noting the uſual modes of derivation and inflection; and uniformity muſt be preſerved in ſyſtematical works, though ſometimes at the expence of particular propriety.

Among other derivatives I have been careful to inſert and elucidate the anomalous plurals of nouns and preterites of verbs, which in the *Teutonick* dialects are very frequent, and, though familiar to thoſe who have always uſed them, interrupt and embarraſs the learners of our language.

The two languages from which our primitives have been derived are the *Roman* and *Teutonick:* under the *Roman* I comprehend the *French* and provincial tongues; and under the *Teutonick* range the *Saxon*, *German*, and all their kindred dialects. Moſt of our polyſyllables are *Roman*, and our words of one ſyllable are very often *Teutonick*.

In aſſigning the *Roman* original, it has perhaps ſometimes happened that I have mentioned only the *Latin*, when the word was borrowed from the *French*; and conſidering myſelf as employed only in the illuſtration of my own language, I have not been very careful to obſerve whether the *Latin* word be

pure

pure or barbarous, or the *French* elegant or obſolete.

For the *Teutonick* etymologies I am commonly indebted to *Junius* and *Skinner*, the only names which I have forborn to quote when I copied their books; not that I might appropriate their labours or uſurp their honours, but that I might ſpare a perpetual repetition by one general acknowledgment. Of theſe, whom I ought not to mention but with the reverence due to inſtructors and benefactors, *Junius* appears to have excelled in extent of learning, and *Skinner* in rectitude of underſtanding. *Junius* was accurately ſkilled in all the northern languages, *Skinner* probably examined the ancient and remoter dialects only by occaſional inſpection into dictionaries; but the learning of *Junius* is often of no other uſe than to ſhow him a track by which he may deviate from his purpoſe, to which *Skinner* always preſſes forward by the ſhorteſt way. *Skinner* is often ignorant, but never ridiculous: *Junius* is always full of knowledge; but his variety diſtracts his judgment, and his learning is very frequently diſgraced by his abſurdities.

The votaries of the northern muſes will not perhaps eaſily reſtrain their indignation, when they find the name of *Junius* thus degraded by a diſadvantageous compariſon; but whatever reverence is due to his diligence, or his attainments, it can be no criminal degree of cenſoriouſneſs to charge that etymologiſt with want of judgment, who can ſeriouſly derive *dream* from *drama*, becauſe *life is a drama, and a drama is a dream*; and who declares with a tone of defiance, that no man can fail to derive

moan

moan from μονος, *monos*, *single* or *solitary*, who considers that grief naturally loves to be alone *.

Our knowledge of the northern literature is so scanty, that of words undoubtedly *Teutonick*, the original is not always to be found in any ancient lan-

* That I may not appear to have spoken too irreverently of *Junius*, I have here subjoined a few specimens of his etymological extravagance.

Banish, *religare, ex banno vel territorio exigere*, in *exilium agere*. G. *bannir*. It. *bandire, bandeggiare*. H. *bandir*. B. bannen. Ævi medii scriptores bannire dicebant. V. Spelm. in Bannum & in Banleuga. Quoniam verò regionum urbiumq; limites arduis plerumq; montibus, altis fluminibus, longis deniq; flexuosisq; angustissimarum viarum amfractibus includebantur, fieri potest id genus limites *ban* dici ab eo quod Βαννίται & Βάννατροι Tarentinis olim, sicuti tradit Hesychius, vocabantur αἱ λοξὸν καὶ μὴ ἰθυτενεῖς ὁδοὶ, "obliquæ ac minimè in rectum tendentes viæ." Ac fortasse quoque huc facit quod Βανὺς, eodem Hesychio teste, dicebant ὄρη γραγγύλη, montes arduos.

Empty, emtie, *vacuus, inanis*. A. S. Æmtiȝ Nescio an sint ab ἐμέω vel ἐμετέω. Vomo, evomo, vomitu evacuo. Videtur interim etymologiam hanc non obscurè firmare codex Rush. Mat. xii. 22. ubi antiquè scriptum invenimus ȝemoetеb hit emetiȝ. "Invenit eam vacantem."

Hill, *mons, collis*. A. S. hyll. Quod videri potest abscissum ex κολωνὴ vel κολωνὸς. Collis, tumulus, locus in plano editior. Hom. Il. b. v. 811. ἐστὶ δέ τις προπάροιθε πόλιος αἰπεῖα κολωνὸς. Ubi authori brevium scholiorum κολώνη exp. τόπος εἰς ὕψος ἀνήκων, γεωλόφος ἐξοχή.

Nap, *to take a nap*. *Dormire, condormiscere*. Cym. heppian. A. S. hnæppan. Quod postremum videri potest desumptum ex κνέφας, obscuritas, tenebræ: nihil enim æque solet conciliare somnum, quàm caliginosa profundæ noctis obscuritas.

Stammerer, Balbus, blæsus. Goth. STAMMS. A. S. ȝtamen, ȝtamun. D. stam. B. stameler. Su. stamma. Isl. stamr. Sunt a γωμυλεῖν vel γωμύλλειν, nimiâ loquacitate alios offendere; quod impeditè loquentes libentissimè garrire soleant; vel quòd aliis nimii semper videantur, etiam parcissimè loquentes.

guage;

guage; and I have therefore inſerted *Dutch* or *German* ſubſtitutes, which I conſider not as radical, but parallel, not as the parents, but ſiſters of the *Engliſh*.

The words which are repreſented as thus related by deſcent or cognation, do not always agree in ſenſe; for it is incident to words, as to their authors, to degenerate from their anceſtors, and to change their manners when they change their country. It is ſufficient, in etymological enquiries, if the ſenſes of kindred words be found ſuch as may eaſily paſs into each other, or ſuch as may both be referred to one general idea.

The etymology, ſo far as it is yet known, was eaſily found in the volumes where it is particularly and profeſſedly delivered; and, by proper attention to the rules of derivation, the orthography was ſoon adjuſted. But to *collect* the *Words* of our language was a taſk of greater difficulty: the deficiency of dictionaries was immediately apparent; and when they were exhauſted, what was yet wanting muſt be ſought by fortuitous and unguided excurſions into books, and gleaned as induſtry ſhould find, or chance ſhould offer it, in the boundleſs chaos of a living ſpeech. My ſearch, however, has been either ſkilful or lucky; for I have much augmented the vocabulary.

As my deſign was a dictionary, common or appellative, I have omitted all words which have relation to proper names; ſuch as *Arian*, *Socinian*, *Calviniſts*, *Benedictine*, *Mahometan*; but have retained thoſe of a more general nature, as *Heathen*, *Pagan*.

Of the terms of art I have received ſuch as could be found either in books of ſcience or technical dictionaries; and have often inſerted, from philoſophical writers, words which are ſupported perhaps only by a ſingle authority, and which being not admitted into general uſe, ſtand yet as candidates or probationers, and muſt depend for their adoption on the ſuffrage of futurity.

The words which our authors have introduced by their knowledge of foreign languages, or ignorance of their own, by vanity or wantonneſs, by compliance with faſhion or luſt of innovation, I have regiſtered as they occurred, though commonly only to cenſure them, and warn others againſt the folly of naturalizing uſeleſs foreigners to the injury of the natives.

I have not rejected any by deſign, merely becauſe they were unneceſſary or exuberant; but have received thoſe which by different writers have been differently formed, as *viſcid*, and *viſcidity*, *viſcous*, and *viſcoſity*.

Compounded or double words I have ſeldom noted, except when they obtain a ſignification different from that which the components have in their ſimple ſtate. Thus *highwayman*, *woodman*, and *horſecourſer*, require an explanation; but of *thieflike* or *coachdriver* no notice was needed, becauſe the primitives contain the meaning of the compounds.

Words arbitrarily formed by a conſtant and ſettled analogy, like diminutive adjectives in *iſh*, as *greeniſh*, *bluiſh*; adverbs in *ly*, as *dully*, *openly*; ſubſtantives in *neſs*, as *vileneſs*, *faultineſs*; were leſs diligently ſought, and ſometimes have been omitted, when I

had

had no authority that invited me to inſert them; not that they are not genuine and regular offſprings of *Engliſh* roots, but becauſe their relation to the primitive being always the ſame, their ſignification cannot be miſtaken.

The verbal nouns in *ing*, ſuch as the *keeping* of the *caſtle*, the *leading* of the *army*, are always neglected, or placed only to illuſtrate the ſenſe of the verb, except when they ſignify things as well as actions, and have therefore a plural number, as *dwelling*, *living*; or have an abſolute and abſtract ſignification, as *colouring*, *painting*, *learning*.

The participles are likewiſe omitted, unleſs, by ſignifying rather habit or quality than action, they take the nature of adjectives; as a *thinking* man, a man of prudence; a *pacing* horſe, a horſe that can pace: theſe I have ventured to call *participial adjectives*. But neither are theſe always inſerted, becauſe they are commonly to be underſtood, without any danger of miſtake, by conſulting the verb.

Obſolete words are admitted, when they are found in authors not obſolete, or when they have any force or beauty that may deſerve revival.

As compoſition is one of the chief characteriſticks of a language, I have endeavoured to make ſome reparation for the univerſal negligence of my predeceſſors, by inſerting great numbers of compounded words, as may be found under *after*, *fore*, *new*, *night*, *fair*, and many more. Theſe, numerous as they are, might be multiplied, but that uſe and curioſity are here ſatisfied, and the frame of our language and modes of our combination amply diſcovered.

Of ſome forms of compoſition, ſuch as that by which *re* is prefixed to note *repetition*, and *un* to ſignify *contrariety* or *privation*, all the examples cannot be accumulated, becauſe the uſe of theſe particles, if not wholly arbitrary, is ſo little limited, that they are hourly affixed to new words as occaſion requires, or is imagined to require them.

There is another kind of compoſition more frequent in our language than perhaps in any other, from which ariſes to foreigners the greateſt difficulty. We modify the ſignification of many words by a particle ſubjoined; as to *come off*, to eſcape by a ſtratagem; to *fall on*, to attack; to *fall off*, to apoſtatize; to *break off*, to ſtop abruptly; to *bear out*, to juſtify; to *fall in*, to comply; to *give over*, to ceaſe; to *ſet off*, to embelliſh; to *ſet in*, to begin a continual tenour; to *ſet out*, to begin a courſe or journey; to *take off*, to copy; with innumerable expreſſions of the ſame kind, of which ſome appear wildly irregular, being ſo far diſtant from the ſenſe of the ſimple words, that no ſagacity will be able to trace the ſteps by which they arrived at the preſent uſe. Theſe I have noted with great care; and though I cannot flatter myſelf that the collection is complete, I believe I have ſo far aſſiſted the ſtudents of our language, that this kind of phraſeology will be no longer inſuperable; and the combinations of verbs and particles, by chance omitted, will be eaſily explained by compariſon with thoſe that may be found.

Many words yet ſtand ſupported only by the name of *Bailey*, *Ainſworth*, *Philips*, or the contracted *Diſt.* for *Dictionaries* ſubjoined; of theſe I am not always certain that they are read in any book but the works

of

of lexicographers. Of ſuch I have omitted many, becauſe I had never read them; and many I have inſerted, becauſe they may perhaps exiſt, though they have eſcaped my notice: they are, however, to be yet conſidered as reſting only upon the credit of former dictionaries. Others, which I conſidered as uſeful, or know to be proper, though I could not at preſent ſupport them by authorities, I have ſuffered to ſtand upon my own atteſtation, claiming the ſame privilege with my predeceſſors, of being ſometimes credited without proof.

The words, thus ſelected and diſpoſed, are grammatically conſidered; they are referred to the different parts of ſpeech; traced, when they are irregularly inflected, through their various terminations; and illuſtrated by obſervations, not indeed of great or ſtriking importance, ſeparately conſidered, but neceſſary to the elucidation of our language, and hitherto neglected or forgotten by *Engliſh* grammarians.

That part of my work on which I expect malignity moſt frequently to faſten, is the *explanation*; in which I cannot hope to ſatisfy thoſe, who are perhaps not inclined to be pleaſed, ſince I have not always been able to ſatisfy myſelf. To interpret a language by itſelf is very difficult; many words cannot be explained by ſynonimes, becauſe the idea ſignified by them has not more than one appellation; nor by paraphraſe, becauſe ſimple ideas cannot be deſcribed. When the nature of things is unknown, or the notion unſettled and indefinite, and various in various minds, the words by which ſuch notions are conveyed, or ſuch things denoted, will be ambiguous

biguous and perplexed. And ſuch is the fate of hapleſs lexicography, that not only darkneſs, but light, impedes and diſtreſſes it; things may be not only too little, but too much known, to be happily illuſtrated. To explain, requires the uſe of terms leſs abſtruſe than that which is to be explained, and ſuch terms cannot always be found; for as nothing can be proved but by ſuppoſing ſomething intuitively known, and evident without proof, ſo nothing can be defined but by the uſe of words too plain to admit a definition.

Other words there are, of which the ſenſe is too ſubtle and evaneſcent to be fixed in a paraphraſe; ſuch are all thoſe which are by the grammarians termed *expletives*, and, in dead languages, are ſuffered to paſs for empty ſounds, of no other uſe than to fill a verſe, or to modulate a period, but which are eaſily perceived in living tongues to have power and emphaſis, though it be ſometimes ſuch as no other form of expreſſion can convey.

My labour has likewiſe been much increaſed by a claſs of verbs too frequent in the *Engliſh* language, of which the ſignification is ſo looſe and general, the uſe ſo vague and indeterminate, and the ſenſes detorted ſo widely from the firſt idea, that it is hard to trace them through the maze of variation, to catch them on the brink of utter inanity, to circumſcribe them by any limitations, or interpret them by any words of diſtinct and ſettled meaning; ſuch are *bear*, *break*, *come*, *caſt*, *full*, *get*, *give*, *do*, *put*, *ſet*, *go*, *run*, *make*, *take*, *turn*, *throw*. If of theſe the whole power is not accurately delivered, it muſt be remembered, that while our language is yet living,

and

and variable by the caprice of every one that ſpeaks it, theſe words are hourly ſhifting their relations, and can no more be aſcertained in a dictionary, than a grove, in the agitation of a ſtorm, can be accurately delineated from its picture in the water.

The particles are among all nations applied with ſo great latitude, that they are not eaſily reducible under any regular ſcheme of explication: this difficulty is not leſs, nor perhaps greater, in *Engliſh*, than in other languages. I have laboured them with diligence, I hope with ſucceſs; ſuch at leaſt as can be expected in a taſk, which no man, however learned or ſagacious, has yet been able to perform.

Some words there are which I cannot explain, becauſe I do not underſtand them; theſe might have been omitted very often with little inconvenience, but I would not ſo far indulge my vanity as to decline this confeſſion: for when *Tully* owns himſelf ignorant whether *leſſus*, in the twelve tables, means a *funeral ſong*, or *mourning garment*; and *Ariſtotle* doubts whether οὖρευς, in the Iliad, ſignifies a *mule*, or *muleteer*, I may ſurely, without ſhame, leave ſome obſcurities to happier induſtry, or future information.

The rigour of interpretative lexicography requires that *the explanation, and the word explained, ſhould be always reciprocal*; this I have always endeavoured, but could not always attain. Words are ſeldom exactly ſynonymous; a new term was not introduced, but becauſe the former was thought inadequate: names, therefore, have often many ideas, but few ideas have many names. It was then neceſſary to uſe the proximate word, for the deficiency of ſingle

terms can very ſeldom be ſupplied by circumlocution; nor is the inconvenience great of ſuch mutilated interpretations, becauſe the ſenſe may eaſily be collected entire from the examples.

In every word of extenſive uſe, it was requiſite to mark the progreſs of its meaning, and ſhow by what gradations of intermediate ſenſe it has paſſed from its primitive to its remote and accidental ſignification; ſo that every foregoing explanation ſhould tend to that which follows, and the ſeries be regularly concatenated from the firſt notion to the laſt.

This is ſpecious, but not always practicable; kindred ſenſes may be ſo interwoven, that the perplexity cannot be diſentangled, nor any reaſon be aſſigned why one ſhould be ranged before the other. When the radical idea branches out into parallel ramifications, how can a conſecutive ſeries be formed of ſenſes in their nature collateral? The ſhades of meaning ſometimes paſs imperceptibly into each other; ſo that though on one ſide they apparently differ, yet it is impoſſible to mark the point of contact. Ideas of the ſame race, though not exactly alike, are ſometimes ſo little different, that no words can expreſs the diſſimilitude, though the mind eaſily perceives it, when they are exhibited together; and ſometimes there is ſuch a confuſion of acceptations, that diſcernment is wearied, and diſtinction puzzled, and perſeverance herſelf hurries to an end, by crowding together what ſhe cannot ſeparate.

Theſe complaints of difficulty will, by thoſe that have never conſidered words beyond their popular uſe, be thought only the jargon of a man willing to procure veneration to his

ſtudies

ſtudies by involution and obſcurity. But every art is obſcure to thoſe that have not learned it: this uncertainty of terms, and commixture of ideas, is well known to thoſe who have joined philoſophy with grammar; and if I have not expreſſed them very clearly, it muſt be remembered that I am ſpeaking of that which words are inſufficient to explain.

The original ſenſe of words is often driven out of uſe by their metaphorical acceptations, yet muſt be inſerted for the ſake of a regular origination. Thus I know not whether *ardour* is uſed for *material heat*, or whether *flagrant*, in *Engliſh*, ever ſignifies the ſame with *burning*; yet ſuch are the primitive ideas of theſe words, which are therefore ſet firſt, though without examples, that the figurative ſenſes may be commodiouſly deduced.

Such is the exuberance of ſignification which many words have obtained, that it was ſcarcely poſſible to collect all their ſenſes; ſometimes the meaning of derivatives muſt be ſought in the mother term, and ſometimes deficient explanations of the primitive may be ſupplied in the train of derivation. In any caſe of doubt or difficulty, it will be always proper to examine all the words of the ſame race; for ſome words are ſlightly paſſed over to avoid repetition, ſome admitted eaſier and clearer explanation than others, and all will be better underſtood, as they are conſidered in greater variety of ſtructures and relations.

All the interpretations of words are not written with the ſame ſkill, or the ſame happineſs: things equally eaſy in themſelves, are not all equally eaſy to any ſingle mind. Every writer of a long work

commits errours, where there appears neither ambiguity to miſlead, nor obſcurity to confound him; and in a ſearch like this, many felicities of expreſſion will be caſually overlooked, many convenient parallels will be forgotten, and many particulars will admit improvement from a mind utterly unequal to the whole performance.

But many ſeeming faults are to be imputed rather to the nature of the undertaking, than the negligence of the performer. Thus ſome explanations are unavoidably reciprocal or circular, as *bind, the female of the ſtag; ſtag, the male of the bind:* ſometimes eaſier words are changed into harder, as *burial* into *ſepulture* or *interment, drier* into *deſiccative, dryneſs* into *ſiccity* or *aridity, fit* into *paroxyſm*; for the eaſieſt word, whatever it be, can never be tranſlated into one more eaſy. But eaſineſs and difficulty are merely relative; and if the preſent prevalence of our language ſhould invite foreigners to this Dictionary, many will be aſſiſted by thoſe words which now ſeem only to increaſe or produce obſcurity. For this reaſon I have endeavoured frequently to join a *Teutonick* and *Roman* interpretation, as to *cheer*, to *gladden*, or *exhilarate*, that every learner of *Engliſh* may be aſſiſted by his own tongue.

The ſolution of all difficulties, and the ſupply of all defects, muſt be ſought in the examples, ſubjoined to the various ſenſes of each word, and ranged according to the time of their authors.

When I firſt collected theſe authorities, I was deſirous that every quotation ſhould be uſeful to ſome other end than the illuſtration of a word; I therefore extracted from philoſophers principles of

ſcience; from hiſtorians remarkable facts; from chymiſts complete proceſſes; from divines ſtriking exhortations; and from poets beautiful deſcriptions. Such is deſign, while it is yet at a diſtance from execution. When the time called upon me to range this accumulation of elegance and wiſdom into an alphabetical ſeries, I ſoon diſcovered that the bulk of my volumes would fright away the ſtudent, and was forced to depart from my ſcheme of including all that was pleaſing or uſeful in *Engliſh* literature, and reduce my tranſcripts very often to cluſters of words, in which ſcarcely any meaning is retained; thus to the wearineſs of copying, I was condemned to add the vexation of expunging. Some paſſages I have yet ſpared, which may relieve the labour of verbal ſearches, and interſperſe with verdure and flowers the duſty deſarts of barren philology.

The examples, thus mutilated, are no longer to be conſidered as conveying the ſentiments or doctrine of their authors; the word for the ſake of which they are inſerted, with all its appendant clauſes, has been carefully preſerved; but it may ſometimes happen, by haſty detruncation, that the general tendency of the ſentence may be changed: the divine may deſert his tenets, or the philoſopher his ſyſtem.

Some of the examples have been taken from writers who were never mentioned as maſters of elegance or models of ſtyle; but words muſt be ſought where they are uſed; and in what pages, eminent for purity, can terms of manufacture or agriculture be found? Many quotations ſerve no

other purpoſe, than that of proving the bare exiſtence of words, and are therefore ſelected with leſs ſcrupulouſneſs than thoſe which are to teach their ſtructures and relations.

My purpoſe was to admit no teſtimony of living authors, that I might not be miſled by partiality, and that none of my cotemporaries might have reaſon to complain; nor have I departed from this reſolution, but when ſome performance of uncommon excellence excited my veneration, when my memory ſupplied me, from late books, with an example that was wanting, or when my heart, in the tenderneſs of friendſhip, ſolicited admiſſion for a favourite name.

So far have I been from any care to grace my pages with modern decorations, that I have ſtudiouſly endeavoured to collect examples and authorities from the writers before the reſtoration, whoſe works I regard as *the wells of Engliſh undefiled*, as the pure ſources of genuine diction. Our language, for almoſt a century, has, by the concurrence of many cauſes, been gradually departing from its original *Teutonick* character, and deviating towards a *Gallick* ſtructure and phraſeology, from which it ought to be our endeavour to recal it, by making our ancient volumes the ground-work of ſtyle, admitting among the additions of later times, only ſuch as may ſupply real deficiencies, ſuch as are readily adopted by the genius of our tongue, and incorporate eaſily with our native idioms.

But as every language has a time of rudeneſs antecedent to perfection, as well as of falſe refinement and declenſion, I have been cautious leſt my zeal for antiquity might drive me into times too remote,

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and crowd my book with words now no longer understood. I have fixed *Sidney*'s work for the boundary, beyond which I make few excursions. From the authors which rose in the time of *Elizabeth*, a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance. If the language of theology were extracted from *Hooker* and the translation of the Bible; the terms of natural knowledge from *Bacon*; the phrases of policy, war, and navigation from *Raleigh*; the dialect of poetry and fiction from *Spenser* and *Sidney*; and the diction of common life from *Shakespeare*, few ideas would be lost to mankind, for want of *English* words, in which they might be expressed.

It is not sufficient that a word is found, unless it be so combined as that its meaning is apparently determined by the tract and tenour of the sentence; such passages I have therefore chosen, and when it happened that any author gave a definition of a term, or such an explanation as is equivalent to a definition, I have placed his authority as a supplement to my own, without regard to the chronological order, that is otherwise observed.

Some words, indeed, stand unsupported by any authority, but they are commonly derivative nouns or adverbs, formed from their primitives by regular and constant analogy, or names of things seldom occurring in books, or words of which I have reason to doubt the existence.

There is more danger of censure from the multiplicity than paucity of examples; authorities will sometimes seem to have been accumulated without necessity or use, and perhaps some will be found, which might, without loss, have been omitted.

But a work of this kind is not haſtily to be charged with ſuperfluities: thoſe quotations, which to careleſs or unſkilful peruſers appear only to repeat the ſame ſenſe, will often exhibit, to a more accurate examiner, diverſities of ſignification, or, at leaſt, afford different ſhades of the ſame meaning: one will ſhew the word applied to perſons, another to things; one will expreſs an ill, another a good, and a third a neutral ſenſe; one will prove the expreſſion genuine from an ancient author; another will ſhew it elegant from a modern: a doubtful authority is corroborated by another of more credit; an ambiguous ſentence is aſcertained by a paſſage clear and determinate; the word, how often ſoever repeated, appears with new aſſociates and in different combinations, and every quotation contributes ſomething to the ſtability or enlargement of the language.

When words are uſed equivocally, I receive them in either ſenſe; when they are metaphorical, I adopt them in their primitive acceptation.

I have ſometimes, though rarely, yielded to the temptation of exhibiting a genealogy of ſentiments, by ſhewing how one author copied the thoughts and diction of another: ſuch quotations are indeed little more than repetitions, which might juſtly be cenſured, did they not gratify the mind, by affording a kind of intellectual hiſtory.

The various ſyntactical ſtructures occurring in the examples have been carefully noted; the licence or negligence with which many words have been hitherto uſed, has made our ſtyle capricious and indeterminate; when the different combinations of the ſame word are exhibited together, the preference is readily

readily given to propriety, and I have often endeavoured to direct the choice.

Thus have I laboured by ſettling the orthography, diſplaying the analogy, regulating the ſtructures, and aſcertaining the ſignification of *Engliſh* words, to perform all the parts of a faithful lexicographer: but I have not always executed my own ſcheme, or ſatisfied my own expectations. The work, whatever proofs of diligence and attention it may exhibit, is yet capable of many improvements: the orthography which I recommend is ſtill controvertible; the etymology which I adopt is uncertain, and perhaps frequently erroneous; the explanations are ſometimes too much contracted, and ſometimes too much diffuſed, the ſignifications are diſtinguiſhed rather with ſubtilty than ſkill, and the attention is harraſſed with unneceſſary minuteneſs.

The examples are too often injudiciouſly truncated, and perhaps ſometimes, I hope very rarely, alleged in a miſtaken ſenſe; for in making this collection I truſted more to memory, than, in a ſtate of diſquiet and embarraſſment, memory can contain, and purpoſed to ſupply at the review what was left incomplete in the firſt tranſcription.

Many terms appropriated to particular occupations, though neceſſary and ſignificant, are undoubtedly omitted; and of the words moſt ſtudiouſly conſidered and exemplified, many ſenſes have eſcaped obſervation.

Yet theſe failures, however frequent, may admit extenuation and apology. To have attempted much is always laudable, even when the enterprize

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is above the ſtrength that undertakes it: To reſt below his own aim is incident to every one whoſe fancy is active, and whoſe views are comprehenſive; nor is any man ſatisfied with himſelf becauſe he has done much, but becauſe he can conceive little. When firſt I engaged in this work, I reſolved to leave neither words nor things unexamined, and pleaſed myſelf with a proſpect of the hours which I ſhould revel away in feaſts of literature, the obſcure receſſes of northern learning which I ſhould enter and ranſack, the treaſures with which I expected every ſearch into thoſe neglected mines to reward my labour, and the triumph with which I ſhould diſplay my acquiſitions to mankind. When I had thus enquired into the original of words, I reſolved to ſhow likewiſe my attention to things; to pierce deep into every ſcience, to enquire the nature of every ſubſtance of which I inſerted the name, to limit every idea by a definition ſtrictly logical, and exhibit every production of art or nature in an accurate deſcription, that my book might be in place of all other dictionaries whether appellative or technical. But theſe were the dreams of a poet doomed at laſt to wake a lexicographer. I ſoon found that it is too late to look for inſtruments, when the work calls for execution, and that whatever abilities I had brought to my taſk, with thoſe I muſt finally perform it. To deliberate whenever I doubted, to enquire whenever I was ignorant, would have protracted the undertaking without end, and, perhaps, without much improvement, for I did not find by my firſt experiments, that what I had not of my own

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was eaſily to be obtained: I ſaw that one enquiry only gave occaſion to another, that book referred to book, that to ſearch was not always to find, and to find was not always to be informed; and that thus to purſue perfection, was, like the firſt inhabitants of Arcadia, to chaſe the ſun, which, when they had reached the hill where he ſeemed to reſt, was ſtill beheld at the ſame diſtance from them.

I then contracted my deſign, determining to confide in myſelf, and no longer to ſolicit auxiliaries, which produced more incumbrance than aſſiſtance; by this I obtained at leaſt one advantage, that I ſet limits to my work, which would in time be ended, though not completed.

Deſpondency has never ſo far prevailed as to depreſs me to negligence; ſome faults will at laſt appear to be the effects of anxious diligence and perſevering activity. The nice and ſubtle ramifications of meaning were not eaſily avoided by a mind intent upon accuracy, and convinced of the neceſſity of diſentangling combinations, and ſeparating ſimilitudes. Many of the diſtinctions which to common readers appear uſeleſs and idle, will be found real and important by men verſed in the ſchool philoſophy, without which no dictionary can ever be accurately compiled, or ſkilfully examined.

Some ſenſes however there are, which, though not the ſame, are yet ſo nearly allied, that they are often confounded. Moſt men think indiſtinctly, and therefore cannot ſpeak with exactneſs; and conſequently ſome examples might be indifferently put to either ſignification: this uncertainty is not to be imputed to me, who do not form, but regiſter the

language;

language; who do not teach men how they ſhould think, but relate how they have hitherto expreſſed their thoughts.

The imperfect ſenſe of ſome examples I lamented, but could not remedy, and hope they will be compenſated by innumerable paſſages ſelected with propriety, and preſerved with exactneſs; ſome ſhining with ſparks of imagination, and ſome replete with treaſures of wiſdom.

The orthography and etymology, though imperfect, are not imperfect for want of care, but becauſe care will not always be ſucceſsful, and recollection or information come too late for uſe.

That many terms of art and manufacture are omitted, muſt be frankly acknowledged; but for this defect I may boldly allege that it was unavoidable: I could not viſit caverns to learn the miner's language, nor take a voyage to perfect my ſkill in the dialect of navigation, nor viſit the warehouſes of merchants, and ſhops of artificers, to gain the names of wares, tools and operations, of which no mention is found in books; what favourable accident, or eaſy enquiry brought within my reach, has not been neglected; but it has been a hopeleſs labour to glean up words, by courting living information, and conteſting with the ſullenneſs of one, and the roughneſs of another.

To furniſh the academicians *della Cruſca* with words of this kind, a ſeries of comedies called *la Fiera*, or *the Fair*, was profeſſedly written by *Buonaroti*; but I had no ſuch aſſiſtant, and therefore was content to want what they muſt have wanted likewiſe, had they not luckily been ſo ſupplied.

Nor

Nor are all words which are not found in the vocabulary, to be lamented as omiſſions. Of the laborious and mercantile part of the people, the diction is in a great meaſure caſual and mutable; many of their terms are formed for ſome temporary or local convenience, and though current at certain times and places, are in others utterly unknown. This fugitive cant, which is always in a ſtate of increaſe or decay, cannot be regarded as any part of the durable materials of a language, and therefore muſt be ſuffered to periſh with other things unworthy of preſervation.

Care will ſometimes betray to the appearance of negligence. He that is catching opportunities which ſeldom occur, will ſuffer thoſe to paſs by unregarded, which he expects hourly to return; he that is ſearching for rare and remote things, will neglect thoſe that are obvious and familiar: thus many of the moſt common and curſory words have been inſerted with little illuſtration, becauſe in gathering the authorities, I forbore to copy thoſe which I thought likely to occur whenever they were wanted. It is remarkable that, in reviewing my collection, I found the word *ſea* unexemplified.

Thus it happens, that in things difficult there is danger from ignorance, and in things eaſy from confidence; the mind, afraid of greatneſs, and diſdainful of littleneſs, haſtily withdraws herſelf from painful ſearches, and paſſes with ſcornful rapidity over taſks not adequate to her powers, ſometimes too ſecure for caution, and again too anxious for vigorous effort; ſometimes idle in a plain path, and

ſome-

ſometimes diſtracted in labyrinths, and diſſipated by different intentions.

A large work is difficult becauſe it is large, even though all its parts might ſingly be performed with facility; where there are many things to be done, each muſt be allowed its ſhare of time and labour, in the proportion only which it bears to the whole; nor can it be expected, that the ſtones which form the dome of a temple, ſhould be ſquared and poliſhed like the diamond of a ring.

Of the event of this work, for which, having laboured it with ſo much application, I cannot but have ſome degree of parental fondneſs, it is natural to form conjectures. Thoſe who have been perſuaded to think well of my deſign, will require that it ſhould fix our language, and put a ſtop to thoſe alterations which time and chance have hitherto been ſuffered to make in it without oppoſition. With this conſequence I will confeſs that I flattered myſelf for a while; but now begin to fear that I have indulged expectation which neither reaſon nor experience can juſtify. When we ſee men grow old and die at a certain time one after another, from century to century, we laugh at the elixir that promiſes to prolong life to a thouſand years; and with equal juſtice may the lexicographer be derided, who being able to produce no example of a nation that has preſerved their words and phraſes from mutability, ſhall imagine that his dictionary can embalm his language, and ſecure it from corruption and decay, that it is in his power to change ſublunary nature, and clear the world at once from folly, vanity, and affectation.

With

With this hope, however, academies have been inſtituted, to guard the avenues of their languages, to retain fugitives, and repulſe intruders; but their vigilance and activity have hitherto been vain; ſounds are too volatile and ſubtile for legal reſtraints; to enchain ſyllables, and to laſh the wind, are equally the undertakings of pride, unwilling to meaſure its deſires by its ſtrength. The *French* language has viſibly changed under the inſpection of the academy; the ſtyle of *Amelot*'s tranſlation of father *Paul* is obſerved by *Le Courayer* to be *un peu paſſé*; and no *Italian* will maintain, that the diction of any modern writer is not perceptibly different from that of *Boccace*, *Machiavel*, or *Caro*.

Total and ſudden transformations of a language ſeldom happen; conqueſts and migrations are now very rare: but there are other cauſes of change, which, though ſlow in their operation, and inviſible in their progreſs, are perhaps as much ſuperior to human reſiſtance, as the revolutions of the ſky, or intumeſcence of the tide. Commerce, however neceſſary, however lucrative, as it depraves the manners, corrupts the language; they that have frequent intercourſe with ſtrangers, to whom they endeavour to accommodate themſelves, muſt in time learn a mingled dialect, like the jargon which ſerves the traffickers on the *Mediterranean* and *Indian* coaſts. This will not always be confined to the exchange, the warehouſe, or the port, but will be communicated by degrees to other ranks of the people, and be at laſt incorporated with the current ſpeech.

There are likewiſe internal cauſes equally forcible. The language moſt likely to continue long without alteration,

alteration, would be that of a nation raiſed a little, and but a little, above barbarity, ſecluded from ſtrangers, and totally employed in procuring the conveniencies of life; either without books, or, like ſome of the *Mahometan* countries, with very few: men thus buſied and unlearned, having only ſuch words as common uſe requires, would perhaps long continue to expreſs the ſame notions by the ſame ſigns. But no ſuch conſtancy can be expected in a people poliſhed by arts, and claſſed by ſubordination, where one part of the community is ſuſtained and accommodated by the labour of the other. Thoſe who have much leiſure to think, will always be enlarging the ſtock of ideas; and every increaſe of knowledge, whether real or fancied, will produce new words, or combinations of words. When the mind is unchained from neceſſity, it will range after convenience; when it is left at large in the fields of ſpeculation, it will ſhift opinions; as any cuſtom is diſuſed, the words that expreſſed it muſt periſh with it; as any opinion grows popular, it will innovate ſpeech in the ſame proportion as it alters practice.

As by the cultivation of various ſciences, a language is amplified, it will be more furniſhed with words deflected from their original ſenſe; the geometrician will talk of a courtier's zenith, or the eccentrick virtue of a wild hero, and the phyſician of ſanguine expectations and phlegmatick delays. Copiouſneſs of ſpeech will give opportunities to capricious choice, by which ſome words will be preferred, and others degraded; viciſſitudes of faſhion will enforce the uſe of new, or extend the ſignification of known terms. The tropes of poetry will

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make hourly encroachments, and the metaphorical will become the current ſenſe: pronunciation will be varied by levity or ignorance, and the pen muſt at length comply with the tongue; illiterate writers will, at one time or other, by publick infatuation, riſe into renown, who, not knowing the original import of words, will uſe them with colloquial licentiouſneſs, confound diſtinction, and forget propriety. As politeneſs increaſes, ſome expreſſions will be conſidered as too groſs and vulgar for the delicate, others as too formal and ceremonious for the gay and airy; new phraſes are therefore adopted, which muſt, for the ſame reaſons, be in time diſmiſſed. *Swift*, in his petty treatiſe on the *Engliſh* language, allows that new words muſt ſometimes be introduced, but propoſes that none ſhould be ſuffered to become obſolete. But what makes a word obſolete, more than general agreement to forbear it? and how ſhall it be continued, when it conveys an offenſive idea, or recalled again into the mouths of mankind, when it has once become unfamiliar by diſuſe, and unpleaſing by unfamiliarity?

There is another cauſe of alteration more prevalent than any other, which yet in the preſent ſtate of the world cannot be obviated. A mixture of two languages will produce a third diſtinct from both, and they will always be mixed, where the chief parts of education, and the moſt conſpicuous accompliſhment, is ſkill in ancient or in foreign tongues. He that has long cultivated another language, will find its words and combinations crowd upon his memory; and haſte and negligence, refine-

ment and affectation, will obtrude borrowed terms and exotick expreſſions.

The great peſt of ſpeech is frequency of tranſlation. No book was ever turned from one language into another, without imparting ſomething of its native idiom; this is the moſt miſchievous and comprehenſive innovation; ſingle words may enter by thouſands, and the fabrick of the tongue continue the ſame; but new phraſeology changes much at once; it alters not the ſingle ſtones of the building, but the order of the columns. If an academy ſhould be eſtabliſhed for the cultivation of our ſtyle, which I, who can never wiſh to ſee dependence multiplied, hope the ſpirit of *Engliſh* liberty will hinder or deſtroy, let them, inſtead of compiling grammars and dictionaries, endeavour, with all their influence, to ſtop the licence of tranſlators, whoſe idleneſs and ignorance, if it be ſuffered to proceed, will reduce us to babble a dialect of *France*.

If the changes that we fear be thus irreſiſtible, what remains but to acquieſce with ſilence, as in the other inſurmountable diſtreſſes of humanity? It remains that we retard what we cannot repel, that we palliate what we cannot cure. Life may be lengthened by care, though death cannot be ultimately defeated: tongues, like governments, have a natural tendency to degeneration; we have long preſerved our conſtitution, let us make ſome ſtruggles for our language.

In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my

country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a conteſt, to the nations of the continent. The chief glory of every people ariſes from its authors: whether I ſhall add any thing by my own writings to the reputation of *Engliſh* literature, muſt be left to time: much of my life has been loſt under the preſſures of diſeaſe; much has been trifled away; and much has always been ſpent in proviſion for the day that was paſſing over me; but I ſhall not think my employment uſeleſs or ignoble, if by my aſſiſtance foreign nations, and diſtant ages, gain acceſs to the propagators of knowledge, and underſtand the teachers of truth; if my labours afford light to the repoſitories of ſcience, and add celebrity to *Bacon*, to *Hooker*, to *Milton*, and to *Boyle*.

When I am animated by this wiſh, I look with pleaſure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the ſpirit of a man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become popular I have not promiſed to myſelf: a few wild blunders, and riſible abſurdities, from which no work of ſuch multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furniſh folly with laughter, and harden ignorance in contempt; but uſeful diligence will at laſt prevail, and there never can be wanting ſome who diſtinguiſh deſert; who will conſider that no dictionary of a living tongue ever can be perfect, ſince, while it is haſtening to publication, ſome words are budding, and ſome falling away; that a whole life cannot be ſpent upon ſyntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be ſufficient; that he, whoſe deſign includes whatever language can

expreſs, muſt often ſpeak of what he does not underſtand; that a writer will ſometimes be hurried by eagerneſs to the end, and ſometimes faint with wearineſs under a taſk, which *Scaliger* compares to the labours of the anvil and the mine; that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always preſent; that ſudden fits of inadvertency will ſurpriſe vigilance, ſlight avocations will ſeduce attention, and caſual eclipſes of the mind will darken learning; and that the writer ſhall often in vain trace his memory at the moment of need, for that which yeſterday he knew with intuitive readineſs, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts tomorrow.

In this work, when it ſhall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewiſe is performed; and though no book was ever ſpared out of tenderneſs to the author, and the world is little ſolicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns; yet it may gratify curioſity to inform it, that the *Engliſh Dictionary* was written with little aſſiſtance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the ſoft obſcurities of retirement, or under the ſhelter of academick bowers, but amidſt inconvenience and diſtraction, in ſickneſs and in ſorrow. It may repreſs the triumph of malignant criticiſm to obſerve, that if our language is not here fully diſplayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprized in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of ſucceſſive ages, inadequate and deluſive; if the aggregated knowledge,

ıred from corruption than theſe unfortunate com-
ɔſitions. They ſubſiſt in a ſingle copy, written or
viſed by the author; and the faults of the printed
ılume can be only faults of one deſcent.

But of the works of *Shakeſpeare* the condition has
en far different: he ſold them, not to be printed,
ıt to be played. They were immediately copied
r the actors, and multiplied by tranſcript after
ınſcript, vitiated by the blunders of the penman,
hanged by the affectation of the player; perhaps
ged to introduce a jeſt, or mutilated to ſhorten
preſentation; and printed at laſt without the
rence of the author, without the conſent of
prietor, from compilations made by chance
alth out of the ſeparate parts written for
re; and thus thruſt into the world ſurrep-
and haſtily, they ſuffered another depra-
m the ignorance and negligence of the
s every man who knows the ſtate of the
t age will readily conceive.

eaſy for invention to bring together ſo
concurring to vitiate the text. No
ver gave up his works to fortune and
tle care: no books could be left in
to injure them, as plays frequently
ued in manuſcript: no other tran-
y to b ſo little qualified for their
copi d f the ſtage, at a time
of t ɔple were univerſally
edi made from frag-
brok uitouſly re-
of printing

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With the cauſes of corruption that make the reviſal of *Shakeſpeare*'s dramatick pieces neceſſary, may be enumerated the cauſes of obſcurity, which may be partly imputed to his age, and partly to himſelf.

When a writer outlives his contemporaries, and remains almoſt the only unforgotten name of a diſtant time, he is neceſſarily obſcure. Every age has its modes of ſpeech, and its caſt of thought; which, though eaſily explained when there are many books to be compared with each other, become ſometimes unintelligible, and always difficult, when there are no parallel paſſages that may conduce to their illuſtration. *Shakeſpeare* is the firſt conſiderable author of ſublime or familiar dialogue in our language. Of the books which he read, and from which he formed his ſtyle, ſome perhaps have periſhed, and the reſt are neglected. His imitations are therefore unnoted, his alluſions are undiſcovered, and many beauties, both of pleaſantry and greatneſs, are loſt with the objects to which they were united, as the figures vaniſh when the canvas has decayed.

It is the great excellence of *Shakeſpeare*, that he drew his ſcenes from nature, and from life. He copied the manners of the world then paſſing before him, and has more alluſions than other poets to the traditions and ſuperſtition of the vulgar; which muſt therefore be traced before he can be underſtood.

He wrote at a time when our poetical language was yet unformed, when the meaning of our phraſes was yet in fluctuation, when words were adopted at pleaſure

eaſure from the neighbouring languages, and hile the *Saxon* was ſtill viſibly mingled in our iction. The reader is therefore embarraſſed at nce with dead and with foreign languages, with bſoleteneſs and innovation. In that age, as in all thers, faſhion produced phraſeology, which ſucceeding faſhion ſwept away before its meaning was generally known, or ſufficiently authoriſed: and in that age, above all others, experiments were made upon our language, which diſtorted its combinations, and diſturbed its uniformity.

If *Shakeſpeare* has difficulties above other writers, it is to be imputed to the nature of his work, which required the uſe of the common colloquial language, and conſequently admitted many phraſes alluſive, elliptical, and proverbial, ſuch as we ſpeak and hear every hour without obſerving them; and of which, being now familiar, we do not ſuſpect that they can ever grow uncouth, or that, being now obvious, they can ever ſeem remote.

Theſe are the principal cauſes of the obſcurity of *Shakeſpeare*; to which might be added the fulneſs of idea, which might ſometimes load his words with more ſentiment than they could conveniently convey, and that rapidity of imagination which might hurry him to a ſecond thought before he had fully explained the firſt. But my opinion is, that very few of his lines were difficult to his audience, and that he uſed ſuch expreſſions as were then common, though the paucity of contemporary writers makes them now ſeem peculiar.

Authors are often praiſed for improvement, or blamed for innovation, with very little juſtice, by

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thoſe who read few other books of the ſame age. *Addiſon* himſelf has been ſo unſucceſsful in enumerating the words with which *Milton* has enriched our language, as perhaps not to have named one of which *Milton* was the author; and *Bentley* has yet more unhappily praiſed him as the introducer of thoſe eliſions into *Engliſh* poetry, which had been uſed from the firſt eſſays of verſification among us, and which *Milton* was indeed the laſt that practiſed.

Another impediment, not the leaſt vexatious to the commentator, is the exactneſs with which *Shakeſpeare* followed his authors. Inſtead of dilating his thoughts into generalities, and expreſſing incidents with poetical latitude, he often combines circumſtances unneceſſary to his main deſign, only becauſe he happened to find them together. Such paſſages can be illuſtrated only by him who has read the ſame ſtory in the very book which *Shakeſpeare* conſulted.

He that undertakes an edition of *Shakeſpeare*, has all theſe difficulties to encounter, and all theſe obſtructions to remove.

The corruptions of the text will be corrected by a careful collation of the oldeſt copies, by which it is hoped that many reſtorations may yet be made: at leaſt it will be neceſſary to collect and note the variation as materials for future criticks; for it very often happens that a wrong reading has affinity to the right.

In this part all the preſent editions are apparently and intentionally defective. The criticks did not ſo much as wiſh to facilitate the labour of thoſe that followed them. The ſame books are ſtill to be

compared,

compared; the work that has been done, is to be done again; and no ſingle edition will ſupply the reader with a text on which he can rely as the beſt copy of the works of *Shakeſpeare*.

The edition now propoſed will at leaſt have this advantage over others. It will exhibit all the obſervable varieties of all the copies that can be found; that, if the reader is not ſatisfied with the editor's determination, he may have the means of chooſing better for himſelf.

Where all the books are evidently vitiated, and collation can give no aſſiſtance, then begins the taſk of critical ſagacity: and ſome changes may well be admitted in a text never-ſettled by the author, and ſo long expoſed to caprice and ignorance. But nothing ſhall be impoſed, as in the *Oxford* edition, without notice of the alteration; nor ſhall conjecture be wantonly or unneceſſarily indulged.

It has been long found, that very ſpecious emendations do not equally ſtrike all minds with conviction, nor even the ſame mind at different times; and therefore, though perhaps many alterations may be propoſed as eligible, very few will be obtruded as certain. In a language ſo ungrammatical as the *Engliſh*, and ſo licentious as that of *Shakeſpeare*, emendatory criticiſm is always hazardous; nor can it be allowed to any man who is not particularly verſed in the writings of that age, and particularly ſtudious of his author's diction. There is danger leſt peculiarities ſhould be miſtaken for corruptions, and paſſages rejected as unintelligible, which a narrow mind happens not to underſtand.

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All the former critics have been ſo much employed on the correction of the text, that they have not ſufficiently attended to the elucidation of paſſages obſcured by accident or time. The editor will endeavour to read the books which the author read, to trace his knowledge to its ſource, and compare his copies with their originals. If in this part of his deſign he hopes to attain any degree of ſuperiority to his predeceſſors, it muſt be conſidered, that he has the advantage of their labours; that part of the work being already done, more care is naturally beſtowed on the other part; and that, to declare the truth, Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* were very ignorant of the ancient *Engliſh* literature; Dr. *Warburton* was detained by more important ſtudies; and Mr. *Theobald*, if fame be juſt to his memory, conſidered learning only as an inſtrument of gain, and made no further enquiry after his author's meaning, when once he had notes ſufficient to embelliſh his page with the expected decorations.

With regard to obſolete or peculiar diction, the editor may perhaps claim ſome degree of confidence, having had more motives to conſider the whole extent of our language than any other man from its firſt formation. He hopes that, by comparing the works of *Shakeſpeare* with thoſe of writers who lived at the ſame time, immediately preceded, or immediately followed him, he ſhall be able to aſcertain his ambiguities, diſentangle his intricacies, and recover the meaning of words now loſt in the darkneſs of antiquity.

When therefore any obſcurity ariſes from an allu*ſion* to ſome other book, the paſſage will be quoted.

ed. When the diction is entangled, it will be cleared by a paraphraſe or interpretation. When the ſenſe is broken by the ſuppreſſion of part of the ſentiment in pleaſantry or paſſion, the connexion will be ſupplied. When any forgotten cuſtom is hinted, care will be taken to retrieve and explain it. The meaning aſſigned to doubtful words will be ſupported by the authorities of other writers, or by parallel paſſages of *Shakeſpeare* himſelf.

The obſervation of faults and beauties is one of the duties of an annotator, which ſome of *Shakeſpeare*'s editors have attempted, and ſome have neglected. For this part of his taſk, and for this only, was Mr. *Pope* eminently and indiſputably qualified; nor has Dr. *Warburton* followed him with leſs diligence or leſs ſucceſs. But I have never obſerved that mankind was much delighted or improved by their aſteriſks, commas, or double commas; of which the only effect is, that they preclude the pleaſure of judging for ourſelves, teach the young and ignorant to decide without principles; defeat curioſity and diſcernment, by leaving them leſs to diſcover; and at laſt ſhew the opinion of the critick, without the reaſons on which it was founded, and without affording any light by which it may be examined.

The editor, though he may leſs delight his own vanity, will probably pleaſe his reader more, by ſuppoſing him equally able with himſelf to judge of beauties and faults, which require no previous acquiſition of remote knowledge. A deſcription of the obvious ſcenes of nature, a repreſentation of general life, a ſentiment of reflection or experience,

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a deduction of concluſive arguments, a forcible eruption of efferveſcent paſſion, are to be conſidered as proportionate to common apprehenſion, unaſſiſted by critical officiouſneſs; ſince, to convince them, nothing more is requiſite than acquaintance with the general ſtate of the world, and thoſe faculties which he muſt almoſt bring with him who would read *Shakeſpeare*.

But when the beauty ariſes from ſome adaptation of the ſentiment to cuſtoms worn out of uſe, to opinions not univerſally prevalent, or to any accidental or minute particularity, which cannot be ſupplied by common underſtanding, or common obſervation, it is the duty of a commentator to lend his aſſiſtance.

The notice of beauties and faults thus limited, will make no diſtinct part of the deſign, being reducible to the explanation of obſcure paſſages.

The editor does not however intend to preclude himſelf from the compariſon of *Shakeſpeare*'s ſentiments or expreſſion with thoſe of ancient or modern authors, or from the diſplay of any beauty not obvious to the ſtudents of poetry; for as he hopes to leave his author better underſtood, he wiſhes likewiſe to procure him more rational approbation.

The former editors have affected to ſlight their predeceſſors: but in this edition all that is valuable will be adopted from every commentator, that poſterity may conſider it as including all the reſt, and exhibiting whatever is hitherto known of the great father of the *Engliſh* drama.

PREFACE

TO

SHAKESPEARE.

Publiſhed in the Year 1768.

THAT praiſes are without reaſon laviſhed on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by thoſe, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the hereſies of paradox; or thoſe, who, being forced by diſappointment upon conſolatory expedients, are willing to hope from poſterity what the preſent age refuſes, and flatter themſelves that the regard, which is yet denied by envy, will be at laſt beſtowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reaſon, but from prejudice. Some ſeem to admire indiſcriminately whatever has been long preſerved, without conſidering that time has ſometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour

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paſt than preſent excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the ſhades of age, as the eye ſurveys the ſun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticiſm is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we eſtimate his powers by his worſt performance; and when he is dead, we rate them by his beſt.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not abſolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raiſed upon principles demonſtrative and ſcientifick, but appealing wholly to obſervation and experience, no other teſt can be applied than length of duration and continuance of eſteem. What mankind have long poſſeſſed they have often examined and compared; and if they perſiſt to value the poſſeſſion, it is becauſe frequent compariſons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers; ſo, in the productions of genius, nothing can be ſtyled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the ſame kind. Demonſtration immediately diſplays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental muſt be eſtimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is diſcovered in a long ſucceſſion of endeavours. Of the firſt building that was raiſed, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or ſquare; but whether it was ſpacious or lofty muſt have been referred to time. The *Pythagorean* ſcale of numbers

was at once diſcovered to be perfect; but the poems of *Homer* we yet know not to tranſcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than tranſpoſe his incidents, new-name his characters, and paraphraſe his ſentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long ſubſiſted ariſes therefore not from any credulous confidence in the ſuperior wiſdom of paſt ages, or gloomy perſuaſion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the conſequence of acknowledged and indubitable poſitions, that what has been longeſt known has been moſt conſidered, and what is moſt conſidered is beſt underſtood.

The poet, of whoſe works I have undertaken the reviſion, may now begin to aſſume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of eſtabliſhed fame and preſcriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the teſt of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from perſonal alluſions, local cuſtoms, or temporary opinions, have for many years been loſt; and every topick of merriment, or motive of ſorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obſcure the ſcenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendſhips and his enmities has periſhed; his works ſupport no opinion with arguments, nor ſupply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reaſon than the deſire of pleaſure, and are therefore praiſed only as

pleaſure is obtained; yet, thus unaſſiſted by intereſt or paſſion, they have paſt through variations of taſte and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every tranſmiſſion.

But becauſe human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or faſhion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence *Shakeſpeare* has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can pleaſe many, and pleaſe long, but juſt repreſentations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common ſatiety of life ſends us all in queſt; but the pleaſures of ſudden wonder are ſoon exhauſted, and the mind can only repoſe on the ſtability of truth.

Shakeſpeare is, above all writers, at leaſt above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the cuſtoms of particular places, unpractiſed by the reſt of the world; by the peculiarities of ſtudies or profeſſions, which can operate but upon ſmall numbers; or by the accidents of tranſient faſhions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, ſuch as the world will always ſupply, and obſervation will always find. His perſons act and ſpeak by the influence of thoſe general paſſions and

principles

principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole ſyſtem of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in thoſe of *Shakeſpeare* it is commonly a ſpecies.

It is from this wide extenſion of deſign that ſo much inſtruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of *Shakeſpeare* with practical axioms and domeſtick wiſdom. It was ſaid of *Euripides*, that every verſe was a precept; and it may be ſaid of *Shakeſpeare*, that from his works may be collected a ſyſtem of civil and œconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not ſhewn in the ſplendor of particular paſſages, but by the progreſs of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by ſelect quotations, will ſucceed like the pedant in *Hieracles*, who, when he offered his houſe to ſale, carried a brick in his pocket as a ſpecimen.

It will not eaſily be imagined how much *Shakeſpeare* excels in accommodating his ſentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was obſerved of the ancient ſchools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the ſtudent diſqualified for the world, becauſe he found nothing there which he ſhould ever meet in any other place. The ſame remark may be applied to every ſtage but that of *Shakeſpeare*. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by ſuch characters as were never ſeen, converſing in a language which was never heard, upon topicks which will never ariſe in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often ſo evidently determined by the incident which

produces it, and is purſued with ſo much eaſe and ſimplicity, that it ſeems ſcarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent ſelection out of common converſation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other ſtage the univerſal agent is love, by whoſe power all good and evil is diſtributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppoſitions of intereſt, and haraſs them with violence of deſires inconſiſtent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous ſorrow; to diſtreſs them as nothing human ever was diſtreſſed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered; is the buſineſs of a modern dramatiſt. For this, probability is violated, life is miſrepreſented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many paſſions; and as it has no great influence upon the ſum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he ſaw before him. He knew that any other paſſion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cauſe of happineſs or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not eaſily diſcriminated and preſerved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his perſonages more diſtinct from each other. I will not ſay with *Pope*, that every ſpeech may be aſſigned to the proper ſpeaker, becauſe many ſpeeches there are which have nothing characteriſtical; but, perhaps, though ſome may be

equally

equally adapted to every perſon, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the preſent poſſeſſor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reaſon for choice.

Other dramatiſts can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that ſhould form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. *Shakeſpeare* has no heroes; his ſcenes are occupied only by men, who act and ſpeak as the reader thinks that he ſhould himſelf have ſpoken or acted on the ſame occaſion: even where the agency is ſuppernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers diſguiſe the moſt natural paſſions and moſt frequent incidents; ſo that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: *Shakeſpeare* approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he repreſents will not happen, but, if it were poſſible, its effects would probably be ſuch as he has aſſigned; and it may be ſaid, that he has not only ſhewn human nature as it acts in real exigences, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be expoſed.

This therefore is the praiſe of *Shakeſpeare*, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raiſe up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecſtaſies, by reading human ſentiments in human language, by ſcenes from which a hermit may eſtimate the tranſactions of the

world, and a confeſſor predict the progreſs of the paſſions.

His adherence to general nature has expoſed him to the cenſure of criticks, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. *Dennis* and *Rymer* think his *Romans* not ſufficiently *Roman*; and *Voltaire* cenſures his kings as not completely royal. *Dennis* is offended, that *Menenius*, a ſenator of *Rome*, ſhould play the buffoon; and *Voltaire* perhaps thinks decency violated when the *Daniſh* uſurper is repreſented as a drunkard. But *Shakeſpeare* always makes nature predominate over accident; and, if he preſerves the eſſential character, is not very careful of diſtinctions ſuperinduced and adventitious. His ſtory requires *Romans* or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that *Rome*, like every other city, had men of all diſpoſitions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the ſenate-houſe for that which the ſenate-houſe would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to ſhew an uſurper and a murderer not only odious, but deſpicable; he therefore added drunkenneſs to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. Theſe are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the caſual diſtinction of country and condition, as a painter, ſatisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The cenſure which he has incurred by mixing comick and tragick ſcenes, as it extends to all his works, deſerves more conſideration. Let the fact be firſt ſtated, and then examined.

Shakeſpeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical ſenſe either tragedies or comedies, but compoſitions

ſtions of a diſtinct kind; exhibiting the real ſtate of ſublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and ſorrow, mingled with endleſs variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expreſſing the courſe of the world, in which the loſs of one is the gain of another; in which, at the ſame time, the reveller is haſting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is ſometimes defeated by the frolick of another; and many miſchiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without deſign.

Out of this chaos of mingled purpoſes and caſualties the ancient poets, according to the laws which cuſtom had preſcribed, ſelected ſome the crimes of men, and ſome their abſurdities; ſome the momentous viciſſitudes of life, and ſome the lighter occurrences; ſome the terrors of diſtreſs, and ſome the gaieties of proſperity. Thus roſe the two modes of imitation, known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*, compoſitions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and conſidered as ſo little allied, that I do not recollect among the *Greeks* or *Romans* a ſingle writer who attempted both.

Shakeſpeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and ſorrow not only in one mind, but in one compoſition. Almoſt all his plays are divided between ſerious and ludicrous characters, and, in the ſucceſſive evolutions of the deſign, ſometimes produce ſerioufneſs and ſorrow, and ſometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticiſm will be readily allowed but there is always

an appeal open from criticiſm to nature. The end of writing is to inſtruct; the end of poetry is to inſtruct by pleaſing. That the mingled drama may convey all the inſtruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, becauſe it includes both in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by ſhewing how great machinations and ſlender deſigns may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low cooperate in the general ſyſtem by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of ſcenes the paſſions are interrupted in their progreſſion, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at laſt the power to move, which conſtitutes the perfection of dramatick poetry. This reaſoning is ſo ſpecious, that it is received as true even by thoſe who in daily experience feel it to be falſe. The interchanges of mingled ſcenes ſeldom fail to produce the intended viciſſitudes of paſſion. Fiction cannot move ſo much, but that the attention may be eaſily tranſferred; and though it muſt be allowed that pleaſing melancholy be ſometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be conſidered likewiſe, that melancholy is often not pleaſing, and that the diſturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habitudes; and that, upon the whole, all pleaſure conſiſts in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, hiſtories, and tragedies, ſeem not to have diſtinguiſhed the three kinds by any very exact or definite ideas.

An

An action which ended happily to the principal perſons, however ſerious or diſtreſsful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion conſtituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongſt us; and plays were written, which, by changing the cataſtrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in thoſe times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous concluſion, with which the common criticiſm of that age was ſatisfied, whatever lighter pleaſure it afforded in its progreſs.

Hiſtory was a ſeries of actions, with no other than chronological ſucceſſion, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the concluſion. It is not always very nicely diſtinguiſhed from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, than in the hiſtory of *Richard the Second*. But a hiſtory might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all theſe denominations of the drama, *Shakeſpeare*'s mode of compoſition is the ſame; an interchange of ſerioufneſs and merriment, by which the mind is ſoftened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpoſe, whether to gladden or depreſs, or to conduct the ſtory, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of eaſy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpoſe; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or ſit ſilent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When

When *Shakeſpeare*'s plan is underſtood, moſt of the criticiſms of *Rymer* and *Voltaire* vaniſh away. The play of *Hamlet* is opened, without impropriety, by two centinels; *Iago* bellows at *Brabantio*'s window, without injury to the ſcheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not eaſily endure; the character of *Polonius* is ſeaſonable and uſeful; and the grave-diggers themſelves may be heard with applauſe.

Shakeſpeare engaged in dramatick poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the publick judgment was unformed; he had no example of ſuch fame as might force him upon imitation, nor criticks of ſuch authority as might reſtrain his extravagance: he therefore indulged his natural diſpoſition; and his diſpoſition, as *Rymer* has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes, with great appearance of toil and ſtudy, what is written at laſt with little felicity; but, in his comick ſcenes, he ſeems to produce, without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always ſtruggling after ſome occaſion to be comick; but in comedy he ſeems to repoſe, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragick ſcenes there is always ſomething wanting, but his comedy often ſurpaſſes expectation or deſire. His comedy pleaſes by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy ſeems to be ſkill, his comedy to be inſtinct.

The force of his comick ſcenes has ſuffered little diminution, from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his perſonages

act upon principles ariſing from genuine paſſion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleaſures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable: the adventitious peculiarities of perſonal habits are only ſuperficial dyes, bright and pleaſing for a little while, yet ſoon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former luſtre; but the diſcriminations of true paſſion are the colours of nature: they pervade the whole maſs, and can only periſh with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compoſitions of heterogeneous modes are diſſolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform ſimplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increaſe, nor ſuffers decay. The ſand heaped by one flood is ſcattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The ſtream of time, which is continually waſhing the diſſoluble fabricks of other poets, paſſes without injury by the adamant of *Shakeſpeare*.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a ſtyle which never becomes obſolete, a certain mode of phraſeology ſo conſonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its reſpective language, as to remain ſettled and unaltered; this ſtyle is probably to be ſought in the common intercourſe of life, among thoſe who ſpeak only to be underſtood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modiſh innovations, and the learned depart from eſtabliſhed forms of ſpeech, in hope of finding or making better; thoſe who wiſh for diſtinction forſake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a converſation above groſſneſs, and below

refine-

refinement, where propriety reſides, and where this poet ſeems to have gathered his comick dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the preſent age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellences deſerves to be ſtudied as one of the original maſters of our language.

Theſe obſervations are to be conſidered not as unexceptionably conſtant, but as containing general and predominant truth. *Shakeſpeare*'s familiar dialogue is affirmed to be ſmooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedneſs or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has ſpots unfit for cultivation: his characters are praiſed as natural, though their ſentiments are ſometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is ſpherical, though its ſurface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shakeſpeare with his excellencies has likewiſe faults, and faults ſufficient to obſcure and overwhelm any other merit. I ſhall ſhew them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or ſuperſtitious veneration. No queſtion can be more innocently diſcuſſed than a dead poet's pretenſions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which ſets candour higher than truth.

His firſt defect is that to which may be imputed moſt of the evil in books or in men. He ſacrifices virtue to convenience, and is ſo much more careful to pleaſe than to inſtruct, that he ſeems to write without any moral purpoſe. From his writings indeed a ſyſtem of ſocial duty may be ſelected, for he that thinks reaſonably muſt think morally; but his

precepts

precepts and axioms drop caſually from him; he makes no juſt diſtribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to ſhew in the virtuous a diſapprobation of the wicked; he carries his perſons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the cloſe diſmiſſes them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and juſtice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often ſo looſely formed, that a very ſlight conſideration may improve them, and ſo careleſsly purſued, that he ſeems not always fully to comprehend his own deſign. He omits opportunities of inſtructing or delighting, which the train of his ſtory ſeems to force upon him, and apparently rejects thoſe exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the ſake of thoſe which are more eaſy.

It may be obſerved, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himſelf near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he ſhortened the labour to ſnatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he ſhould moſt vigorouſly exert them, and his cataſtrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly repreſented.

He had no regard to diſtinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without ſcruple, the cuſtoms, inſtitutions, and opinions of another, at the expence not only of likelihood, but of poſſibility. Theſe faults *Pope* has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find *Hector* quoting *Ariſtotle*, when we ſee the loves of *Theſeus* and

and *Hippolyta* combined with the [illegible]k mythology of fairies. *Shakeſpeare*, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the ſame age *Sidney*, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the paſtoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet, and ſecurity, with thoſe of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comick ſcenes he is ſeldom very ſucceſsful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of ſmartneſs and conteſts of ſarcaſm; their jeſts are commonly groſs, and their pleaſantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he repreſented the real converſation of his time is not eaſy to determine: the reign of *Elizabeth* is commonly ſuppoſed to have been a time of ſtatelineſs, formality, and reſerve; yet perhaps the relaxations of that ſeverity were not very elegant. There muſt, however, have been always ſome modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to chuſe the beſt.

In tragedy his performance ſeems conſtantly to be worſe, as his labour is more. The effuſions of paſſion, which exigence forces out, are for the moſt part ſtriking and energetick; but whenever he ſolicits his invention, or ſtrains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanneſs, tedioufneſs, and obſcurity.

In narration he affects a diſproportionate pomp of diction, and a weariſome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words,

which

which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatick poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obſtructs the progreſs of the action; it ſhould therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. *Shakeſpeare* found it an incumbrance, and inſtead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and ſplendor.

His declamations or ſet ſpeeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragick writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and, inſtead of inquiring what the occaſion demanded, to ſhew how much his ſtores of knowledge could ſupply, he ſeldom eſcapes without the pity or reſentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy ſentiment, which he cannot well expreſs, and will not reject; he ſtruggles with it a while, and, if it continues ſtubborn, compriſes it in words ſuch as occur, and leaves it to be diſentangled and evolved by thoſe who have more leiſure to beſtow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is ſubtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial ſentiments and vulgar ideas diſappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by ſonorous epithets and ſwelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have moſt reaſon to complain when he approaches neareſt to his higheſt excellence, and ſeems fully reſolved to ſink

them

them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatneſs, the danger of innocence, or the croſſes of love. What he does beſt, he ſoon ceaſes to do. He is not ſoft and pathetick without ſome idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no ſooner begins to move, than he counteracts himſelf; and terror and pity, as they are riſing in the mind, are checked and blaſted by ſudden frigidity.

A quibble is to *Shakeſpeare*, what luminous vapours are to the traveller: he follows it at all adventures; it is ſure to lead him out of his way, and ſure to engulf him in the mire. It has ſome malignant power over his mind, and its faſcinations are irreſiſtible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his diſquiſition, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be amuſing attention with incidents, or enchaining it in ſuſpenſe, let but a quibble ſpring up before him, and he leaves his work unfiniſhed. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aſide from his career, or ſtoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him ſuch delight, that he was content to purchaſe it, by the ſacrifice of reaſon, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal *Cleopatra* for which he loſt the world, and was content to loſe it.

It will be thought ſtrange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of thoſe laws which have been inſtituted and eſtabliſhed by the joint authority of poets and criticks.

For

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I reſign him to critical juſtice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which muſt be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: but, from the cenſure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I ſhall, with due reverence to that learning which I muſt oppoſe, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His hiſtories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not ſubject to any of their laws; nothing more is neceſſary to all the praiſe which they expect, than that the changes of action be ſo prepared as to be underſtood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters conſiſtent, natural, and diſtinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be ſought.

In his other works he has well enough preſerved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his deſign only to diſcover it, for this is ſeldom the order of real events, and *Shakeſpeare* is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly, what *Ariſtotle* requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the concluſion follows by eaſy conſequence. There are perhaps ſome incidents that might be ſpared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the ſtage; but the general ſyſtem makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has ſhewn no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles

on which they ſtand will diminiſh their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of *Corneille*, they have very generally received, by diſcovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleaſure to the auditor.

The neceſſity of obſerving the unities of time and place ariſes from the ſuppoſed neceſſity of making the drama credible. The criticks hold it impoſſible, that an action of months or years can be poſſibly believed to paſs in three hours; or that the ſpectator can ſuppoſe himſelf to ſit in the theatre, while ambaſſadors go and return between diſtant kings, while armies are levied and towns beſieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they ſaw courting his miſtreſs, ſhall lament the untimely fall of his ſon. The mind revolts from evident falſehood, and fiction loſes its force when it departs from the reſemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time neceſſarily ariſes the contraction of place. The ſpectator, who knows that he ſaw the firſt act at *Alexandria*, cannot ſuppoſe that he ſees the next at *Rome*, at a diſtance to which not the dragons of *Medea* could, in ſo ſhort a time, have tranſported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itſelf; that what was a houſe cannot become a plain; that what was *Thebes* can never be *Perſepolis*.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critick exults over the miſery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without reſiſtance or reply. It is time, therefore, to tell him by the authority of *Shakeſpeare*, that he aſſumes, as an unqueſtionable principle,

principle, a poſition, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his underſtanding pronounces to be falſe. It is falſe, that any repreſentation is miſtaken for reality; that any dramatick fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a ſingle moment, was ever credited.

The objection ariſing from the impoſſibility of paſſing the firſt hour at *Alexandria*, and the next at *Rome*, ſuppoſes, that when the play opens, the ſpectator really imagines himſelf at *Alexandria*, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to *Egypt*, and that he lives in the days of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the ſtage at one time for the palace of the *Ptolemies*, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of *Actium*. Deluſion, if deluſion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the ſpectator can be once perſuaded, that his old acquaintance are *Alexander* and *Cæſar*, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of *Pharſalia*, or the bank of *Granicus*, he is in a ſtate of elevation above the reach of reaſon, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may deſpiſe the circumſcriptions of terreſtrial nature. There is no reaſon why a mind thus wandering in ecſtacy ſhould count the clock, or why an hour ſhould not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the ſtage a field.

The truth is, that the ſpectators are always in their ſenſes, and know, from the firſt act to the laſt, that the ſtage is only a ſtage, and that the players are only players. They came to hear a certain number of lines recited with juſt geſture and elegant

modulation. The lines relate to ſome action, and an action muſt be in ſome place; but the different actions that complete a ſtory may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the abſurdity of allowing that ſpace to repreſent firſt *Athens*, and then *Sicily*, which was always known to be neither *Sicily* nor *Athens*, but a moderate theatre.

By ſuppoſition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapſes for the moſt part between the acts; for, of ſo much of the action as is repreſented, the real and poetical duration is the ſame. If, in the firſt act, preparations for war againſt *Mithridates* are repreſented to be made in *Rome*, the event of the war may, without abſurdity, be repreſented, in the cataſtrophe, as happening in *Pontus*; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in *Rome* nor *Pontus*; that neither *Mithridates* nor *Lucullus* are before us. The drama exhibits ſucceſſive imitations of ſucceſſive actions; and why may not the ſecond imitation repreſent an action that happened years after the firſt, if it be ſo connected with it, that nothing but time can be ſuppoſed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of exiſtence, moſt obſequious to the imagination; a lapſe of years is as eaſily conceived as a paſſage of hours. In contemplation we eaſily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only ſee their imitation.

It will be aſked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a juſt picture of a real original; as repreſenting to the au-

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ditor what he would himſelf feel, if he were to do or ſuffer what is there feigned to be ſuffered or to be done. The reflection that ſtrikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourſelves may be expoſed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourſelves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the poſſibility than ſuppoſe the preſence of miſery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when ſhe remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our conſciouſneſs of fiction; if we thought murders and treaſons real, they would pleaſe no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleaſure, not becauſe they are miſtaken for realities, but becauſe they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landſcape, the trees are not ſuppoſed capable to give us ſhade, or the fountains coolneſs; but we conſider how we ſhould be pleaſed with ſuch fountains playing beſide us, and ſuch woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the hiſtory of *Henry the Fifth*, yet no man takes his book for the field of *Agincourt*. A dramatick exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increaſe or diminiſh its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always leſs. The humour of *Petruchio* may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what geſture can hope to add dignity or force to the ſoliloquy of *Cato?*

A play read affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not ſuppoſed to be real; and it follows, that between the

acts a longer or ſhorter time may be allowed to paſs, and that no more account of ſpace or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may paſs in an hour the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether *Shakeſpeare* knew the unities, and rejected them by deſign, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impoſſible to decide, and uſeleſs to enquire. We may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that, when he roſe to notice, he did not want the counſels and admonitions of ſcholars and criticks, and that he at laſt deliberately perſiſted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is eſſential to the fable but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place ariſe evidently from falſe aſſumptions, and, by circumſcribing the extent of the drama, leſſen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not obſerved: nor, if ſuch another poet could ariſe, ſhould I very vehemently reproach him, that his firſt act paſſed at *Venice*, and his next in *Cyprus*. Such violations of rules merely poſitive become the comprehenſive genius of *Shakeſpeare*, and ſuch cenſures are ſuitable to the minute and ſlender criticiſm of *Voltaire*:

Non uſque adeo permiſcuit imis
Longus ſumma dies, ut non, ſi voce Metelli
Servantur leges, malint a Cæſare tolli.

Yet when I ſpeak thus ſlightly of dramatick rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced againſt me; before ſuch authorities

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I am afraid to ſtand, not that I think the preſent queſtion one of thoſe that are to be decided by mere authority, but becauſe it is to be ſuſpected, that theſe precepts have not been ſo eaſily received, but for better reaſons than I have yet been able to find. The reſult of my enquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boaſt of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not eſſential to a juſt drama, that though they may ſometimes conduce to pleaſure, they are always to be ſacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and inſtruction; and that a play written with nice obſervation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curioſity, as the product of ſuperfluous and oſtentatious art, by which is ſhewn, rather what is poſſible, than what is neceſſary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, ſhall preſerve all the unities unbroken, deſerves the like applauſe with the architect, who ſhall diſplay all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its ſtrength: but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greateſt graces of a play are to copy nature, and inſtruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recall the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almoſt frighted at my own temerity; and when I eſtimate the fame and the ſtrength of thoſe that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to ſink down in reverential ſilence; as *Æneas* withdrew from the defence of *Troy*, when he ſaw *Neptune* ſhaking the wall, and *Juno* heading the beſiegers.

Thoſe whom my arguments cannot perſuade to give their approbation to the judgment of *Shakeſpeare*, will eaſily, if they conſider the condition of his life, make ſome allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly eſtimated, muſt be compared with the ſtate of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to a reader a book be not worſe or better for the circumſtances of the author, yet as there is always a ſilent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the enquiry, how far man may extend his deſigns, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we ſhall place any particular performance, curioſity is always buſy to diſcover the inſtruments, as well as to ſurvey the workmanſhip, to know how much is to be aſcribed to original powers, and how much to caſual and adventitious help. The palaces of *Peru* or *Mexico* were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houſes of *European* monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with aſtoniſhment, who remembered that they were built without the uſe of iron?

The *Engliſh* nation, in the time of *Shakeſpeare*, was yet ſtruggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of *Italy* had been tranſplanted hither in the reign of *Henry the Eighth*; and the learned languages had been ſucceſsfully cultivated by *Lilly*, *Linacre*, and *More*; by *Pole*, *Cheke*, and *Gardiner*; and afterwards by *Smith*, *Clerk*, *Haddon*, and *Aſcham*. *Greek* was now taught to boys in the principal ſchools; and thoſe who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the *Italian* and

Spaniſh

Spaniſh poets. But literature was yet confined to profeſſed ſcholars, or to men and women of high rank. The publick was groſs and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an accompliſhment ſtill valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curioſity, being yet unacquainted with the true ſtate of things, knows not how to judge of that which is propoſed as its reſemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childiſh credulity; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The ſtudy of thoſe who then aſpired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. *The Death of Arthur* was the favourite volume.

The mind, which has feaſted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taſte of the inſipidity of truth. A play, which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of *Palmerin* and *Guy of Warwick*, have made little impreſſion; he that wrote for ſuch an audience was under the neceſſity of looking round for ſtrange events and fabulous tranſactions; and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings, to unſkilful curioſity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that he choſe the moſt popular, ſuch as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the

drama,

drama, had they not held the thread of the ſtory in their hands.

The ſtories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time acceſſible and familiar. The fable of *As you like it*, which is ſuppoſed to be copied from *Chaucer's Gamelyn*, was a little pamphlet of thoſe times; and old Mr. *Cibber* remembered the tale of *Hamlet* in plain *Engliſh* proſe, which the criticks have now to ſeek in *Saxo Grammaticus*.

His *Engliſh* hiſtories he took from *Engliſh* chronicles and *Engliſh* ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by verſions, they ſupplied him with new ſubjects; he dilated ſome of *Plutarch*'s lives into plays, when they had been tranſlated by *North*.

His plots, whether hiſtorical or fabulous, are always crowded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more eaſily caught than by ſentiment or argumentation; and ſuch is the power of the marvellous, even over thoſe who deſpiſe it, that every man finds his mind more ſtrongly ſeized by the tragedies of *Shakeſpeare* than of any other writer: others pleaſe us by particular ſpeeches; but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but *Homer* in ſecuring the firſt purpoſe of a writer, by exciting reſtleſs and unquenchable curioſity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The ſhows and buſtle with which his plays abound have the ſame original. As knowledge advances, pleaſure paſſes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Thoſe to whom our author's labours were exhibited had more

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ſkill in pomps or proceſſions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted ſome viſible and diſcriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he ſhould moſt pleaſe; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we ſtill find that on our ſtage ſomething muſt be done as well as ſaid, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however muſical or elegant, paſſionate or ſublime.

Voltaire expreſſes his wonder, that our author's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has ſeen the tragedy of *Cato*. Let him be anſwered, that *Addiſon* ſpeaks the language of poets; and *Shakeſpeare*, of men. We find in *Cato* innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we ſee nothing that acquaints us with human ſentiments or human actions; we place it with the faireſt and the nobleſt progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but *Othello* is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of obſervation impregnated by genius. *Cato* affords a ſplendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers juſt and noble ſentiments, in diction eaſy, elevated, and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the compoſition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of *Cato*, but we think on *Addiſon*.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with ſhades, and ſcented with flowers; the compoſition of *Shakeſpeare* is a foreſt, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interſperſed ſometimes with weeds and brambles, and

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ſometimes giving ſhelter to myrtles and to roſes; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endleſs diverſity. Other poets diſplay cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finiſhed, wrought into ſhape, and poliſhed into brightneſs. *Shakeſpeare* opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in unexhauſtible plenty, though clouded by incruſtations, debaſed by impurities, and mingled with a maſs of meaner minerals.

It has been much diſputed, whether *Shakeſpeare* owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of ſcholaſtick education, the precepts of critical ſcience, and the examples of ancient authors.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that *Shakeſpeare* wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much ſkill in the dead languages. Jonſon, his friend, affirms, that *he had ſmall Latin, and leſs Greek*; who, beſides that he had no imaginable temptation to falſehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquiſitions of *Shakeſpeare* were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controverſy, unleſs ſome teſtimony of equal force could be oppoſed.

Some have imagined, that they have diſcovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged were drawn from books tranſlated in his time; or were ſuch eaſy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who conſider the ſame ſubjects; or ſuch remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in converſation, and are tranſmitted through the world in proverbial ſentences.

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I have found it remarked, that, in this important ſentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a tranſlation of, *I præ, ſequar*. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleaſing dream, ſays, *I cry'd to ſleep again*, the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the ſame wiſh on the ſame occaſion.

There are a few paſſages which may paſs for imitations, but ſo few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication, and as he uſed what he had, would have uſed more if he had obtained it.

The *Comedy of Errors* is confeſſedly taken from the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*; from the only play of *Plautus* which was then in *Engliſh*. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that would have copied more; but that thoſe which were not tranſlated were inacceſſible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have ſome *French* ſcenes proves but little; he might eaſily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without aſſiſtance. In the ſtory of *Romeo* and *Juliet* he is obſerved to have followed the *Engliſh* tranſlation, where it deviates from the *Italian*; but this on the other part proves nothing againſt his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himſelf, but what was known to his audience.

It is moſt likely that he had learned Latin ſufficiently to make him acquainted with conſtruction,

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but that he never advanced to an eaſy peruſal of the *Roman* authors. Concerning his ſkill in modern languages, I can find no ſufficient ground of determination; but as no imitations of *French* or *Italian* authors have been diſcovered, though the *Italian* poetry was then high in eſteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than *Engliſh*, and choſe for his fables only ſuch tales as he found tranſlated.

That much knowledge is ſcattered over his works is very juſtly obſerved by *Pope*; but it is often ſuch knowledge as books did not ſupply. He that will underſtand *Shakeſpeare*, muſt not be content to ſtudy him in the cloſet, he muſt look for his meaning ſometimes among the ſports of the field, and ſometimes among the manufactures of the ſhop.

There is, however, proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then ſo indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curioſity without excurſion into foreign literature. Many of the *Roman* authors were tranſlated, and ſome of the *Greek*; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; moſt of the topicks of human diſquiſition had found *Engliſh* writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but ſucceſs. This was a ſtock of knowledge ſufficient for a mind ſo capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the *Engliſh* ſtage in a ſtate of the utmoſt rudeneſs; no eſſays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be diſcovered to what degree of delight either

one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet underſtood. *Shakeſpeare* may be truly ſaid to have introduced them both amongſt us, and in ſome of his happier ſcenes to have carried them both to the utmoſt height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not eaſily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unſettled. *Rowe* is of opinion, that *perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like thoſe of other writers, in his leaſt perfect works; art had ſo little, and nature ſo large a ſhare in what he did, that for aught I know*, ſays he, *the performances of his youth, as they were the moſt vigorous, were the beſt.* But the power of nature is only the power of uſing to any certain purpoſe the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity ſupplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and, when images are collected by ſtudy and experience, can only aſſiſt in combining or applying them. *Shakeſpeare*, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he muſt increaſe his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquiſition, he, like them, grew wiſer as he grew older, could diſplay life better, as he knew it more, and inſtruct with more efficacy, as he was himſelf more amply inſtructed.

There is a vigilance of obſervation and accuracy of diſtinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almoſt all original and native excellence proceeds. *Shakeſpeare* muſt have looked upon mankind with perſpicacity, in the higheſt degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diverſify them only

only by the accidental appendages of preſent manners; the dreſs is a little varied, but the body is the ſame. Our author had both matter and form to provide; for, except the characters of *Chaucer*, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in *Engliſh*, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which ſhewed life in its native colours.

The conteſt about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyſe the mind, to trace the paſſions to their ſources, to unfold the ſeminal principles of vice and virtue, or ſound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All thoſe enquiries, which from that time that human nature became the faſhionable ſtudy, have been made ſometimes with nice diſcernment, but often with idle ſubtilty were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was ſatisfied, exhibited only the ſuperficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the cauſes, and were formed for ſuch as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be ſtudied in the cloſet; he that would know the world, was under the neceſſity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its buſineſs and amuſements.

Boyle congratulated himſelf upon his high birth, becauſe it favoured his curioſity, by facilitating his acceſs. *Shakeſpeare* had no ſuch advantage; he came to *London* a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of *genius* and learning have been performed in ſtates

of

of life that appear very little favourable to thought or to enquiry; ſo many, that he who conſiders them is inclined to think that he ſees enterprize and perſeverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vaniſh before them. The genius of *Shakeſpeare* was not to be depreſſed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow converſation to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the incumbrances of his fortune were ſhaken from his mind, *as dew drops from a lion's mane.*

Though he had ſo many difficulties to encounter, and ſo little aſſiſtance to ſurmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many caſts of native diſpoſitions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice diſtinctions; and to ſhew them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has been himſelf imitated by all ſucceeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from all his ſucceſſors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact ſurveyor of the inanimate world; his deſcriptions have always ſome peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exiſt. It may be obſerved, that the oldeſt poets of many nations preſerve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a ſhort celebrity, ſink into oblivion. The firſt, whoever they be, muſt take their ſentiments and deſcriptions

immediately from knowledge; the [illegible]iblance is therefore juſt, their deſcriptions are verified by every eye, and their ſentiments acknowledged by every breaſt. Thoſe whom their fame invites to the ſame ſtudies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain ſuch authority, as to ſtand in the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at laſt capricious and caſual. *Shakeſpeare*, whether life or nature be his ſubject, ſhews plainly, that he has ſeen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or diſtorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his repreſentations to be juſt, and the learned ſee that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be eaſy to find any author, except *Homer*, who invented ſo much as *Shakeſpeare*, who ſo much advanced the ſtudies which he cultivated, or effuſed ſo much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the ſhows of the *Engliſh* drama are his. *He ſeems*, ſays Dennis, *to have been the very original of our* Engliſh *tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verſe, diverſified often by diſſyllable and triſſyllable terminations. For the diverſity diſtinguiſhes it from heroick harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common uſe makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verſe we make when we are writing proſe; we make ſuch verſe in common converſation.*

I know not whether this praiſe is rigorouſly juſt. The diſſyllable termination, which the critick rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though,

though, I think, not in *Gorboduc*, which is confeſſedly before our author; yet in *Hieronymo* *, of which the date is not certain, but which there is reaſon to believe at leaſt as old as his earlieſt plays. This however is certain, that he is the firſt who taught either tragedy or comedy to pleaſe, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are ſought becauſe they are ſcarce, and would not have been ſcarce, had they been much eſteemed.

To him we muſt aſcribe the praiſe, unleſs *Spenſer* may divide it with him, of having firſt diſcovered to how much ſmoothneſs and harmony the *Engliſh* language could be ſoftened. He has ſpeeches, perhaps ſometimes ſcenes, which have all the delicacy of *Rowe*, without his effeminacy. He endeavours indeed commonly to ſtrike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpoſe better, than when he tries to ſooth by ſoftneſs.

Yet it muſt be at laſt confeſſed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes ſomething to us; that, if much of his praiſe is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewiſe given by cuſtom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we ſhould in another loath or deſpiſe. If we endured without praiſing, reſpect for the father of our drama might excuſe us; but I have ſeen, in the book of ſome modern critick, a collection of anomalies, which ſhew that he has corrupted language

* It appears, from the induction of Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, to have been acted before the year 1590. STEEVENS.

by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has ſcenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence; but perhaps not one play, which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the concluſion. I am indeed far from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were ſuch as would ſatisfy the audience, they ſatisfied the writer. It is ſeldom that authors, though more ſtudious of fame than *Shakeſpeare*, riſe much above the ſtandard of their own age; to add a little to what is beſt will always be ſufficient for preſent praiſe, and thoſe who find themſelves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiaſts, and to ſpare the labour of contending with themſelves.

It does not appear, that *Shakeſpeare* thought his works worthy of poſterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further proſpect, than of preſent popularity and preſent profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he ſolicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no ſcruple to repeat the ſame jeſts in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the ſame knot of perplexity, which may be at leaſt forgiven him, by thoſe who recollect, that of *Congreve*'s four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a maſk, by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careleſs was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to eaſe and plenty, while he was yet little *declined into the vale of years*, before

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he could be diſguſted with fatigue, or diſabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor deſired to reſcue thoſe that had been already publiſhed from the depravations that obſcured them, or ſecure to the reſt a better deſtiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine ſtate.

Of the plays which bear the name of *Shakeſpeare* in the late editions, the greater part were not publiſhed till about ſeven years after his death; and the few which appeared in his life are apparently thruſt into the world without the care of the author, and therefore probably without his knowledge.

Of all the publiſhers, clandeſtine or profeſſed, the negligence and unſkilfulneſs has by the late reviſers been ſufficiently ſhewn. The faults of all are indeed numerous and groſs, and have not only corrupted many paſſages perhaps beyond recovery, but have brought others into ſuſpicion, which are only obſcured by obſolete phraſeology, or by the writer's unſkilfulneſs and affectation. To alter is more eaſy than to explain, and temerity is a more common quality than diligence. Thoſe who ſaw that they muſt employ conjecture to a certain degree, were willing to indulge it a little further. Had the author publiſhed his own works, we ſhould have ſat quietly down to diſentangle his intricacies, and clear his obſcurities; but now we tear what we cannot looſe, and eject what we happen not to underſtand.

The faults are more than could have happened without the concurrence of many cauſes. The ſtyle of *Shakeſpeare* was in itſelf ungrammatical, perplexed, and obſcure; his works were tranſcribed for

the players by thoſe who may be ſuppoſed to have ſeldom underſtood them; they were tranſmitted by copiers equally unſkilful, who ſtill multiplied errors; they were perhaps ſometimes mutilated by the actors, for the ſake of ſhortening the ſpeeches; and were at laſt printed without correction of the preſs.

In this ſtate they remained, not as Dr. *Warburton* ſuppoſes, becauſe they were unregarded, but becauſe the editor's art was not yet applied to modern languages, and our anceſtors were accuſtomed to ſo much negligence of *Engliſh* printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At laſt an edition was undertaken by *Rowe*; not becauſe a poet was to be publiſhed by a poet, for *Rowe* ſeems to have thought very little on correction or explanation; but that our author's works might appear like thoſe of his fraternity, with the appendages of a life and recommendatory preface. *Rowe* has been clamorouſly blamed for not performing what he did not undertake; and it is time that juſtice be done him, by confeſſing, that though he ſeems to have had no thought of corruption beyond the printer's errors, yet he has made many emendations, if they were not made before, which his ſucceſſors have received without acknowledgment, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled pages and pages with cenſures of the ſtupidity by which the faults were committed, with diſplays of the abſurdities which they involved, with oſtentatious expoſitions of the new reading, and ſelf-congratulations on the happineſs of diſcovering.

As

As of the other editors I have preſerved the prefaces, I have likewiſe borrowed the author's life from *Rowe*, though not written with much elegance or ſpirit; it relates however what is now to be known, and therefore deſerves to paſs through all ſucceeding publications.

The nation had been for many years content enough with Mr. *Rowe*'s performance, when Mr. *Pope* made them acquainted with the true ſtate of *Shakeſpeare*'s text, ſhewed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave reaſon to hope that there were means of reforming it. He collated the old copies, which none had thought to examine before, and reſtored many lines to their integrity; but, by a very compendious criticiſm, he rejected whatever he diſliked, and thought more of amputation than of cure.

I know not why he is commended by Dr. *Warburton* for diſtinguiſhing the genuine from the ſpurious plays. In this choice he exerted no judgment of his own; the plays which he received, were given by *Hemings* and *Condel*, the firſt editors; and thoſe which he rejected, though, according to the licentiouſneſs of the preſs in thoſe times, they were printed during *Shakeſpeare*'s life, with his name, had been omitted by his friends, and were never added to his works before the edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later printers.

This is a work which *Pope* ſeems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to ſuppreſs his contempt of *the dull duty of an editor*. He underſtood but half his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious taſks, is very neceſſary; but an emendatory critick would

ill diſcharge his duty, without qualities very different from dulneſs. In peruſing a corrupted piece, he muſt have before him all poſſibilities of meaning, with all poſſibilities of expreſſion. Such muſt be his comprehenſion of thought, and ſuch his copiouſneſs of language. Out of many readings poſſible, he muſt be able to ſelect that which beſt ſuits with the ſtate, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular caſt of thought, and turn of expreſſion. Such muſt be his knowledge, and ſuch his taſte. Conjectural criticiſm demands more than humanity poſſeſſes, and he that exerciſes it with moſt praiſe, has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.

Confidence is the common conſequence of ſucceſs. They whoſe excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude, that their powers are univerſal. *Pope*'s edition fell below his own expectations, and he was ſo much offended when he was found to have left any thing for others to do, that he paſſed the latter part of his life in a ſtate of hoſtility with verbal criticiſm.

I have retained all his notes, that no fragment of ſo great a writer may be loſt; his preface, valuable alike for elegance of compoſition and juſtneſs of remark, and containing a general criticiſm on his author, ſo extenſive that little can be added, and ſo exact that little can be diſputed, every editor has an intereſt to ſuppreſs, but that every reader would demand its inſertion.

Pope was ſucceeded by *Theobald*, a man of narrow comprehenſion, and ſmall acquiſitions, with no

native and intrinſic ſplendor of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in purſuing it. He collated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man ſo anxiouſly ſcrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right.

In his reports of copies and editions he is not to be truſted without examination. He ſpeaks ſometimes indefinitely of copies, when he has only one. In his enumeration of editions, he mentions the two firſt folios as of high, and the third folio as of middle authority; but the truth is, that the firſt is equivalent to all others, and that the reſt only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting thoſe diverſities which mere reiteration of editions will produce. I collated them all at the beginning, but afterwards uſed only the firſt.

Of his notes I have generally retained thoſe which he retained himſelf in his ſecond edition, except when they were confuted by ſubſequent annotators, or were too minute to merit preſervation. I have ſometimes adopted his reſtoration of a comma, without inſerting the panegyrick in which he celebrated himſelf for his atchievement. The exuberant excreſcence of his diction I have often lopped, his triumphant exultations over *Pope* and *Rowe* I have ſometimes ſuppreſſed, and his contemptible oſtentation I have frequently concealed; but I have in ſome places ſhewn him, as he would have ſhewn himſelf, for the reader's diverſion, that the inflated emptineſs

emptineſs of ſome notes may juſtify or excuſe the contraction of the reſt.

Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithleſs, thus petulant and oſtentatious, by the good luck of having *Pope* for his enemy, has eſcaped, and eſcaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking. So willingly does the world ſupport thoſe who ſolicit ſavour, againſt thoſe who command reverence; and ſo eaſily is he praiſed, whom no man can envy.

Our author fell then into the hands of Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, the *Oxford* editor, a man, in my opinion, eminently qualified by nature for ſuch ſtudies. He had, what is the firſt requiſite to emendatory criticiſm, that intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately diſcovered, and that dexterity of intellect which diſpatches its work by the eaſieſt means. He had undoubtedly read much; his acquaintance with cuſtoms, opinions, and traditions, ſeems to have been large; and he is often learned without ſhew. He ſeldom paſſes what he does not underſtand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning, and ſometimes haſtily makes what a little more attention would have found. He is ſolicitous to reduce to grammar what he could not be ſure that his author intended to be grammatical. *Shakeſpeare* regarded more the ſeries of ideas, than of words; and his language, not being deſigned for the reader's deſk, was all that he deſired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the audience.

Hanmer's care of the metre has been too violently cenſured. He found the meaſure reformed in ſo many

many paſſages, by the ſilent labours of ſome editors, with the ſilent acquieſcence of the reſt, that he thought himſelf allowed to extend a little further the licence, which had already been carried ſo far without reprehenſion; and of his corrections in general, it muſt be confeſſed, that they are often juſt, and made commonly with the leaſt poſſible violation of the text.

But, by inſerting his emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the page, without any notice of varying copies, he has appropriated the labour of his predeceſſors, and made his own edition of little authority. His confidence indeed, both in himſelf and others, was too great; he ſuppoſes all to be right that was done by *Pope* and *Theobald*; he ſeems not to ſuſpect a critick of fallibility; and it was but reaſonable that he ſhould claim what he ſo liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful enquiry and diligent conſideration, I have received all his notes, and believe that every reader will wiſh for more.

Of the laſt editor it is more difficult to ſpeak. Reſpect is due to high place, tenderneſs to living reputation, and veneration to genius and learning; but he cannot be juſtly offended at that liberty of which he has himſelf ſo frequently given an example, nor very ſolicitous what is thought of notes, which he ought never to have conſidered as part of his ſerious employments, and which, I ſuppoſe, ſince the ardor of compoſition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his happy effuſions.

The original and predominant error of his commentary, is acquieſcence in his firſt-thoughts; that precipitation

precipitation which is produced by conſciouſneſs of quick diſcernment; and that confidence which preſumes to do, by ſurveying the ſurface, what labour only can perform, by penetrating the bottom. His notes exhibit ſometimes perverſe interpretations, and ſometimes improbable conjectures; he at one time gives the author more profundity of meaning than the ſentence admits, and at another diſcovers abſurdities, where the ſenſe is plain to every other reader. But his emendations are likewiſe often happy and juſt; and his interpretation of obſcure paſſages learned and ſagacious.

Of his notes, I have commonly rejected thoſe, againſt which the general voice of the publick has exclaimed, or which their own incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I ſuppoſe, the author himſelf would deſire to be forgotten. Of the reſt, to part I have given the higheſt approbation, by inſerting the offered reading in the text; part I have left to the judgment of the reader, as doubtful, though ſpecious; and part I have cenſured without reſerve, but I am ſure without bitterneſs of malice, and, I hope, without wantonneſs of inſult.

It is no pleaſure to me, in reviſing my volumes, to obſerve how much paper is waſted in confutation. Whoever conſiders the revolutions of learning, and the various queſtions of greater or leſs importance, upon which wit and reaſon have exerciſed their powers, muſt lament the unſucceſsfulneſs of enquiry, and the ſlow advances of truth, when he reflects, that great part of the labour of every writer is only the deſtruction of thoſe that went before him. The firſt care of the builder of a new ſyſtem, is to

demoliſh

demoliſh the fabricks which are ſtanding. The chief deſire of him that comments an author, is to ſhew how much other commentators have corrupted and obſcured him. The opinions prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controverſy, are confuted and rejected in another, and riſe again to reception in remoter times. Thus the human mind is kept in motion without progreſs. Thus ſometimes truth and error, and ſometimes contrarieties of error, take each other's place by reciprocal invaſion. The tide of ſeeming knowledge, which is poured over one generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren; the ſudden meteors of intelligence, which for a while appear to ſhoot their beams into the regions of obſcurity, on a ſudden withdraw their luſtre, and leave mortals again to grope their way.

Theſe elevations and depreſſions of renown, and the contradictions to which all improvers of knowledge muſt for ever be expoſed, ſince they are not eſcaped by the higheſt and brighteſt of mankind, may ſurely be endured with patience by criticks and annotators, who can rank themſelves but as the ſatellites of their authors. How canſt thou beg for life, ſays *Homer*'s hero to his captive, when thou knoweſt that thou art now to ſuffer only what muſt another day be ſuffered by *Achilles?*

Dr. *Warburton* had a name ſufficient to confer celebrity on thoſe who could exalt themſelves into antagoniſts, and his notes have raiſed a clamour too loud to be diſtinct. His chief aſſailants are the authors of *The canons of criticiſm*, and of *The reviſal of Shakeſpeare's text*; of whom one ridicules his errors

with airy petulance, ſuitable enough to the levity of the controverſy; the other attacks them with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to juſtice an aſſaſſin or incendiary. The one ſtings like a fly, ſucks a little blood, takes a gay flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammations and gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his confederates, I remember the danger of *Coriolanus*, who was afraid that *girls with ſpits, and boys with ſtones, ſhould ſlay him in puny battle*; when the other croſſes my imagination, I remember the prodigy in *Macbeth*:

A falcon tow'ring in his pride of place,
Was by a mouſing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Let me however do them juſtice. One is a wit, and one a ſcholar *. They have both ſhewn acuteneſs ſufficient in the diſcovery of faults, and have both advanced ſome probable interpretations of obſcure paſſages; but when they aſpire to conjecture and emendation, it appears how falſely we all eſtimate our own abilities, and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more candour to the endeavours of others.

Before Dr. *Warburton*'s edition, *Critical Obſervations on Shakeſpeare* had been publiſhed by Mr. *Up-*

* It is extraordinary that this gentleman ſhould attempt ſo voluminous a work, as the *Reviſal of Shakeſpeare's text*, when he tells us in his preface, "he was not ſo fortunate as to be furniſhed with either of the folio editions, much leſs any of the "ancient quartos: and even Sir *Thomas Hanmer*'s performance "was known to him only by Dr. *Warburton*'s repreſentation." FARMER.

ton *, a man ſkilled in languages, and acquainted with books, but who ſeems to have had no great vigour of genius or nicety of taſte. Many of his explanations are curious and uſeful, but he likewiſe, though he profeſſed to oppoſe the licentious confidence of editors, and adhere to the old copies, is unable to reſtrain the rage of emendation, though his ardour is ill ſeconded by his ſkill. Every cold empirick, when his heart is expanded by a ſucceſsful experiment, ſwells into a theoriſt, and the laborious collator at ſome unlucky moment frolicks in conjecture.

Critical, hiſtorical, and explanatory notes have been likewiſe publiſhed upon *Shakeſpeare* by Dr. *Grey*, whoſe diligent peruſal of the old *Engliſh* writers has enabled him to make ſome uſeful obſervations. What he undertook he has well enough performed, but as he neither attempts judicial nor emendatory criticiſm, he employs rather his memory than his ſagacity. It were to be wiſhed that all would endeavour to imitate his modeſty, who have not been able to ſurpaſs his knowledge.

I can ſay with great ſincerity of all my predeceſſors, what I hope will hereafter be ſaid of me, that not one has left *Shakeſpeare* without improvement; nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for aſſiſtance and information. Whatever I have taken from them, it was my intention to refer to its original author, and it is certain, that what I have not given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In ſome perhaps I have

* Republiſhed by him in 1748, after Dr. *Warburton*'s edition, with alterations, &c. STEEVENS.

been

been anticipated; but if I am ever found to encroach upon the remarks of any other commentator, I am willing that the honour, be it more or leſs, ſhould be transferred to the firſt claimant, for his right, and his alone, ſtands above diſpute; the ſecond can prove his pretenſions only to himſelf, nor can himſelf always diſtinguiſh invention, with ſufficient certainty, from recollection.

They have all been treated by me with candour, which they have not been careful of obſerving to one another. It is not eaſy to diſcover from what cauſe the acrimony of a ſcholiaſt can naturally proceed. The ſubjects to be diſcuſſed by him are of very ſmall importance; they involve neither property nor liberty; nor favour the intereſt of ſect or party. The various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a paſſage, ſeem to be queſtions that might exerciſe the wit, without engaging the paſſions. But whether it be, that *ſmall things make mean men proud*, and vanity catches ſmall occaſions; or that all contrariety of opinion, even in thoſe that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentators a ſpontaneous ſtrain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the moſt furious controverſiſt in politicks againſt thoſe whom he is hired to defame.

Perhaps the lightneſs of the matter may conduce to the vehemence of the agency; when the truth to be inveſtigated is ſo near to inexiſtence, as to eſcape attention, its bulk is to be enlarged by rage and exclamation: that to which all would be indifferent in its original ſtate, may attract notice when the fate

of

of a name is appended to it. A commentator has indeed great temptations to ſupply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to beat his little gold to a ſpacious ſurface, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to ſpirit.

The notes which I have borrowed or written are either illuſtrative, by which difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which faults and beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which depravations are corrected.

The explanations tranſcribed from others, if I do not ſubjoin any other interpretation, I ſuppoſe commonly to be right, at leaſt I intend by acquieſcence to confeſs, that I have nothing better to propoſe.

After the labours of all the editors, I found many paſſages which appeared to me likely to obſtruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to facilitate their paſſage. It is impoſſible for an expoſitor not to write too little for ſome, and too much for others. He can only judge what is neceſſary by his own experience; and how long ſoever he may deliberate, will at laſt explain many lines which the learned will think impoſſible to be miſtaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. Theſe are cenſures merely relative, and muſt be quietly endured. I have endeavoured to be neither ſuperfluouſly copious, nor ſcrupulouſly reſerved, and hope that I have made my author's meaning acceſſible to many, who before were frighted from peruſing him, and contributed ſomething to the publick, by diffuſing innocent and rational pleaſure.

with a kind of conſpiracy, has been ſince raiſed againſt all the publiſhers of *Shakeſpeare*.

That many paſſages have paſſed in a ſtate of depravation through all the editions, is indubitably certain; of theſe the reſtoration is only to be attempted by collation of copies, or ſagacity of conjecture. The collator's province is ſafe and eaſy, the conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in one copy, the peril muſt not be avoided, nor the difficulty refuſed.

Of the readings which this emulation of amendment has hitherto produced, ſome from the labours of every publiſher I have advanced into the text; thoſe are to be conſidered as in my opinion ſufficiently ſupported; ſome I have rejected without mention, as evidently erroneous; ſome I have left in the notes without cenſure or approbation, as reſting in equipoiſe between objection and defence; and ſome, which ſeemed ſpecious but not right, I have inſerted with a ſubſequent animadverſion.

Having claſſed the obſervations of others, I was at laſt to try what I could ſubſtitute for their miſtakes, and how I could ſupply their omiſſions. I collated ſuch copies as I could procure, and wiſhed for more, but have not found the collectors of theſe rarities very communicative. Of the editions which chance or kindneſs put into my hands I have given an enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the power to do.

By examining the old copies, I ſoon found that the later publiſhers, with all their boaſts of diligence, ſuffered

ſuffered many paſſages to ſtand unauthorized, and contented themſelves with *Rowe*'s regulation of the text, even where they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little conſideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of theſe alterations are only the ejection of a word for one that appeared to him more elegant or more intelligible. Theſe corruptions I have often ſilently rectified; for the hiſtory of our language, and the true force of our words, can only be preſerved, by keeping the text of authors free from adulteration. Others, and thoſe very frequent, ſmoothed the cadence, or regulated the meaſure: on theſe I have not exerciſed the ſame rigour; if only a word was tranſpoſed, or a particle inſerted or omitted, I have ſometimes ſuffered the line to ſtand; for the inconſtancy of the copies is ſuch, as that ſome liberties may be eaſily permitted. But this practice I have not ſuffered to proceed far, having reſtored the primitive diction wherever it could for any reaſon be preferred.

The emendations, which compariſon of copies ſupplied, I have inſerted in the text; ſometimes, where the improvement was ſlight, without notice, and ſometimes with an account of the reaſons of the change.

Conjecture, though it be ſometimes unavoidable, I have not wantonly nor licentiouſly indulged. It has been my ſettled principle, that the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be diſturbed for the ſake of elegance, perſpicuity, or mere improvement of the ſenſe. For though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgment of the firſt publiſhers, yet they

who had the copy before their eyes were more likely to read it right, than we who read it only by imagination. But it is evident that they have often made ſtrange miſtakes by ignorance or negligence, and that therefore ſomething may be properly attempted by criticiſm, keeping the middle way between preſumption and timidity.

Such criticiſm I have attempted to practiſe, and, where any paſſage appeared inextricably perplexed, have endeavoured to diſcover how it may be recalled to ſenſe, with leaſt violence. But my firſt labour is, always to turn the old text on every ſide, and try if there be any interſtice, through which light can find its way; nor would *Huetius* himſelf condemn me, as refuſing the trouble of reſearch, for the ambition of alteration. In this modeſt induſtry I have not been unſucceſsful. I have reſcued many lines from the violations of temerity, and ſecured many ſcenes from the inroads of correction. I have adopted the *Roman* ſentiment, that it is more honourable to ſave a citizen, than to kill an enemy, and have been more careful to protect than to attack.

I have preſerved the common diſtribution of the plays into acts, though I believe it to be in almoſt all the plays void of authority. Some of thoſe which are divided in the later editions have no diviſion in the firſt folio, and ſome that are divided in the folio have no diviſion in the preceding copies. The ſettled mode of the theatre requires four intervals in the play; but few, if any, of our author's compoſitions can be properly diſtributed in that manner. An act is ſo much of the drama as paſſes without intervention of time, or change of place. A pauſe

makes a new act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative action, the intervals may be more or fewer, the reſtriction of five acts being accidental and arbitrary. This *Shakeſpeare* knew, and this he practiſed; his plays were written, and at firſt printed in one unbroken continuity, and ought now to be exhibited with ſhort pauſes, interpoſed as often as the ſcene is changed, or any conſiderable time is required to paſs. This method would at once quell a thouſand abſurdities.

In reſtoring the author's works to their integrity, I have conſidered the punctuation as wholly in my power; for what could be their care of colons and commas, who corrupted words and ſentences? Whatever could be done by adjuſting points, is therefore ſilently performed, in ſome plays with much diligence, in others with leſs; it is hard to keep a buſy eye ſteadily fixed upon evaneſcent atoms, or a diſcurſive mind upon evaneſcent truth.

The ſame liberty has been taken with a few particles, or other words of ſlight effect. I have ſometimes inſerted or omitted them without notice. I have done that ſometimes, which the other editors have done always, and which indeed the ſtate of the text may ſufficiently juſtify.

The greater part of readers, inſtead of blaming us for paſſing trifles, will wonder that on mere trifles ſo much labour is expended, with ſuch importance of debate, and ſuch ſolemnity of diction. To theſe I anſwer with confidence, that they are judging of an art which they do not underſtand; yet cannot much reproach them with their igno-

rance, nor promiſe that they would become in general, by learning criticiſm, more uſeful, happier, or wiſer.

As I practiſed conjecture more, I learned to truſt it leſs; and after I had printed a few plays, reſolved to inſert none of my own readings in the text. Upon this caution I now congratulate myſelf, for every day encreaſes my doubt of my emendations.

Since I have confined my imagination to the margin, it muſt not be conſidered as very reprehenſible, if I have ſuffered it to play ſome freaks in its own dominion. There is no danger in conjecture, if it be propoſed as conjecture; and while the text remains uninjured, thoſe changes may be ſafely offered, which are not conſidered even by him that offers them as neceſſary or ſafe.

If my readings are of little value, they have not been oſtentatiously diſplayed or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment. The work is performed, firſt by railing at the ſtupidity, negligence, ignorance, and aſſinine dulneſs of the former editors, and ſhewing, from all that goes before and all that follows, the inelegance and abſurdity of the old reading; then by propoſing ſomething, which to ſuperficial readers would ſeem ſpecious, but which the editor rejects with indignation: then by producing the true reading, with a long parade, and concluding with loud acclamations on the diſcovery, and a ſober wiſh for the advancement and proſperity of genuine criticiſm.

All this may be done, and perhaps done ſometimes without any impropriety. But I have always ſuſpected

pected that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong; and the emendation wrong, that cannot without ſo much labour appear to be right. The juſtneſs of a happy reſtoration ſtrikes at once, and the moral precept may be well applied to criticiſm, *quod dubitas ne feceris.*

To dread the ſhore which he ſees ſpread with wrecks, is natural to the ſailor. I had before my eye ſo many critical adventures ended in miſcarriage, that caution was forced upon me. I encountered in every page wit ſtruggling with its own ſophiſtry, and learning confuſed by the multiplicity of its views. I was forced to cenſure thoſe whom I admired, and could not but reflect, while I was diſpoſſeſſing their emendations, how ſoon the ſame fate might happen to my own, and how many of the readings which I have corrected may be by ſome other editor defended and eſtabliſhed.

> Criticks I ſaw, that others' names efface,
> And fix their own, with labour, in the place;
> Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
> Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind. POPE.

That a conjectural critick ſhould often be miſtaken, cannot be wonderful, either to others or himſelf, if it be conſidered, that in his art there is no ſyſtem, no principal and axiomatical truth, that regulates ſubordinate poſitions. His chance of error is renewed at every attempt; an oblique view of the paſſage, a ſlight miſapprehenſion of a phraſe, a caſual inattention to the parts connected, is ſufficient to make him not only fail, but fail ridiculouſly; and when he ſucceeds beſt, he produces perhaps

haps but one reading of many probable, and he that ſuggeſts another will always be able to diſpute his claims.

It is an unhappy ſtate, in which danger is hid under pleaſure. The allurements of emendation are ſcarcely reſiſtible. Conjecture has all the joy and all the pride of invention, and he that has once ſtarted a happy change, is too much delighted to conſider what objections may riſe againſt it.

Yet conjectural criticiſm has been of great uſe in the learned world; nor is it my intention to depreciate a ſtudy, that has exerciſed ſo many mighty minds, from the revival of learning to our own age, from the biſhop of *Aleria* to *Engliſh Bentley*. The criticks on ancient authors have, in the exerciſe of their ſagacity, many aſſiſtances, which the editor of *Shakeſpeare* is condemned to want. They are employed upon grammatical and ſettled languages, whoſe conſtruction contributes ſo much to perſpicuity, that *Homer* has fewer paſſages unintelligible than *Chaucer*. The words have not only a known regimen, but invariable quantities, which direct and confine the choice. There are commonly more manuſcripts than one; and they do not often conſpire in the ſame miſtakes. Yet *Scaliger* could confeſs to *Salmaſius* how little ſatisfaction his emendations gave him. *Illudunt nobis conjecturæ noſtræ, quarum nos pudet, poſteaquam in meliores codices incidimus.* And *Lipſius* could complain, that criticks were making faults, by trying to remove them, *Ut olim vitiis, ita nunc remediis laboratur.* And indeed, where mere conjecture is to be uſed, the emendations of *Scaliger* and *Lipſius*, notwithſtanding their

wonderful

wonderful ſagacity and erudition, are often vague and diſputable, like mine or *Theobald's*.

Perhaps I may not be more cenſured for doing wrong, than for doing little; for raiſing in the publick, expectations which at laſt I have not anſwered. The expectation of ignorance is indefinite, and that of knowledge is often tyrannical. It is hard to ſatisfy thoſe who know not what to demand, or thoſe who demand by deſign what they think impoſſible to be done. I have indeed diſappointed no opinion more than my own; yet I have endeavoured to perform my taſk with no ſlight ſolicitude. Not a ſingle paſſage in the whole work has appeared to me corrupt, which I have not attempted to reſtore; or obſcure, which I have not endeavoured to illuſtrate. In many I have failed, like others; and from many, after all my efforts, I have retreated, and confeſſed the repulſe. I have not paſſed over, with affected ſuperiority, what is equally difficult to the reader and to myſelf, but, where I could not inſtruct him, have owned my ignorance. I might eaſily have accumulated a maſs of ſeeming learning upon eaſy ſcenes; but it ought not to be imputed to negligence, that, where nothing was neceſſary, nothing has been done, or that, where others have ſaid enough, I have ſaid no more.

Notes are often neceſſary, but they are neceſſary evils. Let him, that is yet unacquainted with the powers of *Shakeſpeare*, and who deſires to feel the higheſt pleaſure that the drama can give, read every play, from the firſt ſcene to the laſt, with utter negligence

negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not ſtoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is ſtrongly engaged, let it diſdain alike to turn aſide to the name of *Theobald* and of *Pope*. Let him read on through brightneſs and obſcurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preſerve his comprehenſion of the dialogue and his intereſt in the fable. And when the pleaſures of novelty have ceaſed, let him attempt exactneſs, and read the commentators.

Particular paſſages are cleared by notes, but the general effect of the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by interruption; the thoughts are diverted from the principal ſubject; the reader is weary, he ſuſpects not why; and at laſt throws away the book which he has too diligently ſtudied.

Parts are not to be examined till the whole has been ſurveyed; there is a kind of intellectual remoteneſs neceſſary for the comprehenſion of any great work in its full deſign and in its true proportions; a cloſe approach ſhews the ſmaller niceties, but the beauty of the whole is diſcerned no longer.

It is not very grateful to conſider how little the ſucceſſion of editors has added to this author's power of pleaſing. He was read, admired, ſtudied, and imitated, while he was yet deformed with all the improprieties which ignorance and neglect could accumulate upon him; while the reading was yet not rectified, nor his alluſions underſtood; yet then did *Dryden* pronounce, "that *Shakeſpeare* was the "man, who, of all modern and perhaps ancient "poets,

" poets, had the largeſt and moſt comprehenſive
" ſoul. All the images of nature were ſtill preſent
" to him, and he drew them not laboriouſly, but
" luckily: when he deſcribes any thing, you more
" than ſee it, you feel it too. Thoſe, who accuſe
" him to have wanted learning, give him the greater
" commendation: he was naturally learned: he
" needed not the ſpectacles of books to read na-
" ture; he looked inwards, and found her there.
" I cannot ſay he is every where alike; were he ſo
" I ſhould do him injury to compare him with the
" greateſt of mankind. He is many times flat and
" inſipid; his comick wit degenerating into
" clenches, his ſerious ſwelling into bombaſt. But
" he is always great, when ſome great occaſion is
" preſented to him: no man can ſay, he ever had
" a fit ſubject for his wit, and did not then raiſe
" himſelf as high above the reſt of poets,

" *Quantum lenta ſolent inter viburna cupreſſi.*"

It is to be lamented, that ſuch a writer ſhould want a commentary; that his language ſhould become obſolete, or his ſentiments obſcure. But it is vain to carry wiſhes beyond the condition of human things; that which muſt happen to all, has happened to *Shakeſpeare*, by accident and time; and more than has been ſuffered by any other writer ſince the uſe of types, has been ſuffered by him through his own negligence of fame, or perhaps by that ſuperiority of mind, which deſpiſed its own performances, when it compared them with its powers, and judged thoſe works unworthy to be preſerved,

preſerved, which the criticks of following ages were to contend for the fame of reſtoring and explaining.

Among theſe candidates of inferior fame, I am now to ſtand the judgment of the publick; and wish that I could confidently produce my commentary as equal to the encouragement which I have had the honour of receiving. Every work of this kind is by its nature deficient, and I ſhould feel little ſolicitude about the ſentence, were it to be pronounced only by the ſkilful and the learned.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

TEMPEST.

IT is obſerved of *The Tempeſt*, that its plan is regular; this the author of *The Reviſal* * thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the ſtory, not intended or regarded by our author. But whatever might be *Shakeſpeare*'s intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it inſtrumental to the production of many characters, diverſified with boundleſs invention, and preſerved with profound ſkill in nature, extenſive knowledge of opinions, and accurate obſervation of life. In a ſingle drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and ſailors, all ſpeaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy ſpirits, and of an earthly goblin; the operations of magick, the tumults of a ſtorm, the adventures of a deſart iſland, the native effuſion of untaught affection, the puniſhment of guilt, and the final happineſs of the pair for whom our paſſions and reaſon are equally intereſted.

* Mr. *Heath*, who wrote a reviſal of *Shakeſpeare*'s text, publiſhed in 8vo. circa 1760.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

In this play there is a ſtrange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The verſification is often excellent, the alluſions are learned and juſt; but the author conveys his heroes by ſea from one inland town to another in the ſame country; he places the emperor at *Milan*, and ſends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes *Protheus*, after an interview with *Silvia*, ſay he has only ſeen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by miſtaking places, left his ſcenery inextricable. The reaſon of all this confuſion ſeems to be, that he took his ſtory from a novel, which he ſometimes followed, and ſometimes forſook, ſometimes remembered, and ſometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to *Shakeſpeare*, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom ſhall it be given? This queſtion may be aſked of all the diſputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus*; and it will be found more credible, that *Shakeſpeare* might ſometimes ſink below his higheſt flights, than that any other ſhould riſe up to his loweſt.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Of this play there is a tradition preſerved by Mr. *Rowe*, that it was written at the command of queen *Elizabeth*, who was ſo delighted with the character of *Falſtaff*, that ſhe wiſhed it to be diffuſed through more plays; but ſuſpecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diverſify

his

his manner, by ſhewing him in love. No taſk is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. *Shakeſpeare* knew what the queen, if the ſtory be true, ſeems not to have known, that by any real paſſion of tenderneſs, the ſelfiſh craft, the careleſs jollity, and the lazy luxury of *Falſtaff* muſt have ſuffered ſo much abatement, that little of his former caſt would have remained. *Falſtaff* could not love, but by ceaſing to be *Falſtaff*. He could only counterfeit love, and his profeſſions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleaſure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, ſeems not to have been able to give *Falſtaff* all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the perſonages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and diſcriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether *Shakeſpeare* was the firſt that produced upon the *Engliſh* ſtage the effect of language diſtorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide. This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praiſe only on him, who originally diſcovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgment: its ſucceſs muſt be derived almoſt wholly from the player, but its power in a ſkilful mouth, even he that deſpiſes it, is unable to reſiſt.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often before the concluſion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience; but its general power, that power by

which all works of genius ſhall finally be tried, is ſuch, that perhaps it never yet had reader or ſpectator, who did not think it too ſoon at an end.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

There is perhaps not one of *Shakeſpeare*'s plays more darkened than this, by the peculiarities of its author, and the unſkilfulneſs of its editors, by diſtortions of phraſe, or negligence of tranſcription.

The novel of *Giraldi Cynthio*, from which *Shakeſpeare* is ſuppoſed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *Shakeſpeare illuſtrated*, elegantly tranſlated, with remarks, which will aſſiſt the enquirer to diſcover how much abſurdity *Shakeſpeare* has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but ſuſpect that ſome other had new-modelled the novel of *Cynthio*, or written a ſtory which in ſome particulars reſembled it, and that *Cynthio* was not the author whom *Shakeſpeare* immediately followed. The emperor in *Cynthio* is named *Maximine*; the duke, in *Shakeſpeare*'s enumeration of the perſons of the drama, is called *Vincentio*. This appears a very ſlight remark; but ſince the duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why ſhould he be called *Vincentio* among the *perſons*, but becauſe the name was copied from the ſtory, and placed ſuperfluouſly at the head of the liſt by the mere habit of tranſcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a ſtory of *Vincentio* duke of *Vienna*, different from that of *Maximine* emperor of the Romans.

Of

Of this play the light or comick part is very natural and pleaſing, but the grave ſcenes, if a few paſſages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite; ſome time, we know not how much, muſt have elapſed between the receſs of the duke and the impriſonment of *Claudio*; for he muſt have learned the ſtory of *Mariana* in his diſguiſe, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are ſufficiently preſerved.

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

In this play, which all the editors have concurred to cenſure, and ſome have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it muſt be confeſſed that there are many paſſages mean, childiſh, and vulgar; and ſome which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are ſcattered through the whole many ſparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of *Shakeſpeare*.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT's DREAM.

Wild and fantaſtical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleaſure which the author deſigned. Fairies in his time were much in faſhion; common tradition had made them familiar, and *Spenſer*'s poem had made them great.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

It has been lately diſcovered, that this fable is taken from a ſtory in the *Pecorone* of *Giovanni Fiorentino*, a noveliſt, who wrote in 1378. The ſtory has been publiſhed in *Engliſh*, and I have epitomized the tranſlation. The tranſlator is of opinion, that the choice of the caſkets is borrowed from a tale of *Boccace*, which I have likewiſe abridged, though I believe that *Shakeſpeare* muſt have had ſome other novel in view.

Of the MERCHANT of VENICE the ſtyle is even and eaſy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of conſtruction. The comick part raiſes laughter, and the ſerious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other ſtory cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. *Dryden* was much pleaſed with his own addreſs in connecting the two plots of his *Spaniſh Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Of this play the fable is wild and pleaſing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both *Roſalind* and *Celia* give away their hearts. To *Celia* much may be forgiven for the heroiſm of her friendſhip. The character of *Jaques* is natural and well preſerved. The comick dialogue is very ſprightly, with leſs mixture of low buffoonery than in ſome other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By haſtening to the end of his work, *Shakeſpeare* ſuppreſſed the dialogue

between the uſurper and the hermit, and loſt an opportunity of exhibiting a moral leſſon in which he might have found matter worthy of his higheſt powers,

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Of this play the two plots are ſo well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not diſtracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between *Katharine* and *Petruchio* is eminently ſpritely and diverting. At the marriage of *Bianca* the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleaſure. The whole play is very popular and diverting.

ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

This play has many delightful ſcenes, though not ſufficiently probable, and ſome happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. *Parolles* is a boaſter and a coward, ſuch as has always been the ſport of the ſtage, but perhaps never raiſed more laughter or contempt than in the hands of *Shakeſpeare*.

I cannot reconcile my heart to *Bertram*; a man noble without generoſity, and young without truth; who marries *Helen* as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when ſhe is dead by his unkindneſs, ſneaks home to a ſecond marriage, is accuſed by a

woman whom he has wronged, defends himſelf by falſehood, and is diſmiſſed to happineſs.

The ſtory of *Bertram* and *Diana* had been told before of *Mariana* and *Angelo*, and, to confeſs the truth, ſcarcely merited to be heard a ſecond time.

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

This play is in the graver part elegant and eaſy, and in ſome of the lighter ſcenes exquiſitely humorous. *Ague-cheek* is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great meaſure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a ſatiriſt. The ſoliloquy of *Malvolio* is truly comick; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of *Olivia*, and the ſucceeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the ſtage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper inſtruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no juſt picture of life.

WINTER's TALE.

The ſtory of this play is taken from the pleaſant *Hiſtory of Doraſtus and Fawnia*, written by *Robert Greene*.

This play, as Dr. *Warburton* juſtly obſerves, is, with all its abſurdities, very entertaining. The character of *Autolycus* is very naturally conceived, and ſtrongly repreſented.

MACBETH.

This play is deſervedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and ſolemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action, but it has no nice diſcriminations of

character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular diſpoſitions, and the courſe of the action neceſſarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well deſcribed; and I know not whether it may not be ſaid, in defence of ſome parts which now ſeem improbable, that, in *Shakeſpeare*'s time, it was neceſſary to warn credulity againſt vain and illuſive predictions.

The paſſions are directed to their true end. *Lady Macbeth* is merely deteſted; and though the courage of *Macbeth* preſerves ſome eſteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall.

[*Note*. The reader, it is preſumed, is by this time aware that the obſervations of *Johnſon* here given, are ſuch only as occur at the end of the ſeveral plays. In this of *Macbeth* there is a note at the beginning, which, as it contains the editor's ſentiments reſpecting witches and witchcraft, and is in fact a diſſertation on that ſubject, was thought too valuable to be rejected, and is therefore here inſerted.]

In order to make a true eſtimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always neceſſary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who ſhould now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the aſſiſtance of ſupernatural agents, would be cenſured as tranſgreſſing the bounds of probability,

be baniſhed from the theatre to the nurſery, and condemned to write fairy tales inſtead of tragedies; but a ſurvey of the notions that prevailed at the time when this play was written, will prove that *Shakeſpeare* was in no danger of ſuch cenſures, ſince he only turned the ſyſtem that was then univerſally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburthening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not ſtrictly the ſame, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in moſt, by the learned themſelves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkneſs of ignorance has been more groſs; but it cannot be ſhown, that the brighteſt gleams of knowledge have at any time been ſufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, ſeems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Chriſtians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical oppoſition, as they aſcribed their ſucceſs to the aſſiſtance of their military ſaints; and the learned Dr. *Warburton* appears to believe *(Suppl. to the Introduction to Don Quixote)* that the firſt accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by thoſe who returned from their eaſtern expeditions. But there is always ſome diſtance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedneſs: this opinion had long exiſted, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been ſo frequent, nor the reception ſo general. *Olympiodorus*, in *Photius*'s extracts, tells us of one *Libanius*, who practiſed this kind of military ma-

gick.

gick, and having promiſed χωρὶς ὁπλιτῶν κατὰ βαρβάρων ἐνεργεῖν, *to perform great things againſt the Barbarians without ſoldiers*, was, at the inſtances of the empreſs *Placidia*, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empreſs ſhewed ſome kindneſs in her anger, by cutting him off at a time ſo convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St. *Chryſoſtom*'s book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a ſcene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he ſuppoſes a ſpectator overlooking a field of battle attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of deſtruction, and the arts of ſlaughter. Δεικνύτο δέ ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις καὶ πετομένους ἵππους διά τινος μαγγανείας, καὶ ὁπλίτας δι' ἀέρος φερομένους, καὶ πᾶσαν γοητείας δύναμιν καὶ ἰδέαν. *Let him then proceed to ſhew him in the oppoſite armies horſes flying by enchantment, armed men tranſported through the air, and every power and form of magick.* Whether St. *Chryſoſtom* believed that ſuch performances were really to be ſeen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his deſcription, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that ſuch notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the *Saracens* in a later age; the wars with the *Saracens* however gave occaſion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally diſcovers prodigies, but as the ſcene of action was removed to a great diſtance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increaſing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft ſtill continued to

hover

hover in the twilight. In the time of queen *Elizabeth* was the remarkable trial of the witches of *Warbois*, whoſe conviction is ſtill commemorated in an annual ſermon at *Huntingdon*. But in the reign of king *James*, in which this tragedy was written, many circumſtances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in *England*, not only examined in perſon a woman accuſed of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illuſions of evil ſpirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies uſed by them, the manner of detecting them, and the juſtice of puniſhing them, in his dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the *Scottiſh* dialect, and publiſhed at *Edinburgh*. This book was, ſoon after his acceſſion, reprinted at *London*, and as the ready way to gain king *James*'s favour was to flatter his ſpeculations, the ſyſtem of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who deſired either to gain preferment or not to loſe it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greateſt part of mankind have no other reaſon for their opinions than that they are in faſhion, it cannot be doubted but this perſuaſion made a rapid progreſs, ſince vanity and credulity cooperated in its favour. The infection ſoon reached the parliament, who, in the firſt year of king *James*, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That "if any perſon ſhall uſe any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked ſpirit; 2. or ſhall conſult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or curſed ſpirit to or for any intent or purpoſe; 3. or take up any dead man, woman or child, out of

the grave,—or the ſkin, bone, or any part of the dead perſon, to be employed or uſed in any manner of witchcraft, ſorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or ſhall uſe, practiſe or exerciſe any ſort of witchcraft, ſorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any perſon ſhall be deſtroyed, killed, waſted, conſumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That every ſuch perſon being convicted, ſhall ſuffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of *Shakeſpeare*, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once eſtabliſhed by law and by the faſhion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal to doubt it; and as prodigies are always ſeen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day diſcovered, and multiplied ſo faſt in ſome places, that biſhop *Hall* mentions a village in *Lancaſhire*, where their number was greater than that of the houſes. The jeſuits and ſectaries took advantage of this univerſal error, and endeavoured to promote the intereſt of their parties by pretended cures of perſons afflicted by evil ſpirits; but they were detected and expoſed by the clergy of the eſtabliſhed church.

Upon this general infatuation *Shakeſpeare* might be eaſily allowed to found a play, eſpecially ſince he has followed with great exactneſs ſuch hiſtories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the ſcenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himſelf and his audience thought awful and affecting.

KING JOHN.

The tragedy of *King John*, though not written with the utmoſt power of *Shakeſpeare*, is varied with

a very

a very pleaſing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the baſtard contains that mixture of greatneſs and levity which this author delighted to exhibit.

KING RICHARD II.

This play is extracted from the *Chronicle of Holinſhed*, in which many paſſages may be found which *Shakeſpeare* has, with very little alteration, tranſplanted into his ſcenes; particularly a ſpeech of the biſhop of *Carliſle* in defence of king *Richard*'s unalienable right, and immunity from human juriſdiction.

Jonſon who, in his *Catiline* and *Sejanus*, has inſerted many ſpeeches from the *Roman* hiſtorians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example of *Shakeſpeare*, who had condeſcended ſometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But *Shakeſpeare* had more of his own than *Jonſon*, and if he ſometimes was willing to ſpare his labour, ſhewed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleneſs rather than neceſſity.

This play is one of thoſe which *Shakeſpeare* has apparently reviſed; but as ſucceſs in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finiſhed at laſt with the happy force of ſome other of his tragedies, nor can be ſaid much to affect the paſſions, or enlarge the underſtanding.

KING HENRY IV. PART II.

I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with *Deſdemona*, "O moſt lame and im-

"potent

"potent concluſion!" As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of *Henry the Fourth.*

In that Jeruſalem ſhall Harry die.

Theſe ſcenes, which now make the fifth act of *Henry the Fourth*, might then be the firſt of *Henry the Fifth*; but the truth is, that they do unite very commodiouſly to either play. When theſe plays were repreſented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but *Shakeſpeare* ſeems to have deſigned that the whole ſeries of action from the beginning of *Richard the Second*, to the end of *Henry the Fifth*, ſhould be conſidered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the neceſſity of exhibition.

None of *Shakeſpeare*'s plays are more read than the *Firſt and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth.* Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded ſo much delight. The great events are intereſting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the ſlighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, ſufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diverſified with the utmoſt nicety of diſcernment, and the profoundeſt ſkill in the nature of man.

The prince, who is the hero both of the comick and tragick part, is a young man of great abilities and violent paſſions, whoſe ſentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whoſe virtues are obſcured by negligence, and whoſe underſtanding is diſſipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather

loofe

looſe than wicked; and when the occaſion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifler is rouſed into a hero, and the hero again repoſes in the trifler. This character is great, original, and juſt.

Percy is a rugged ſoldier, cholerick, and quarrelſome, and has only the ſoldier's virtues, generoſity and courage.

But *Falſtaff* unimitated, unimitable *Falſtaff*, how ſhall I deſcribe thee? Thou compound of ſenſe and vice; of ſenſe which may be admired, but not eſteemed; of vice which may be deſpiſed, but hardly deteſted. *Falſtaff* is a character loaded with faults, and with thoſe faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaſter, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and inſult the defenceleſs. At once obſequious and malignant, he ſatirizes in their abſence thoſe whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is ſo proud, as not only to be ſupercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his intereſt of importance to the duke of *Lancaſter*. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus deſpicable, makes himſelf neceſſary to the prince that deſpiſes him, by the moſt pleaſing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the ſplendid or ambitious kind, but conſiſts in eaſy ſcapes and ſallies of levity, which make ſport, but raiſe no envy. It muſt be obſerved, that he is ſtained with no enormous or ſanguinary

crimes,

crimes, ſo that his licentiouſneſs is not ſo offenſive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this repreſentation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to pleaſe; and that neither wit nor honeſty ought to think themſelves ſafe with ſuch a companion, when they ſee *Henry* ſeduced by *Falſtaff*.

KING HENRY V.

This play has many ſcenes of high dignity, and many of eaſy merriment. The character of the king is well ſupported, except in his courtſhip, where he has neither the vivacity of *Hal*, nor the grandeur of *Henry*. The humour of *Piſtol* is very happily continued: his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the *Engliſh* ſtage.

The lines given to the Chorus have many admirers; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praiſed, and much muſt be forgiven; nor can it be eaſily diſcovered why the intelligence given by the Chorus is more neceſſary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptineſs and narrowneſs of the laſt act, which a very little diligence might have eaſily avoided.

KING HENRY VI. PART I.

Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two ſucceeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the ſecond

ſecond and third parts were publiſhed without the firſt, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were ſurreptitiouſly obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the publick thoſe plays not ſuch as the author deſigned, but ſuch as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the ſeries of events; that it was written and played before Henry the Fifth is apparent, becauſe in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts:

> Henry the ſixth in ſwaddling bands crown'd king,
> Whoſe ſtate ſo many had the managing
> That they loſt France, and made his England bleed
> Which oft our ſtage hath ſhewn.

France is loſt in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*.

The ſecond and third parts of *Henry* VI. were printed in 1600. When *Henry* V. was written, we know not, but it was printed likewiſe in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the firſt part: the firſt part of *Henry* VI. had been often ſhewn on the ſtage, and would certainly have appeared in its place had the author been the publiſher.

KING HENRY VI. PART III.

The three parts of *Henry* VI. are ſuſpected, by Mr. *Theobald*, of being ſuppoſititious, and are declared, by Dr. *Warburton*, to be certainly not *Shakeſpeare*'s. Mr. *Theobald*'s ſuſpicion ariſes from ſome obſolete words; but the phraſeology is like the

the reſt of our author's ſtyle, and ſingle words, of which however I do not obſerve more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. *Warburton* gives no reaſon, but I ſuppoſe him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehenſive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and ſpirit of the compoſition, which he thinks inferior to the other hiſtorical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and ſometimes the matter itſelf will defeat the artiſt. Of every author's works one will be the beſt, and one will be the worſt. The colours are not equally pleaſing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of *Titian* or *Reynolds*.

Diſſimilitude of ſtyle, and heterogeneouſneſs of ſentiment, may ſufficiently ſhow that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in theſe plays no ſuch marks of ſpuriouſneſs are found. The diction, the verſification, and the figures, are *Shakeſpeare*'s. Theſe plays, conſidered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verſe, are more happily conceived, and more accurately finiſhed than thoſe of *King John*, *Richard* II. or the tragick ſcenes of *Henry* IV. and V. If we take theſe plays from *Shakeſpeare*, to whom ſhall they be given? What author of that age had the ſame eaſineſs of expreſſion and fluency of numbers?

Having conſidered the evidence given by the plays themſelves, and found it in their favour, let us now enquire what corroboration can be gained

from other teſtimony. They are aſcribed to *Shakſpeare* by the firſt editors, whoſe atteſtation may be received in queſtions of fact, however unſkilfully they ſuperintended their edition. They ſeem to be declared genuine by the voice of *Shakeſpeare* himſelf, who refers to the ſecond play in his epilogue to *Henry* V. and apparently connects the firſt act of *Richard* III. with the laſt of the third part of *Henry* VI. If it be objected, that the plays were popular, and that therefore he alluded to them as well known; it may be anſwered, with equal probability, that the natural paſſions of a poet would have diſpoſed him to ſeparate his own works from thoſe of an inferior hand. And, indeed, if an author's own teſtimony is to be overthrown by ſpeculative criticiſm, no man can be any longer ſecure of literary reputation.

Of theſe three plays I think the ſecond the beſt. The truth is, that they have not ſufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the ſame kind; yet many of the characters are well diſcriminated. King *Henry*, and his queen, king *Edward*, the duke of *Glouceſter*, and the earl of *Warwick*, are very ſtrongly and diſtinctly painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of *Henry* VI. and of *Henry* V. are ſo apparently imperfect and mutilated, that there is no reaſon for ſuppoſing them the firſt draughts of *Shakeſpeare*. I am inclined to believe them copies taken by ſome auditor who wrote down, during the repreſentation, what the time would permit, then perhaps filled up ſome of his omiſſions at a ſecond or third hearing, and when

he

he had by this method formed ſomething like a play, ſent it to the printer.

KING RICHARD III.

This is one of the moſt celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praiſed moſt, when praiſe is not moſt deſerved. That this play has ſcenes noble in themſelves, and very well contrived to ſtrike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But ſome parts are trifling, others ſhocking, and ſome improbable.

I have nothing to add to the obſervations of the learned criticks, but that ſome traces of this antiquated exhibition are ſtill retained in the ruſtick puppet-plays, in which I have ſeen the Devil very luſtily belaboured by Punch, whom I hold to be the legitimate ſucceſſor of the old Vice.

KING HENRY VIII.

The play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of thoſe which ſtill keeps poſſeſſion of the ſtage by the ſplendor of its pageantry. The coronation about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek ſorrows and virtuous diſtreſs of *Katharine* have furniſhed ſome ſcenes, which may be juſtly numbered among the greateſt efforts of tragedy. But the genius of *Shakeſpeare* comes in and goes out with *Katharine*. Every other part may be eaſily conceived, and eaſily written.

The hiſtorical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happieſt of our author's compoſitions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deſervedly ſtand in the ſecond claſs. Thoſe whoſe curioſity would refer the hiſtorical ſcenes to their original, may conſult *Holingſhed*, and ſometimes *Hall*: from *Holingſhed*, *Shakeſpeare* has often inſerted whole ſpeeches with no more alteration than was neceſſary to the numbers of his verſe. To tranſcribe them into the margin was unneceſſary, becauſe the original is eaſily examined, and they are ſeldom leſs perſpicuous in the poet than in the hiſtorian.

To play hiſtories, or to exhibit a ſucceſſion of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude anceſtors upon great feſtivities. The pariſh clerks once performed at *Clerkenwell* a play which laſted three days, containing *The hiſtory of the World*.

CORIOLANUS.

The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the moſt amuſing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in *Menenius*; the lofty lady's dignity in *Volumnia*; the bridal modeſty in *Virgilia*; the patrician and military haughtineſs in *Coriolanus*; the plebeian malignity, and tribunitian inſolence in *Brutus* and *Sicinius*, make a very pleaſing and intereſting variety: and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curioſity. There

is,

perhaps, too much buſtle in the firſt act, and too little in the laſt.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Of this tragedy many particular paſſages deſerve regard, and the contention and reconcilement of *Brutus* and *Caſſius* is univerſally celebrated; but I have never been ſtrongly agitated in peruſing it, and think it ſomewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with ſome other of *Shakeſpeare*'s plays; his adherence to the real ſtory, and to *Roman* manners, ſeems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

This play keeps curioſity always buſy, and the paſſions always intereſted. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick ſucceſſion of one perſonage to another, call the mind forward without intermiſſion from the firſt act to the laſt. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the ſcene; for except the feminine arts, ſome of which are too low which diſtinguiſh *Cleopatra*, no character is very ſtrongly diſcriminated. *Upton*, who did not eaſily miſs what he deſired to find, has diſcovered that the language of *Antony* is, with great ſkill and learning, made pompous and ſuperb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not diſtinguiſhable from that of others: the moſt timid ſpeech in the play is that which *Cæſar* makes to *Octavia*.

The events, of which the principal are deſcribed according to hiſtory, are produced without any art of connexion or care of diſpoſition.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

The play of *Timon* is a domeſtick tragedy, and therefore ſtrongly faſtens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The cataſtrophe affords a very powerful warning againſt that oſtentatious liberality, which ſcatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendſhip.

In this tragedy, are many paſſages perplexed, obſcure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promiſe myſelf that my endeavours ſhall be much applauded.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

All the editors and criticks agree with Mr. *Theobald* in ſuppoſing this play ſpurious. I ſee no reaſon for differing from them; for the colour of the ſtile is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular verſification, and artificial cloſes, not always inelegant, yet ſeldom pleaſing. The barbarity of the ſpectacles, and the general maſſacre, which are here exhibited, can ſcarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by *Jonſon*, that they were not only borne, but praiſed. That *Shakeſpeare* wrote any part, though

though *Theobald* declares it inconteſtible, I ſee no reaſon for believing.

The teſtimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is aſcribed to *Shakeſpeare*, is by no means equal to the argument againſt its authenticity, ariſing from the total difference of conduct, language, and ſentiments, by which it ſtands apart from all the reſt. *Meres* had probably no other evidence than that of a title-page, which, though in our time it be ſufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the firſt collectors of *Shakeſpeare*'s works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had *Shakeſpeare*'s name on the title, as we muſt ſuppoſe, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertiſements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could uſurp at pleaſure any celebrated name. Nor had *Shakeſpeare* any intereſt in detecting the impoſture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the preſs.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be *Shakeſpeare*'s. If it had been written twenty-five years in 1614, it might have been written when *Shakeſpeare* was twenty-five years old. When he left *Warwickſhire* I know not; but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-ſtealing.

Ravenſcroft, who in the reign of *Charles* II. reviſed this play, and reſtored it to the ſtage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I ſuppoſe, which in his time might be of ſufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by

Shakeſpeare, but written by ſome other poet. I do not find *Shakeſpeare*'s touches very diſcernible.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

This play is more correctly written than moſt of *Shakeſpeare*'s compoſitions, but it is not one of thoſe in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully diſplayed. As the ſtory abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diverſified his characters with great variety, and preſerved them with great exactneſs. His vicious characters ſometimes diſguſt, but cannot corrupt, for both *Creſſida* and *Pandarus* are deteſted and contemned. The comick characters ſeem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the ſuperficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiouſly filled, and powerfully impreſſed.

Shakeſpeare has in his ſtory followed for the greater part the old book of *Caxton*, which was then very popular; but the character of *Therſites*, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after *Chapman* had publiſhed his verſion of *Homer*.

CYMBELINE.

This play has many juſt ſentiments, ſome natural dialogues, and ſome pleaſing ſcenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the abſurdity of the conduct, the confuſion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impoſſibility of the events in any ſyſtem of life, were to waſte criticiſm upon unreſiſting

unreſiſting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too groſs for aggravation.

KING LEAR.

The tragedy of *Lear* is deſervedly celebrated among the dramas of *Shakeſpeare*. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention ſo ſtrongly fixed; which ſo much agitates our paſſions, and intereſts our curioſity. The artful involutions of diſtinct intereſts, the ſtriking oppoſition of contrary characters, the ſudden changes of fortune, and the quick ſucceſſion of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no ſcene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the diſtreſs or conduct of the action, and ſcarce a line which does not conduce to the progreſs of the ſcene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irreſiſtibly along.

On the ſeeming improbability of *Lear*'s conduct, it may be obſerved, that he is repreſented according to hiſtories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this ſtory is referred, it will appear not ſo unlikely as while we eſtimate *Lear*'s manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or reſignation of dominion on ſuch conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of *Guinea* or *Madagaſcar*. *Shakeſpeare*, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by ſofter man-

ners;

ners; and the truth is, that though he ſo nicely diſcriminates, and ſo minutely deſcribes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling cuſtoms ancient and modern, *Engliſh* and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. *Warton*, who has in the *Adventurer* very minutely criticiſed this play, remarks, that the inſtances of cruelty are too ſavage and ſhocking, and that the intervention of *Edmund* deſtroys the ſimplicity of the ſtory. Theſe objections may, I think, be anſwered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an hiſtorical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a ſeries by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plauſibility for the extruſion of *Gloſter*'s eyes, which ſeems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatic exhibition, and ſuch as muſt always compel the mind to relieve its diſtreſs by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would pleaſe the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by *Edmund* to the ſimplicity of the action is abundantly recompenſed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief deſign, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked ſon with the wicked daughters, to impreſs this important moral, that villany is never at a ſtop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at laſt terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, *Shakeſpeare* has ſuffered the virtue of *Cordelia* to periſh in a juſt cauſe, contrary to the natural ideas

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of juſtice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more ſtrange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is juſtified by *The Spectator*, who blames *Tate* for giving *Cordelia* ſucceſs and happineſs in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, *the tragedy has loſt half its beauty*. *Dennis* has remarked, whether juſtly or not, that, to ſecure the favourable reception of *Cato*, *the town was poiſoned with much falſe and abominable criticiſm*, and that endeavours had been uſed to diſcredit and decry poetical juſtice. A play in which the wicked proſper, and the virtuous miſcarry, may doubtleſs be good, becauſe it is a juſt repreſentation of the common events of human life: but ſince all reaſonable beings naturally love juſtice, I cannot eaſily be perſuaded, that the obſervation of juſtice makes a play worſe; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always riſe better pleaſed from the final triumph of perſecuted virtue.

In the preſent caſe the publick has decided. *Cordelia*, from the time of *Tate*, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my ſenſations could add any thing to the general ſuffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago ſo ſhocked by *Cordelia*'s death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the laſt ſcenes of the play till I undertook to reviſe them as an editor.

There is another controverſy among the criticks concerning this play. It is diſputed whether the predominant image in *Lear*'s diſordered mind be the loſs of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. *Murphy*, a very judicious critick, has evinced by induction of particular paſſages, that the cruelty of

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his daughters is the primary ſource of his diſtreſs, and that the loſs of royalty affects him only as a ſecondary and ſubordinate evil. He obſerves with great juſtneſs, that *Lear* would move our compaſſion but little, did we not rather conſider the injured father than the degraded king.

The ſtory of this play, except the epiſode of *Edmund*, which is derived, I think, from *Sidney*, is taken originally from *Geoffry* of *Monmouth*, whom *Holingſhed* generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old hiſtorical ballad. My reaſon for believing that the play was poſterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of *Shakeſpeare*'s nocturnal tempeſt, which is too ſtriking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it firſt hinted *Lear*'s madneſs, but did not array it in circumſtances. The writer of the ballad added ſomething to the hiſtory, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more muſt have occurred if he had ſeen *Shakeſpeare*.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

This play is one of the moſt pleaſing of our author's performances. The ſcenes are buſy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the cataſtrophe irreſiſtibly affecting, and the proceſs of the action carried on with ſuch probability, at leaſt with ſuch congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of *Shakeſpeare* to exhibit the converſation of gentlemen, to repreſent

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the airy ſprightlineſs of juvenile elegance. Mr. *Dryden* mentions a tradition, which might eaſily reach his time, of a declaration made by *Shakeſpeare*, that *he was obliged to kill* Mercutio *in the third act, leſt he ſhould have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no ſuch formidable perſon, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed,* without danger to a poet. *Dryden* well knew, had he been in queſt of truth, that, in a pointed ſentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very ſeldom to be rigorouſly underſtood. *Mercutio*'s wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wiſh him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the conſtruction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of *Shakeſpeare* to have continued his exiſtence, though ſome of his ſallies are perhaps out of the reach of *Dryden*; whoſe genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehenſive, and ſublime.

The *Nurſe* is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great ſubtilty of diſtinction, drawn her at once loquacious and ſecret, obſequious and inſolent, truſty and diſhoneſt.

His comick ſcenes are happily wrought, but his pathetick ſtrains are always polluted with ſome unexpected depravations. His perſons, however diſtreſſed, *have a conceit left them in their miſery, a miſerable conceit.*

HAMLET.

If the dramas of *Shakeſpeare* were to be characteriſed, each by the particular excellence which diſtin-

guiſhes it from the reſt, we muſt allow to the tragedy of *Hamlet* the praiſe of variety. The incidents are ſo numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The ſcenes are interchangeably diverſified with merriment and ſolemnity; with merriment, that includes judicious and inſtructive obſervations; and ſolemnity, not ſtrained by poetical violence above the natural ſentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual ſucceſſion, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of converſation. The pretended madneſs of *Hamlet* cauſes much mirth, the mournful diſtraction of *Ophelia* fills the heart with tenderneſs, and every perſonage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the firſt act chills the blood with horror, to the ſop in the laſt, that expoſes affectation to juſt contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly ſecure againſt objections. The action is indeed for the moſt part in continual progreſſion, but there are ſome ſcenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madneſs of *Hamlet* there appears no adequate cauſe, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of ſanity. He plays the madman moſt, when he treats *Ophelia* with ſo much rudeneſs, which ſeems to be uſeleſs and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an inſtrument than an agent. After he has, by the ſtratagem of the play, convicted the king, he makes no attempt to puniſh him; and his death is at laſt effected by an incident which *Hamlet* had no part in producing.

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The cataſtrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of neceſſity, than a ſtroke of art. A ſcheme might eaſily have been formed to kill *Hamlet* with the dagger, and *Laertes* with the bowl.

The poet is accuſed of having ſhewn little regard to poetical juſtice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpoſe; the revenge which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification, which would ariſe from the deſtruction of an uſurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of *Ophelia*, the young, the beautiful, the harmleſs, and the pious.

OTHELLO.

The beauties of this play impreſs themſelves ſo ſtrongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illuſtration. The fiery openneſs of *Othello*, magnanimous, artleſs, and credulous, boundleſs in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his reſolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of *Iago*, ſilent in his reſentment, ſubtle in his deſigns, and ſtudious at once of his intereſt and his vengeance; the ſoft ſimplicity of *Deſdemona*, confident of merit, and conſcious of innocence, her artleſs perſeverance in her ſuit, and her ſlowneſs to ſuſpect that ſhe can be ſuſpected, are ſuch proofs of *Shakeſpeare*'s ſkill in human nature, as, I ſuppoſe, it is vain to ſeek in any modern writer. The gradual progreſs which *Iago* makes in the *Moor*'s conviction, and the cir-

cumſtances which he employs to inflame him, are ſo artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be ſaid of him as he ſays of himſelf, that he is *a man not eaſily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him, when at laſt we find him *perplexed in the extreme*.

There is always danger, leſt wickedneſs, conjoined with abilities, ſhould ſteal upon eſteem, though it miſſes of approbation; but the character of *Iago* is ſo conducted, that he is from the firſt ſcene to the laſt hated and deſpiſed.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conſpicuous in any other piece, not only for their juſtneſs, but their ſtrength. *Caſſio* is brave, benevolent, and honeſt, ruined only by his want of ſtubbornneſs to reſiſt an inſidious invitation. *Roderigo*'s ſuſpicious credulity, and impatient ſubmiſſion to the cheats which he ſees practiſed upon him, and which by perſuaſion he ſuffers to be repeated, exhibit a ſtrong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful deſires to a falſe friend; and the virtue of *Æmilia* is ſuch as we often find worn looſely, but not caſt off, eaſy to commit ſmall crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villanies.

The ſcenes from the beginning to the end are buſy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progreſſion of the ſtory; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is neceſſary to produce the death of *Othello*.

Had the ſcene opened in *Cyprus*, and the preceding incidents been occaſionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the moſt exact and ſcrupulous regularity.

AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

HARLEIAN LIBRARY.

TO ſolicit a ſubſcription for a catalogue of books expoſed to ſale, is an attempt for which ſome apology cannot but be neceſſary; for few would willingly contribute to the expence of volumes, by which neither inſtruction nor entertainment could be afforded, from which only the bookſeller could expect advantage, and of which the only uſe muſt ceaſe, at the diſperſion of the library.

Nor could the reaſonableneſs of an univerſal rejection of our propoſal be denied, if this catalogue were to be compiled with no other view, than that of promoting the ſale of the books which it enumerates, and drawn up with that inaccuracy and confuſion which may be found in thoſe that are daily publiſhed.

But our deſign, like our propoſal, is uncommon, and to be proſecuted at a very uncommon expence; it being intended, that the books ſhall be diſtributed into their diſtinct claſſes, and every claſs ranged with ſome regard to the age of the writers; that every book ſhall be accurately deſcribed; that the

peculiarities of editions ſhall be remarked, and obſervations from the authors of literary hiſtory occaſionally interſperſed; that, by this catalogue, we may inform poſterity of the excellence and value of this great collection, and promote the knowledge of ſcarce books, and elegant editions. For this purpoſe men of letters are engaged, who cannot even be ſupplied with amanuenſes, but at an expence above that of a common catalogue.

To ſhew that this collection deſerves a particular degree of regard from the learned and the ſtudious, that it excels any library that was ever yet offered to publick ſale in the value as well as number of the volumes which it contains; and that therefore this catalogue will not be of leſs uſe to men of letters, than thoſe of the *Thuanian*, *Heinſian*, or *Barberinian* libraries, it may not be improper to exhibit a general account of the different claſſes, as they are naturally divided by the ſeveral ſciences.

By this method we can indeed exhibit only a general idea, at once magnificent and confuſed; an idea of the writings of many nations, collected from diſtant parts of the world, diſcovered ſometimes by chance, and ſometimes by curioſity, amidſt the rubbiſh of forſaken monaſteries, and the repoſitories of ancient families, and brought hither from every part, as to the univerſal receptacle of learning.

It will be no unpleaſing effect of this account, if thoſe, that ſhall happen to peruſe it, ſhould be inclined by it to reflect on the character of the late proprietors, and to pay ſome tribute of veneration to their ardour for literature, to that generous and exalted curioſity which they gratified with inceſſant

ſearches

ſearches and immenſe expence, and to which they dedicated that time, and that ſuperfluity of fortune, which many others of their rank employ in the purſuit of contemptible amuſements, or the gratification of guilty paſſions. And, ſurely, every man, who conſiders learning as ornamental and advantageous to the community, muſt allow them the honour of publick benefactors, who have introduced amongſt us authors not hitherto well known, and added to the literary treaſures of their native country.

That our catalogue will excite any other man to emulate the collectors of this library, to prefer books and manuſcripts to equipage and luxury, and to forſake noiſe and diverſion for the converſation of the learned, and the ſatisfaction of extenſive knowledge, we are very far from preſuming to hope; but ſhall make no ſcruple to aſſert, that, if any man ſhould happen to be ſeized with ſuch laudable ambition, he may find in this catalogue hints and informations which are not eaſily to be met with; he will diſcover, that the boaſted *Bodleian* library is very far from a perfect model, and that even the learned *Fabricius* cannot completely inſtruct him in the early editions of the claſſic writers.

But the collectors of libraries cannot be numerous; and, therefore, catalogues cannot very properly be recommended to the publick, if they had not a more general and frequent uſe, an uſe which every ſtudent has experienced, or neglected to his loſs. By the means of catalogues only can it be known, what has been written on every part of learning, and the hazard avoided of encountering difficulties which have already been cleared, diſcuſſing queſtions which have

already been decided, and digging in mines of literature which former ages have exhauſted.

How often this has been the fate of ſtudents, every man of letters can declare; and, perhaps, there are very few who have not ſometimes valued as new diſcoveries, made by themſelves, thoſe obſervations, which have long ſince been publiſhed, and of which the world therefore will refuſe them the praiſe; nor can the refuſal be cenſured as any enormous violation of juſtice; for, why ſhould they not forfeit by their ignorance what they might claim by their ſagacity.

To illuſtrate this remark, by the mention of obſcure names, would not much confirm it; and to vilify for this purpoſe the memory of men truly great, would be to deny them the reverence which they may juſtly claim from thoſe whom their writings have inſtructed. May the ſhade at leaſt, of one great *Engliſh* critick reſt without diſturbance; and may no man preſume to inſult his memory, who wants his learning, his reaſon, or his wit.

From the vexatious diſappointment of meeting reproach, where praiſe is expected, every man will certainly deſire to be ſecured; and therefore that book will have ſome claim to his regard, from which he may receive informations of the labours of his predeceſſors, ſuch as a catalogue of the *Harleian* library will copiouſly afford him.

Nor is the uſe of catalogues of leſs importance to thoſe whom curioſity has engaged in the ſtudy of literary hiſtory, and who think the intellectual revolutions of the world more worthy of their attention, than the ravages of tyrants, the deſolation

of

of kingdoms, the rout of armies, and the fall of empires. Thoſe who are pleaſed with obſerving the firſt birth of new opinions, their ſtruggles againſt oppoſition, their ſilent progreſs under perſecution, their general reception, and their gradual decline, or ſudden extinction; thoſe that amuſe themſelves with remarking the different periods of human knowledge, and obſerve how darkneſs and light ſucceed each other; by what accident the moſt gloomy nights of ignorance have given way in the dawn of ſcience, and how learning has languiſhed and decayed, for want of patronage and regard, or been overborne by the prevalence of faſhionable ignorance, or loſt amidſt the tumults of invaſion, and the ſtorms of violence. All thoſe who deſire any knowledge of the literary tranſactions of paſt ages, may find in catalogues, like this at leaſt, ſuch an account as is given by annaliſts, and chronologers of civil hiſtory.

How the knowledge of the ſacred writings has been diffuſed, will be obſerved from the catalogue of the various editions of the bible, from the firſt impreſſion by *Fuſt*, in 1462, to the preſent time; in which will be contained the polyglot editions of *Spain*, *France*, and *England*, thoſe of the original *Hebrew*, the *Greek Septuagint*, and the *Latin Vulgate*; with the verſions which are now uſed in the remoteſt parts of *Europe*, in the country of the *Griſons*, in *Lithuania*, *Bohemia*, *Finland*, and *Iceland*.

With regard to the attempts of the ſame kind made in our own country, there are few whoſe expectations will not be exceeded by the number of *Engliſh* bibles, of which not one is forgotten, whe-

ther valuable for the ... ...ty of the impreſſion, or for the ...tes ith which the text is accompanied, or for any controverſy or perſecution that it produced, or for the peculiarity of any ſingle paſſage. With the ſame care have the various editions of the book of common-prayer been ſelected, from which all the alterations which have been made in it may be eaſily remarked.

Amongſt a great number of *Roman* miſſals and breviaries, remarkable for the beauty of their cuts and illuminations, will be found the *Moſarab.* miſſal and breviary, that raiſed ſuch commotions in the kingdom of *Spain*.

The controverſial treatiſes written in *England*, about the time of the Reformation, have been diligently collected, with a multitude of remarkable tracts, ſingle ſermons, and ſmall treatiſes; which, however worthy to be preſerved, are, perhaps, to be found in no other place.

The regard which was always paid, by the collectors of this library, to that remarkable period of time, in which the art of printing was invented, determined them to accumulate the ancient impreſſions of the fathers of the church; to which the later additions are added, leſt antiquity ſhould have ſeemed more worthy of eſteem than accuracy.

Hiſtory has been conſidered with the regard due to that ſtudy by which the manners are moſt eaſily formed, and from which the moſt efficacious inſtruction is received; nor will the moſt extenſive curioſity fail of gratification in this library; from which no writers have been excluded, that relate either to the religious or civil affairs of any nation.

Nor

Not only thoſe authors of eccleſiaſtical hiſtory have been procured, that treat of the ſtate of religion in general, or deliver accounts of ſects or nations, but thoſe likewiſe who have confined themſelves to particular orders of men in every church; who have related the original, and the rules of every ſociety, or recounted the lives of its founder and its members; thoſe who have deduced in every country the ſucceſſion of biſhops, and thoſe who have employed their abilities in celebrating the piety of particular ſaints, or martyrs, or monks, or nuns.

The civil hiſtory of all nations has been amaſſed together; nor is it eaſy to determine which has been thought moſt worthy of curioſity.

Of *France*, not only the general hiſtories and ancient chronicles, the accounts of celebrated reigns, and narratives of remarkable events, but even the memorials of ſingle families, the lives of private men, the antiquities of particular cities, churches, and monaſteries, the topography of provinces, and the accounts of laws, cuſtoms, and preſcriptions, are here to be found.

The ſeveral ſtates of *Italy* have, in this treaſury, their particular hiſtorians, whoſe accounts are, perhaps, generally more exact, by being leſs extenſive; and more intereſting, by being more particular.

Nor has leſs regard been paid to the different nations of the *Germanic* empire, of which neither the *Bohemians*, nor *Hungarians*, nor *Auſtrians*, nor *Bavarians*, have been neglected; nor have their antiquities, however generally diſregarded, been leſs ſtudiouſly ſearched, than their preſent ſtate.

The northern nations have ſupplied this collection, not only with hiſtory, but poetry, with *Gothic* antiquities, and *Runic* inſcriptions; which at leaſt have this claim to veneration, above the remains of the *Roman* magnificence, that they are the works of thoſe heroes by whom the *Roman* empire was deſtroyed; and which may plead, at leaſt in this nation, that they ought not to be neglected by thoſe that owe to the men whoſe memories they preſerve, their conſtitution, their properties, and their liberties.

The curioſity of theſe collectors extend equally to all parts of the world; nor did they forget to add to the northern the ſouthern writers, or to adorn their collection with chronicles of *Spain*, and the conqueſt of *Mexico*.

Even of thoſe nations with which we have leſs intercourſe, whoſe cuſtoms are leſs accurately known, and whoſe hiſtory is leſs diſtinctly recounted, there are in this library repoſited ſuch accounts as the *Europeans* have been hitherto able to obtain; nor are the *Mogul*, the *Tartar*, the *Turk*, and the *Saracen*, without their hiſtorians.

That perſons ſo inquiſitive with regard to the tranſactions of other nations, ſhould enquire yet more ardently after the hiſtory of their own, may be naturally expected; and, indeed, this part of the library is no common inſtance of diligence and accuracy. Here are to be found, with the ancient chronicles, and larger hiſtories of *Britain*, the narratives of ſingle reigns, and the accounts of remarkable revolutions, the topographical hiſtories of counties, the pedigrees of families, the antiquities

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of churches and cities, the proceedings of parliaments, the records of monaſteries, and the lives of particular men, whether eminent in the church or the ſtate, or remarkable in private life; whether exemplary for their virtues, or deteſtable for their crimes; whether perſecuted for religion, or executed for rebellion.

That memorable period of the *Engliſh* hiſtory, which begins with the reign of king *Charles the Firſt*, and ends with the Reſtoration, will almoſt furniſh a library alone, ſuch is the number of volumes, pamphlets, and papers, which were publiſhed by either party; and ſuch is the care with which they have been preſerved.

Nor is hiſtory without the neceſſary preparatives and attendants, geography and chronology: of geography, the beſt writers and delineators have been procured, and pomp and accuracy have both been regarded: the ſtudent of chronology may here find likewiſe thoſe authors who ſearched the records of time, and fixed the periods of hiſtory.

With the hiſtorians and geographers may be ranked the writers of voyages and travels, which may be read here in the *Latin*, *Engliſh*, *Dutch*, *German*, *French*, *Italian*, and *Spaniſh* languages.

The laws of different countries, as they are in themſelves equally worthy of curioſity with their hiſtory, have, in this collection, been juſtly regarded; and the rules by which the various communities of the world are governed, may be here examined and compared. Here are the ancient editions of the papal decretals, and the commentators

mentators on the civil law, the edicts of *Spain*, and the ſtatutes of *Venice*.

But with particular induſtry have the various writers on the laws of our own country been collected, from the moſt ancient to the preſent time, from the bodies of the ſtatutes to the minuteſt treatiſe; not only the reports, precedents, and readings of our own courts, but even the laws of our *Weſt-Indian* colonies, will be exhibited in our catalogue.

But neither hiſtory nor law have been ſo far able to engroſs this library, as to exclude phyſic, philoſophy, or criticiſm. Thoſe have been thought, with juſtice, worthy of a place, who have examined the different ſpecies of animals, delineated their forms, or deſcribed their properties and inſtincts; or who have penetrated the bowels of the earth, treated on its different ſtrata, and analyſed its metals; or who have amuſed themſelves with leſs laborious ſpeculations, and planted trees, or cultivated flowers.

Thoſe that have exalted their thoughts above the minuter parts of the creation, who have obſerved the motions of the heavenly bodies, and attempted ſyſtems of the univerſe, have not been denied the honour which they deſerved by ſo great an attempt, whatever has been their ſucceſs. Nor have thoſe mathematicians been rejected, who have applied their ſcience to the common purpoſes of life; or thoſe that have deviated into the kindred arts, of tactics, architecture, and fortification.

Even arts of far leſs importance have found their authors, nor have theſe authors been deſpiſed by the boundleſs curioſity of the proprietors of the *Harleian* library. The writers on horſemanſhip and fencing

are more numerous, and more bulky, than could be expected by thoſe who reflect how ſeldom thoſe excel in either, whom their education has qualified to compoſe books.

The admirer of *Greek* and *Roman* literature will meet, in this collection, with editions little known to the moſt inquiſitive criticks, and which have eſcaped the obſervation of thoſe whoſe great employment has been the collation of copies; nor will he find only the moſt ancient editions of *Fauſtus*, *Jenſon*, *Spira*, *Sweynheim*, and *Pannartz*; but the moſt accurate likewiſe and beautiful of *Colineus*, the *Juntæ*, *Plantin*, *Aldus*, the *Stephens*, and *Elzevir*, with the commentaries and obſervations of the moſt learned editors.

Nor are they accompanied only with the illuſtrations of thoſe who have confined their attempts to particular writers, but of thoſe likewiſe who have treated on any part of the *Greek* or *Roman* antiquities, their laws, their cuſtoms, their dreſs, their buildings, their wars, their revenues, or the rites and ceremonies of their worſhip, and thoſe that have endeavoured to explain any of their authors from their ſtatues or their coins.

Next to the ancients, thoſe writers deſerve to be mentioned, who, at the reſtoration of literature, imitated their language and their ſtyle with ſo great ſucceſs, or who laboured with ſo much induſtry to make them underſtood: ſuch were *Philelphus* and *Politian*, *Scaliger* and *Buchanan*, and the poets of the age of *Leo the Tenth*; theſe are likewiſe to be found in this library, together with the *Delicia*, or collections of all nations.

Paint

Painting is ſo nearly allied to poetry, that it cannot be wondered that thoſe who have ſo much eſteemed the one, have paid an equal regard to the other; and therefore it may be eaſily imagined, that the collection of prints is numerous in an uncommon degree; but ſurely, the expectation of every man will be exceeded, when he is informed that there are more than forty thouſand engraven from *Raphael*, *Titian*, *Guido*, the *Carraches*, and a thouſand others by *Nanteuil*, *Hollar*, *Collet*, *Edelinck*, and *Dorigny*, and other engravers of equal reputation.

There is alſo a great collection of original drawings, of which three ſeem to deſerve a particular mention; the firſt exhibits a repreſentation of the inſide of St. *Peter*'s church at *Rome*; the ſecond, of that of St. *John Lateran*; and the third, of the high altar of St. *Ignatius*; all painted with the utmoſt accuracy, in their proper colours.

As the value of this great collection may be conceived from this account, however imperfect, as the variety of ſubjects muſt engage the curioſity of men of different ſtudies, inclinations, and employments, it may be thought of very little uſe to mention any ſlighter advantages, or to dwell on the decorations and embelliſhments which the generoſity of the proprietors has beſtowed upon it; yet, ſince the compiler of the *Thuanian* catalogue thought not even that ſpecies of elegance below his obſervation, it may not be improper to obſerve, that the *Harleian* library, perhaps, excels all others, not more in the number and excellence, than in the ſplendor of its volumes.

We

We may now ſurely be allowed to hope, that our catalogue will not be thought unworthy of the publick curioſity; that it will be purchaſed as a record of this great collection, and preſerved as one of the memorials of learning.

The patrons of literature will forgive the purchaſer of this library, if he preſumes to aſſert ſome claim to their protection and encouragement, as he may have been inſtrumental in continuing to this nation the advantage of it. The ſale of *Voſſius's* collection into a foreign country, is, to this day, regretted by men of letters; and if this effort for the prevention of another loſs of the ſame kind ſhould be diſadvantageous to him, no man will hereafter willingly riſque his fortune in the cauſe of learning.

AN ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN AND IMPORTANCE OF SMALL TRACTS AND FUGITIVE PIECES.

Written for the Introduction to the

HARLEIAN MISCELLANY.

THOUGH the ſcheme of the following miſcellany is ſo obvious, that the title alone is ſufficient to explain it; and though ſeveral collections have been formerly attempted upon plans, as to the method, very little, but, as to the capacity and execution, very different from ours; we, being poſſeſſed of the greateſt variety for ſuch a work, hope for a more general reception than thoſe confined ſchemes had the fortune to meet with; and, therefore, think it not wholly unneceſſary to explain our intentions, to diſplay the treaſure of materials out of which this miſcellany is to be compiled, and to exhibit a general idea of the pieces which we intend to inſert in it.

There is, perhaps, no nation in which it is ſo neceſſary, as in our own, to aſſemble, from time

to

to time, the ſmall tracts and fugitive pieces, which are occaſionally publiſhed: for, beſides the general ſubjects of enquiry, which are cultivated by us, in common with every other learned nation, our conſtitution in church and ſtate naturally gives birth to a multitude of performances, which would either not have been written, or could not have been made publick in any other place.

The form of our government, which gives every man, that has leiſure, or curioſity, or vanity, the right of enquiring into the propriety of publick meaſures, and, by conſequence, obliges thoſe who are intruſted with the adminiſtration of national affairs, to give an account of their conduct to almoſt every man who demands it, may be reaſonably imagined to have occaſioned innumerable pamphlets, which would never have appeared under arbitrary governments, where every man lulls himſelf in indolence under calamities, of which he cannot promote the redreſs, or thinks it prudent to conceal the uneaſineſs, of which he cannot complain without danger.

The multiplicity of religious ſects tolerated among us, of which every one has found opponents and vindicators, is another ſource of unexhauſtible publication, almoſt peculiar to ourſelves; for controverſies cannot be long continued, nor frequently revived, where an inquiſitor has a right to ſhut up the diſputants in dungeons; or where ſilence can be impoſed on either party, by the refuſal of a licence.

Not that it ſhould be inferred from hence, that political or religious controverſies are the only pro-

ducts of the liberty of the *Britiſh* preſs; the mind once let looſe to enquiry, and ſuffered to operate without reſtraint, neceſſarily deviates into peculiar opinions, and wanders in new tracks, where ſhe is indeed ſometimes loſt in a labyrinth, from which though ſhe cannot return, and ſcarce knows how to proceed; yet, ſometimes, makes uſeful diſcoveries, or finds out nearer paths to knowledge.

The boundleſs liberty with which every man may write his own thoughts, and the opportunity of conveying new ſentiments to the publick, without danger of ſuffering either ridicule or cenſure, which every man may enjoy, whoſe vanity does not incite him too haſtily to own his performances, naturally invites thoſe who employ themſelves in ſpeculation, to try how their notions will be received by a nation, which exempts caution from fear, and modeſty from ſhame; and it is no wonder, that where reputation may be gained, but needs not be loſt, multitudes are willing to try their fortune, and thruſt their opinions into the light; ſometimes with unſucceſsful haſte, and ſometimes with happy temerity.

It is obſerved, that, among the natives of *England*, is to be found a greater variety of humour, than in any other country; and, doubtleſs, where every man has a full liberty to propagate his conceptions, variety of humour muſt produce variety of writers; and, where the number of authors is ſo great, there cannot but be ſome worthy of diſtinction.

All theſe, and many other cauſes, too tedious to be enumerated, have contributed to make pamphlets

and ſmall tracts a very important part of an *Engliſh* library; nor are there any pieces, upon which thoſe, who aſpire to the reputation of judicious collectors of books, beſtow more attention, or greater expence; becauſe many advantages may be expected from the peruſal of theſe ſmall productions, which are ſcarcely to be found in that of larger works.

If we regard hiſtory, it is well known, that moſt political treatiſes have for a long time appeared in this form, and that the firſt relations of tranſactions, while they are yet the ſubject of converſation, divide the opinions, and employ the conjectures of mankind, are delivered by theſe petty writers, who have opportunities of collecting the different ſentiments of diſputants, of enquiring the truth from living witneſſes, and of copying their repreſentations from the life; and, therefore, they preſerve a multitude of particular incidents, which are forgotten in a ſhort time, or omitted in formal relations, and which are yet to be conſidered as ſparks of truth, which, when united, may afford light in ſome of the darkeſt ſcenes of ſtate, as we doubt not, will be ſufficiently proved in the courſe of this miſcellany; and which it is, therefore, the intereſt of the publick to preſerve unextinguiſhed.

The ſame obſervation may be extended to ſubjects of yet more importance. In controverſies that relate to the truths of religion, the firſt eſſays of reformation are generally timorous; and thoſe, who have opinions to offer, which they expect to be oppoſed, produce their ſentiments, by degrees; and, for the moſt part, in ſmall tracts: by degrees, that they may not ſhock their readers with too

many novelties at once; and in ſmall tracts, that they may be eaſily diſperſed, or privately printed: almoſt every controverſy, therefore, has been, for a time, carried on in pamphlets, nor has ſwelled into larger volumes, till the firſt ardor of the diſputants has ſubſided, and they have recollected their notions with coolneſs enough to digeſt them into order, conſolidate them into ſyſtems, and fortify them with authorities.

From pamphlets, conſequently, are to be learned the progreſs of every debate; the various ſtate to which the queſtions have been changed; the artifices and fallacies which have been uſed, and the ſubterfuges by which reaſon has been eluded: in ſuch writings may be ſeen how the mind has been opened by degrees, how one truth has led to another, how error has been diſentangled, and hints improved to demonſtration, which pleaſure, and many others, are loſt by him that only reads the larger writers, by whom theſe ſcattered ſentiments are collected, who will ſee none of the changes of fortune which every opinion has paſſed through, will have no opportunity of remarking the tranſient advantages which error may ſometimes obtain, by the artifices of its patron, or the ſucceſsful rallies by which truth regains the day, after a repulſe; but will be to him, who traces the diſpute through into particular gradations, as he that hears of a victory, to him that ſees the battle.

Since the advantages of preſerving theſe ſmall tracts are ſo numerous, our attempt to unite them in volumes cannot be thought either uſeleſs or unſeaſonable, for there is no other method of ſecuring

them from accidents; and they have already been ſo long neglected, that this deſign cannot be delayed, without hazarding the loſs of many pieces, which deſerve to be tranſmitted to another age.

The practice of publiſhing pamphlets on the moſt important ſubjects, has now prevailed more than two centuries among us; and therefore it cannot be doubted, but that, as no large collections have been yet made, many curious tracts muſt have periſhed; but it is too late to lament that loſs; nor ought we to reflect upon it, with any other view, than that of quickening our endeavours for the preſervation of thoſe that yet remain; of which we have now a greater number, than was, perhaps, ever amaſſed by any one perſon.

The firſt appearance of pamphlets among us, is generally thought to be at the new oppoſition raiſed againſt the errors and corruptions of the church of *Rome*. Thoſe who were firſt convinced of the reaſonableneſs of the new learning, as it was then called, propagated their opinions in ſmall pieces, which were cheaply printed; and, what was then of great importance, eaſily concealed. Theſe treatiſes were generally printed in foreign countries, and are not, therefore, always very correct. There was not then that opportunity of printing in private; for the number of printers were ſmall, and the preſſes were eaſily overlooked by the clergy, who ſpared no labour or vigilance for the ſuppreſſion of hereſy. There is, however, reaſon to ſuſpect, that ſome attempts were made to carry on the propagation of truth by a ſecret preſs; for one of the firſt treatiſes in favour of the Reformation, is ſaid, at the end,

to be printed at *Greenwich*, *by the permiſſion of the Lord of Hoſts*.

In the time of king *Edward the Sixth*, the preſſes were employed in favour of the reformed religion, and ſmall tracts were diſperſed over the nation, to reconcile them to the new forms of worſhip. In this reign, likewiſe, political pamphlets may be ſaid to have been begun, by the addreſs of the rebels of *Devonſhire*; all which means of propagating the ſentiments of the people ſo diſturbed the court, that no ſooner was queen *Mary* reſolved to reduce her ſubjects to the *Romiſh* ſuperſtition, but ſhe artfully, by a charter * granted to certain freemen of *London*, in whoſe fidelity, no doubt, ſhe confided, intirely prohibited *all* preſſes, but what ſhould be licenſed by them; which charter is that by which the corporation of Stationers in *London* is at this time incorporated.

Under the reign of queen *Elizabeth*, when liberty again began to flouriſh, the practice of writing pamphlets became more general; preſſes were multiplied, and books were diſperſed; and, I believe, it may properly be ſaid, that the trade of writing began at that time, and that it has ever ſince gradually increaſed in the number, though, perhaps, not in the ſtyle of thoſe that followed it.

In this reign was erected the firſt *ſecret* preſs againſt the church as now eſtabliſhed, of which I have found any certain account. It was employed

* Which begins thus, 'Know ye, that We, conſidering, and 'manifeſtly perceiving, that ſeveral ſeditious and heretical books 'or tracts—againſt the faith and ſound catholic doctrine of holy 'mother, the church, &c.'

by

by the *Puritans*, and conveyed from one part of the nation to another, by them, as they found themſelves in danger of diſcovery. From this preſs iſſued moſt of the pamphlets againſt *Whitgift* and his aſſociates, in the eccleſiaſtical government; and, when it was at laſt ſeized at *Mancheſter*, it was employed upon a pamphlet called *More Work for a Cooper*.

In the peaceable reign of king *James*, thoſe minds which might, perhaps, with leſs diſturbance of the world, have been engroſſed by war, were employed in controverſy; and writings of all kinds were multiplied among us. The preſs, however, was not wholly engaged in polemical performances, for more innocent ſubjects were ſometimes treated; and it deſerves to be remarked, becauſe it is not generally known, that the treatiſes of *Huſbandry* and *Agriculture*, which were publiſhed about that time, are ſo numerous, that it can ſcarcely be imagined by whom they were written, or to whom they were ſold.

The next reign is too well known to have been a time of confuſion, and diſturbance, and diſputes of every kind; and the writings, which were produced, bear a natural proportion to the number of queſtions that were diſcuſſed at that time; each party had its authors and its preſſes, and no endeavours were omitted to gain proſelytes to every opinion. I know not whether this may not properly be called, *The Age of Pamphlets*; for, though they, perhaps, may not ariſe to ſuch multitudes as Mr. *Rawlinſon* imagined, they were, undoubtedly, more numerous

than can be conceived by any who have not had an opportunity of examining them.

After the Reſtoration, the ſame differences, in religious opinions, are well known to have ſubſiſted, and the ſame political ſtruggles to have been frequently renewed; and, therefore, a great number of pens were employed, on different occaſions, till, at length, all other diſputes were abſorbed in the popiſh controverſy.

From the pamphlets which theſe different periods of time produced, it is propoſed, that this miſcellany ſhall be compiled; for which it cannot be ſuppoſed that materials will be wanting; and, therefore, the only difficulty will be in what manner to diſpoſe them.

Thoſe who have gone before us, in undertakings of this kind, have ranged the pamphlets, which chance threw into their hands, without any regard either to the ſubject on which they treated, or the time in which they were written; a practice in no wiſe to be imitated by us, who want for no materials; of which we ſhall chooſe thoſe we think beſt for the particular circumſtances of times and things, and moſt inſtructing and entertaining to the reader.

Of the different methods which preſent themſelves, upon the firſt view of the great heaps of pamphlets which the *Harleian* library exhibits, the two which merit moſt attention are, to diſtribute the treatiſes according to their ſubjects, or their dates; but neither of theſe ways can be conveniently followed. By ranging our collection in order of time, we muſt neceſſarily publiſh thoſe pieces firſt, which leaſt engage the curioſity of the bulk of mankind,

kind; and our deſign muſt fall to the ground, for want of encouragement, before it can be ſo far advanced as to obtain general regard: by confining ourſelves for any long time to any ſingle ſubject, we ſhall reduce our readers to one claſs; and, as we ſhall loſe all the grace of variety, ſhall diſguſt all thoſe who read chiefly to be diverted. There is likewiſe one objection of equal force, againſt both theſe methods, that we ſhall preclude ourſelves from the advantage of any future diſcoveries; and we cannot hope to aſſemble at once all the pamphlets which have been written in any age, or on any ſubject.

It may be added, in vindication of our intended practice, that it is the ſame with that of *Photius*, whoſe collections are no leſs miſcellaneous than ours; and who declares, that he leaves it to his reader, to reduce his extracts under their proper heads.

Moſt of the pieces which ſhall be offered in this collection to the publick, will be introduced by ſhort prefaces, in which will be given ſome account of the reaſons for which they are inſerted; notes will be ſometimes adjoined, for the explanation of obſcure paſſages, or obſolete expreſſions; and care will be taken to mingle uſe and pleaſure through the whole collection. Notwithſtanding every ſubject may not be reliſhed by every reader; yet the buyer may be aſſured that each number will repay his generous ſubſcription.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A BOOK, CALLED THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI.

THE original of this celebrated performance lay in manuſcript above a century and a half. Though it was read with the greateſt pleaſure by the learned of *Italy*, no man was hardy enough, during ſo long a period, to introduce to the world a book, in which the ſucceſſors of *St. Peter* were handled ſo roughly: a narrative, where artiſts and ſovereign princes, cardinals and courtezans, miniſters of ſtate and mechanics, are treated with equal impartiality.

At length, in the year 1730, an enterprizing *Neapolitan*, encouraged by Dr. *Antonio Cocchi*, one of the politeſt ſcholars in *Europe*, publiſhed this ſo much deſired work in one volume Quarto. The Doctor gave the editor an excellent preface, which, with very ſlight alteration, is judiciouſly preſerved by the tranſlator, Dr. *Nugent:* the book is, notwithſtanding, very ſcarce in *Italy:* the clergy of *Naples* are very powerful; and though the editor

very

very prudently put *Colonia* inſtead of *Neapoli* in the title-page, the ſale of *Cellini* was prohibited; the court of *Rome* has actually made it an article in their *Index Expurgatorius*, and prevented the importation of the book into any country where the power of the Holy See prevails.

The life of *Benvenuto Cellini* is certainly a phenomenon in biography, whether we conſider it with reſpect to the artiſt himſelf, or the great variety of hiſtorical facts which relate to others: it is indeed a very good ſupplement to the hiſtory of *Europe*, during the greateſt part of the ſixteenth century, more eſpecially in what relates to painting, ſculpture, and architecture, and the moſt eminent maſters in thoſe elegant arts, whoſe works *Cellini* praiſes or cenſures with peculiar freedom and energy.

As to the man himſelf, there is not perhaps a more ſingular character among the race of *Adam:* the admired Lord *Herbert* of *Cherbury* ſcarce equals *Cellini* in the number of peculiar qualities which ſeparate him from the reſt of the human ſpecies.

He is at once a man of pleaſure, and a ſlave to ſuperſtition; a deſpiſer of vulgar notions, and a believer in magical incantations; a fighter of duels, and a compoſer of divine ſonnets; an ardent lover of truth, and a retailer of viſionary fancies; an admirer of papal power, and a hater of popes; an offender againſt the laws, with a ſtrong reliance on divine providence. If I may be allowed the expreſſion, *Cellini* is one ſtriking feature added to the human form—a prodigy to be wondered at, not an example to be imitated.

Though

Though *Cellini* was ſo blind to his own imperfections as to commit the moſt unjuſtifiable actions, with a full perſuaſion of the goodneſs of his cauſe and the rectitude of his intention, yet no man was a keener and more accurate obſerver of the blemiſhes of others; hence his book abounds with ſarcaſtick wit and ſatirical expreſſion. Yet though his portraits are ſometimes groteſque and over-charged, from miſinformation, from melancholy, from infirmity, and from peculiarity of humour; in general it muſt be allowed that they are drawn from the life, and conformable to the idea given by cotemporary writers. His characters of pope *Clement* the ſeventh, *Paul* the third, and his baſtard ſon *Pier Luigi*; *Francis* the firſt, and his favourite miſtreſs madam *d'Eſtampes*, *Coſmo* duke of *Florence*, and his ducheſs, with many others, are touched by the hand of a maſter.

General hiſtory cannot deſcend to minute details of the domeſtick life and private tranſactions, the paſſions and foibles of great perſonages; but theſe give truer repreſentations of their characters than all the elegant and laboured compoſitions of poets and hiſtorians.

To ſome a regiſter of the actions of a ſtatuary may ſeem a heap of unintereſting occurrences; but the diſcerning will not diſdain the efforts of a powerful mind, becauſe the writer is not ennobled by birth, or dignified by ſtation.

The man who raiſes himſelf by conſummate merit in his profeſſion to the notice of princes, who converſes with them in a language dictated by honeſt freedom, who ſcruples not to tell them thoſe truths

which

which they muſt deſpair to hear from courtiers and favourites, from minions and paraſites, is a bold leveller of diſtinctions in the courts of powerful monarchs. Genius is the parent of truth and courage; and theſe, united, dread no oppoſition.

The *Tuſcan* language is greatly admired for its elegance, and the meaneſt inhabitants of *Florence* ſpeak a dialect which the reſt of *Italy* are proud to imitate. The ſtyle of *Cellini*, though plain and familiar, is vigorous and energetick. He poſſeſſes, to an uncommon degree, ſtrength of expreſſion, and rapidity of fancy. Dr. *Nugent* ſeems to have carefully ſtudied his author, and to have tranſlated him with eaſe and freedom, as well as truth and fidelity.

A

VIEW OF THE CONTROVERSY

BETWEEN

Monſ. CROUSAZ and Mr. WARBURTON,

ON THE SUBJECT OF

Mr. POPE's ESSAY on MAN.

In a LETTER to the

EDITOR *of the* GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, vol. xiii.

Mr. URBAN,

IT would not be found uſeleſs in the learned world, if in written controverſies as in oral diſputations, a moderator could be ſelected, who might in ſome degree ſuperintend the debate, reſtrain all needleſs excurſions, repreſs all perſonal reflections, and at laſt recapitulate the arguments on each ſide; and who, though he ſhould not aſſume the province of deciding the queſtion, might at leaſt exhibit it in its true ſtate.

This reflection aroſe in my mind upon the conſideration of Mr. Crouſaz's Commentary on the Eſſay on Man, and Mr. Warburton's Anſwer to it. The importance of the ſubject, the reputation and abilities of the controvertiſts, and perhaps the ardour with which each has endeavoured to ſupport his

cauſe, have made an attempt of this kind neceſſary for the information of the greateſt number of Mr. Pope's readers.

Among the duties of a moderator, I have mentioned that of recalling the diſputants to the ſubject, and cutting off the excreſcences of a debate, which Mr. Crouſaz will not ſuffer to be long unemployed, and the repreſſion of perſonal invectives which have not been very carefully avoided on either part; and are leſs excuſable, becauſe it has not been proved, that either the poet, or his commentator, wrote with any other deſign than that of promoting happineſs by cultivating reaſon and piety.

Mr. Warburton has indeed ſo much depreſſed the character of his adverſary, that before I conſider the controverſy between them, I think it neceſſary to exhibit ſome ſpecimens of Mr. Crouſaz's ſentiments, by which it will probably be ſhewn, that he is far from deſerving either indignation or contempt; that his notions are juſt, though they are ſometimes introduced without neceſſity, and defended when they are not oppoſed; and that his abilities and parts are ſuch as may entitle him to reverence from thoſe who think his criticiſms ſuperfluous.

In page 35 of the *Engliſh* tranſlation, he exhibits an obſervation which every writer ought to impreſs upon his mind, and which may afford a ſufficient apology for his commentary.

On the notion of a ruling paſſion he offers this remark: 'Nothing ſo much hinders men from 'obtaining a complete victory over their ruling 'paſſion,

'paſſion, as that all the advantages gained in their 'days of retreat, by juſt and ſober reflections, 'whether ſtruck out by their own minds, or bor-'rowed from good books, or from the converſa-'tion of men of merit, are deſtroyed in a few mo-'ments by a free intercourſe and acquaintance 'with libertines; and thus the work is always to 'be begun anew. A gameſter reſolves to leave off 'play, by which he finds his health impaired, his 'family ruined, and his paſſions inflamed; in this 'reſolution he perſiſts a few days, but ſoon yields 'to an invitation, which will give his prevailing 'inclination an opportunity of reviving in all its 'force. The caſe is the ſame with other men; but 'is reaſon to be charged with theſe calamities and 'follies, or rather the man who refuſes to liſten to 'its voice in oppoſition to impertinent ſolicita-'tions?'

On the means recommended for the attainment of happineſs, he obſerves, 'that the abilities which 'our Maker has given us, and the internal and 'external advantages with which he has inveſted 'us, are of two very different kinds; thoſe of one 'kind are beſtowed in common upon us and the 'brute creation, but the other exalt us far above 'other animals. To diſregard any of theſe gifts 'would be ingratitude; but to neglect thoſe of 'greater excellence, to go no farther than the 'groſs ſatisfactions of ſenſe, and the functions of 'mere animal life, would be a far greater crime. 'We are formed by our Creator capable of ac-'quiring knowledge, and regulating our conduct 'by reaſonable rules; it is therefore our duty to

'cultivate

'cultivate our underſtandings, and exalt our vir-
'tues. We need but make the experiment to find,
'that the greateſt pleaſures will ariſe from ſuch
'endeavours.

'It is trifling to allege, in oppoſition to this
'truth, that knowledge cannot be acquired, nor
'virtue purſued, without toil and efforts, and
'that all efforts produce fatigue. God requires
'nothing diſproportioned to the powers he has
'given, and in the exerciſe of thoſe powers con-
'ſiſts the higheſt ſatisfaction.

'Toil and wearineſs are the effects of vanity:
'when a man has formed a deſign of excelling
'others in merit, he is diſquieted by their ad-
'vances, and leaves nothing unattempted, that he
'may ſtep before them: this occaſions a thouſand
'unreaſonable emotions, which juſtly bring their
'puniſhment along with them.

'But let a man ſtudy and labour to cultivate and
'improve his abilities in the eye of his Maker,
'and with the proſpect of his approbation; let him
'attentively reflect on the infinite value of that ap-
'probation, and the higheſt encomiums that men
'can beſtow will vaniſh into nothing at the com-
'pariſon. When we live in this manner, we find
'that we live for a great and glorious end.

'When this is our frame of mind, we find it no
'longer difficult to reſtrain ourſelves in the grati-
'fications of eating and drinking, the moſt groſs
'enjoyments of ſenſe. We take what is neceſſary
'to preſerve health and vigour, but are not to
'give ourſelves up to pleaſures that weaken the at-
'tention, and dull the underſtanding.'

And

And the true ſenſe of Mr. *Pope*'s aſſertion, that *Whatever is, is right*, and I believe the ſenſe in which it was written, is thus explained:—'A ſacred 'and adorable order is eſtabliſhed in the govern-'ment of mankind. Theſe are certain and un-'varied truths: he that ſeeks God, and makes it 'his happineſs to live in obedience to him, ſhall 'obtain what he endeavours after, in a degree far 'above his preſent comprehenſion. He that turns 'his back upon his Creator, neglects to obey him, 'and perſeveres in his diſobedience, ſhall obtain 'no other happineſs than he can receive from 'enjoyments of his own procuring; void of ſatis-'faction, weary of life, waſted by empty cares, 'and remorſes equally haraſſing and juſt, he will 'experience the certain conſequences of his own 'choice. Thus will juſtice and goodneſs reſume 'their empire, and that order be reſtored which 'men have broken.'

I am afraid of wearying you or your readers with more quotations, but if you ſhall inform me that a continuation of my correſpondence will be well received, I ſhall deſcend to particular paſſages, ſhew how Mr. *Pope* gave ſometimes occaſion to miſtakes, and how Mr. *Crouſaz* was miſled by his ſuſpicion of the ſyſtem of fatality.

I am, SIR, your's, &c.

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE

TO THE

LONDON CHRONICLE,

JANUARY 1, 1757.

IT has always been lamented, that of the little time allotted to man, much muſt be ſpent upon ſuperfluities. Every proſpect has its obſtructions, which we muſt break to enlarge our view: every ſtep of our progreſs finds impediments, which, however eager to go forward, we muſt ſtop to remove. Even thoſe who profeſs to teach the way to happineſs, have multiplied our incumbrances, and the author of almoſt every book retards his inſtructions by a preface.

The writers of the Chronicle hope to be eaſily forgiven, though they ſhould not be free from an infection that has ſeized the whole fraternity, and inſtead of falling immediately to their ſubjects, ſhould detain the Reader for a time with an account of the importance of their deſign, the extent of their plan, and the accuracy of the method which they intend to proſecute. Such premonitions, though not always neceſſary when the Reader has the book complete in his hand, and may find by his

own eyes whatever can be found in it, yet may be more eaſily allowed to works publiſhed gradually in ſucceſſive parts, of which the ſcheme can only be ſo far known as the author ſhall think fit to diſcover it.

The Paper which we now invite the Publick to add to the Papers with which it is already rather wearied than ſatisfied, conſiſts of many parts; ſome of which it has in common with other periodical ſheets, and ſome peculiar to itſelf.

The firſt demand made by the reader of a journal is, that he ſhould find an accurate account of foreign tranſactions and domeſtic incidents. This is always expected, but this is very rarely performed. Of thoſe writers who have taken upon themſelves the taſk of intelligence, ſome have given and others have ſold their abilities, whether ſmall or great, to one or other of the parties that divide us; and without a wiſh for truth or thought of decency, without care of any other reputation than that of a ſtubborn adherence to their abettors, carry on the ſame tenor of repreſentation through all the viciſſitudes of right and wrong, neither depreſſed by detection, nor abaſhed by confutation, proud of the hourly increaſe of infamy, and ready to boaſt of all the contumelies that falſehood and ſlander may bring upon them, as new proofs of their zeal and fidelity.

With theſe heroes we have no ambition to be numbered, we leave to the confeſſors of faction the merit of their ſufferings, and are deſirous to recommend ourſelves under the protection of truth. That all our facts will be authentick, or all our remarks juſt, we dare not venture to promiſe: we can relate but what we hear, we can point out but what

we

we ſee. Of remote tranſactions, the firſt accounts are always confuſed, and commonly exaggerated: and in domeſtick affairs, if the power to conceal is leſs, the intereſt to miſrepreſent is often greater; and what is ſufficiently vexatious, truth ſeems to fly from curioſity, and as many enquirers produce many narratives, whatever engages the publick attention is immediately diſguiſed by the embelliſhments of fiction. We pretend to no peculiar power of diſentangling contradiction or denuding forgery, we have no ſettled correſpondence with the Antipodes, nor maintain any ſpies in the cabinets of princes. But as we ſhall always be conſcious that our miſtakes are involuntary, we ſhall watch the gradual diſcoveries of time, and retract whatever we have haſtily and erroneouſly advanced.

In the narratives of the daily writers every reader perceives ſomewhat of neatneſs and purity wanting, which at the firſt view it ſeems eaſy to ſupply; but it muſt be conſidered, that thoſe paſſages muſt be written in haſte, and that there is often no other choice, but that they muſt want either novelty or accuracy; and that as life is very uniform, the affairs of one week are ſo like thoſe of another, that by any attempt after variety of expreſſion, invention would ſoon be wearied, and language exhauſted. Some improvements however we hope to make; and for the reſt we think that when we commit only common faults, we ſhall not be excluded from common indulgence.

The accounts of prices of corn and ſtocks are to moſt of our Readers of more importance than narratives of greater ſound, and as exactneſs is here within the reach of diligence, our readers may *juſtly require it* from us.

Memorials of a private and perſonal kind, which relate deaths, marriages, and preferments, muſt always be imperfect by omiſſion, and often erroneous by miſinformation; but even in theſe there ſhall not be wanting care to avoid miſtakes, or to rectify them whenever they ſhall be found.

That part of our work, by which it is diſtinguiſhed from all others, is the literary journal, or account of the labours and productions of the learned. This was for a long time among the deficiences of *Engliſh* literature; but as the caprice of man is always ſtarting from too little to too much, we have now amongſt other diſturbers of human quiet, a numerous body of reviewers and remarkers.

Every art is improved by the emulation of competitors; thoſe who make no advances towards excellence, may ſtand as warnings againſt faults. We ſhall endeavour to avoid that petulance which treats with contempt whatever has hitherto been reputed ſacred. We ſhall repreſs that elation of malignity, which wantons in the cruelties of criticiſm, and not only murders reputation, but murders it by torture. Whenever we feel ourſelves ignorant we ſhall at leaſt be modeſt. Our intention is not to pre-occupy judgment by praiſe or cenſure, but to gratify curioſity by early intelligence, and to tell rather what our authors have attempted, than what they have performed. The titles of books are neceſſarily ſhort, and therefore diſcloſe but imperfectly the contents; they are ſometimes fraudulent and intended to raiſe falſe expectations. In our account this brevity will be extended, and theſe frauds whenever they are detected will be expoſed; for though we write without

intention

intention to injure, we ſhall not ſuffer ourſelves to be made parties to deceit.

If any author ſhall tranſmit a ſummary of his work, we ſhall willingly receive it; if any literary anecdote, or curious obſervation, ſhall be communicated to us, we will carefully inſert it. Many facts are known and forgotten, many obſervations are made and ſuppreſſed; and entertainment and inſtruction are frequently loſt, for want of a repoſitory in which they may be conveniently preſerved.

No man can modeſtly promiſe what he cannot aſcertain: we hope for the praiſe of knowledge and diſcernment, but we claim only that of diligence and candour.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

WORLD DISPLAYED*.

NAvigation, like other arts, has been perfected by degrees. It is not eaſy to conceive that any age or nation was without ſome veſſel, in which rivers might be paſſed by travellers, or lakes frequented by fiſhermen; but we have no knowledge of any ſhip that could endure the violence of the ocean before the ark of *Noah*.

As the tradition of the deluge has been tranſmitted to almoſt all the nations of the earth; it muſt be ſuppoſed that the memory of the means by which *Noah* and his family were preſerved, would be continued long among their deſcendants, and that the poſſibility of paſſing the ſeas could never be doubted.

What men know to be practicable, a thouſand motives will incite them to try; and there is reaſon to believe, that from the time that the generations of the poſt-diluvian race ſpread to the ſea ſhores, there were always navigators that ventured upon the ſea, though, perhaps, not willingly beyond the ſight of land.

Of the ancient voyages little certain is known, and it is not neceſſary to lay before the Reader ſuch

* A Collection of Voyages and Travels, ſelected from the writers of all nations, in four ſmall pocket volumes, and published by *Newbery*; to oblige whom, it is conjectured that *Johnſon* drew up this curious and learned paper.

conjectures

conjectures as learned men have offered to the world. The *Romans* by conquering *Carthage*, put a ſtop to great part of the trade of diſtant nations with one another, and becauſe they thought only on war and conqueſt, as their empire increaſed, commerce was diſcouraged; till under the latter emperors, ſhips ſeem to have been of little other uſe than to tranſport ſoldiers.

Navigation could not be carried to any great degree of certainty without the compaſs, which was unknown to the ancients. The wonderful quality by which a needle, or ſmall bar of ſteel, touched with a loadſtone or magnet, and turning freely by equilibration on a point, always preſerves the meridian, and directs its two ends north and ſouth, was diſcovered according to the common opinion in 1299, by *John Gola* of *Amalfi*, a town in *Italy*.

From this time it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that navigation made continual, though ſlow improvements, which the confuſion and barbarity of the times, and the want of communication between orders of men ſo diſtant as ſailors and monks, hindered from being diſtinctly and ſucceſſively recorded.

It ſeems, however, that the ſailors ſtill wanted either knowledge or courage, for they continued for two centuries to creep along the coaſt, and conſidered every headland as unpaſſable, which ran far into the ſea, and againſt which the waves broke with uncommon agitation.

The firſt who is known to have formed the deſign of new diſcoveries, or the firſt who had power to execute his purpoſes, was Don *Henry* the fifth, ſon of

John, the firſt king of *Portugal*, and *Philippina*, ſiſter of *Henry* the fourth of *England*. Don *Henry* having attended his father to the conqueſt of *Ceuta*, obtained, by converſation with the inhabitants of the continent, ſome accounts of the interior kingdoms and ſouthern coaſt of *Africa*; which, though rude and indiſtinct, were ſufficient to raiſe his curioſity, and convince him, that there were countries yet unknown and worthy of diſcovery.

He therefore equipped ſome ſmall veſſels, and commanded that they ſhould paſs as far as they could along that coaſt of *Africa* which looked upon the great *Atlantic* ocean, the immenſity of which ſtruck the groſs and unſkilful navigators of theſe times with terror and amazement. He was not able to communicate his own ardour to his ſeamen, who proceeded very ſlowly in the new attempt; each was afraid to venture much farther than he that went before him, and ten years were ſpent before they had advanced beyond cape *Bajador*, ſo called from its progreſſion into the ocean, and the circuit by which it muſt be doubled. The oppoſition of this promontory to the courſe of the ſea, produced a violent current and high waves, into which they durſt not venture, and which they had not yet knowledge enough to avoid by ſtanding off from the land into the open ſea.

The prince was deſirous to know ſomething of the countries that lay beyond this formidable cape, and ſent two commanders, named *John Gonzales Zarco*, and *Triſtan Vaz*, in 1418, to paſs beyond *Bajador*, and ſurvey the coaſt behind it. They were caught by a tempeſt, which drove them out

into the unknown ocean, where they expected to periſh by the violence of the wind, or perhaps to wander for ever in the boundleſs deep. At laſt, in the midſt of their deſpair, they found a ſmall iſland, where they ſheltered themſelves, and which the ſenſe of their deliverance diſpoſed them to call *Puerto Santo*, or the *Holy Haven*.

When they returned with an account of this new iſland, *Henry* performed a publick act of thankſgiving, and ſent them again with ſeeds and cattle, and we are told by the *Spaniſh* hiſtorian, that they ſet two rabbits on ſhore, which increaſed ſo much in a few years, that they drove away the inhabitants, by deſtroying their corn and plants, and were ſuffered to enjoy the iſland without oppoſition.

In the ſecond or third voyage to *Puerto Santo* (for authors do not agree which), a third captain called *Perello*, was joined to the two former. As they looked round the iſland upon the ocean, they ſaw at a diſtance ſomething which they took for a cloud, till they perceived that it did not change its place. They directed their courſe towards it, and, in 1419, diſcovered another iſland covered with trees, which they therefore called *Madera*, or the *Iſle of Wood*.

Madera was given to *Vaz* or *Zarco*, who ſet fire to the woods, which are reported by *Souza* to have burnt for ſeven years together, and to have been waſted, till want of wood was the greateſt inconveniency of the place. But green wood is not very apt to burn, and the heavy rains which fall in theſe countries muſt ſurely have extinguiſhed the conflagration, were it ever ſo violent.

There

There was yet little progreſs made upon the ſouthern coaſt, and *Henry*'s project was treated as chimerical by many of his countrymen. At laſt *Gilianes*, in 1433, paſſed the dreadful cape, to which he gave the name of *Bajador*, and came back to the wonder of the nation.

In two voyages more, made in the two following years, they paſſed forty-two leagues farther, and in the latter, two men with horſes being ſet on ſhore, wandered over the country, and found nineteen men, whom, according to the ſavage manners of that age, they attacked; the natives having javelins, wounded one of the *Portugueſe*, and received ſome wounds from them. At the mouth of a river they found ſea-wolves in great numbers, and brought home many of their ſkins, which were much eſteemed.

Antonio Gonzales, who had been one of the aſſociates of *Gilianes*, was ſent again, in 1440, to bring back a cargo of the ſkins of ſea-wolves. He was followed in another ſhip by *Nunno Triſtam*. They were now of ſtrength ſufficient to venture upon violence, they therefore landed, and without either right or provocation, made all whom they ſeized their priſoners, and brought them to *Portugal*, with great commendations both from the prince and the nation.

Henry now began to pleaſe himſelf with the ſucceſs of his projects, and as one of his purpoſes was the converſion of infidels, he thought it neceſſary to impart his undertaking to the pope, and to obtain the ſanction of eccleſiaſtical authority. To this end *Fernando Lopez d'Azevedo* was diſpatched to *Rome*,

who

who related to the pope and cardinals the great deſigns of *Henry*, and magnified his zeal for the propagation of religion. The pope was pleaſed with the narrative, and by a formal bull, conferred upon the crown of *Portugal* all the countries which ſhould be diſcovered as far as *India*, together with *India* itſelf, and granted ſeveral privileges and indulgences to the churches which *Henry* had built in his new regions, and to the men engaged in the navigation for diſcovery. By this bull all other princes were forbidden to encroach upon the conqueſts of the *Portugueſe*, on pain of the cenſures incurred by the crime of uſurpation.

The approbation of the pope, the ſight of men whoſe manners and appearance were ſo different from thoſe of *Europeans*, and the hope of gain from golden regions, which has been always the great incentive to hazard and diſcovery, now began to operate with full force. The deſire of riches, and of dominion, which is yet more pleaſing to the fancy, filled the courts of the *Portugueſe* prince with innumerable adventurers from very diſtant parts of *Europe*. Some wanted to be employed in the ſearch after new countries, and ſome to be ſettled in thoſe which had been already found.

Communities now began to be animated by the ſpirit of enterpriſe, and many aſſociations were formed for the equipment of ſhips, and the acquiſition of the riches of diſtant regions, which perhaps were always ſuppoſed to be more wealthy, as more remote. Theſe undertakers agreed to pay the prince a fifth part of the profit, ſometimes a greater ſhare,

ſhare, and ſent out the armament at their own expence.

The city of *Lagos* was the firſt that carried on this deſign by contribution. The inhabitants fitted out ſix veſſels, under the command of *Lucarot*, one of the prince's houſehold, and ſoon after fourteen more were furniſhed for the ſame purpoſe, under the ſame commander; to thoſe were added many belonging to private men, ſo that in a ſhort time twenty-ſix ſhips put to ſea in queſt of whatever fortune ſhould preſent.

The ſhips of *Lagos* were ſoon ſeparated by foul weather, and the reſt, taking each its own courſe, ſtopped at different parts of the *African* coaſt, from Cape *Blanco* to Cape *Verd*. Some of them, in 1444, anchored at *Gomera*, one of the *Canaries*, where they were kindly treated by the inhabitants, who took them into their ſervice againſt the people of the iſle of *Palma*, with whom they were at war; but the *Portugueſe* at their return to *Gomera*, not being made ſo rich as they expected, fell upon their friends, in contempt of all the laws of hoſpitality and ſtipulations of alliance, and, making ſeveral of them priſoners and ſlaves, ſet ſail for *Liſbon*.

The *Canaries* are ſuppoſed to have been known, however imperfectly, to the ancients; but in the confuſion of the ſubſequent ages they were loſt and forgotten, till about the year 1340, the *Biſcayners* found *Lucarot*, and invading it (for to find a new country and invade it has always been the fame), brought away ſeventy captives, and ſome commodities of the place. *Louis de la Cerda*, count of *Clermont*,

Clermont, of the blood royal both of *France* and *Spain*, nephew of *John de la Cerda*, who called himſelf the Prince of Fortune, had once a mind to ſettle in thoſe iſlands, and applying himſelf firſt to the king of *Arragon*, and then to *Clement* VI. was by the pope crowned at *Avignon*, king of the *Canaries*, on condition that he ſhould reduce them to the true religion; but the prince altered his mind, and went into *France* to ſerve againſt the *Engliſh*. The kings both of *Caſtile* and *Portugal*, though they did not oppoſe the papal grant, yet complained of it, as made without their knowledge, and in contravention of their rights.

The firſt ſettlement in the *Canaries* was made by *John de Betancour*, a *French* gentleman, for whom his kinſman *Robin de Braquement*, admiral of *France*, begged them, with the title of King, from *Henry* the magnificent of *Caſtile*, to whom he had done eminent ſervices. *John* made himſelf maſter of ſome of the iſles, but could never conquer the grand *Canary*; and having ſpent all that he had, went back to *Europe*, leaving his nephew, *Maſſiot de Betancour*, to take care of his new dominion. *Maſſiot* had a quarrel with the vicar-general, and was likewiſe diſguſted by the long abſence of his uncle, whom the *French* king detained in his ſervice, and being able to keep his ground no longer, he transferred his rights to *Don Henry*, in exchange for ſome diſtricts in the *Madera*, when he ſettled his family.

Don Henry, when he had purchaſed thoſe iſlands, ſent thither in 1424 two thouſand five hundred foot, and an hundred and twenty horſe; but the army

was

was too numerous to be maintained by the country. The king of *Caſtile* afterwards claimed them, as conquered by his ſubjects under *Betancour*, and held under the crown of *Caſtile* by fealty and homage; his claim was allowed, and the *Canaries* were reſigned.

It was the conſtant practice of *Henry*'s navigators, when they ſtopped at a deſart iſland, to land cattle upon it, and leave them to breed, where, neither wanting room nor food, they multiplied very faſt, and furniſhed a very commodious ſupply to thoſe who came afterwards to the ſame place. This was imitated in ſome degree by *Anſon*, at the iſle of *Juan Fernandez*.

The iſlands of *Madera*, he not only filled with inhabitants, aſſiſted by artificers of every kind, but procured ſuch plants as ſeemed likely to flouriſh in that climate, and introduced ſugar canes and vines, which afterwards produced a very large revenue.

The trade of *Africa* now began to be profitable, but a great part of the gain aroſe from the ſale of ſlaves, who were annually brought into *Portugal*, by hundreds, as *Lafitau* relates, and without any appearance of indignation or compaſſion; they likewiſe imported gold duſt in ſuch quantities, that *Alphonſus* V. coined it into a new ſpecies of money called Cruſades, which is ſtill continued in *Portugal*.

In time they made their way along the ſouth coaſt of *Africa*, eaſtward to the country of the negroes, whom they found living in tents, without any political inſtitutions, ſupporting life with very little labour by the milk of their kine, and millet, to

which

which thoſe who inhabited the coaſt added fiſh dried in the ſun. Having never ſeen the natives or heard of the arts of *Europe*, they gazed with aſtoniſhment on the ſhips when they approached their coaſts, ſometimes thinking them birds, and ſometimes fiſhes, according as their ſails were ſpread or lowered; and ſometimes conceiving them to be only phantoms, which played to and fro in the ocean. Such is the account given by the hiſtorian, perhaps with too much prejudice againſt a negroe's underſtanding; who though he might well wonder at the bulk and ſwiftneſs of the firſt ſhip, would ſcarcely conceive it to be either a bird or a fiſh; but having ſeen many bodies floating in the water, would think it what it really is, a large boat; and if he had no knowledge of any means by which ſeparate pieces of timber may be joined together, would form very wild notions concerning its conſtruction, or perhaps ſuppoſe it to be a hollow trunk of a tree, from ſome country where trees grow to a much greater height and thickneſs than in his own.

When the *Portugueſe* came to land, they increaſed the aſtoniſhment of the poor inhabitants, who ſaw men clad in iron, with thunder and lightning in their hands. They did not underſtand each other, and ſigns are a very imperfect mode of communication even to men of more knowledge than the negroes, ſo that they could not eaſily negociate or traffick: at laſt the *Portugueſe* laid hands on ſome of them to carry them home for a ſample; and their dread and amazement was raiſed, ſays *Lafitau*, to the higheſt pitch, when the *Europeans* fired their cannons and muſkets among them, and they ſaw

their

their companions fall dead at their feet without any enemy at hand, or any viſible cauſe of their deſtruction.

On what occaſion, or for what purpoſe, cannons and muſkets were diſcharged among a people harmleſs and ſecure, by ſtrangers who without any right viſited their coaſt; it is not thought neceſſary to inform us. The *Portugueſe* could fear nothing from them, and had therefore no adequate provocation, nor is there any reaſon to believe but that they murdered the negroes in wanton merriment, perhaps only to try how many a volley would deſtroy, or what would be the conſternation of thoſe that ſhould eſcape. We are openly told, that they had the leſs ſcruple concerning their treatment of the ſavage people, becauſe they ſcarcely conſidered them as diſtinct from beaſts; and indeed the practice of all the *European* nations, and among others of the *Engliſh* barbarians that cultivate the ſouthern iſlands of *America*, proves, that this opinion, however abſurd and fooliſh, however wicked and injurious, ſtill continues to prevail. Intereſt and pride harden the heart, and it is in vain to diſpute againſt avarice and power.

By theſe practices the firſt diſcoverers alienated the natives from them; and whenever a ſhip appeared, every one that could fly betook himſelf to the mountains and the woods, ſo that nothing was to be got more than they could ſteal: they ſometimes ſurpriſed a few fiſhers, and made them ſlaves, and did what they could to offend the negroes, and enrich themſelves. This practice of robbery continued till ſome of the negroes who had been en-

ſlaved learned the language of *Portugal*, ſo as to be able to interpret for their countrymen, and one *John Fernandez* applied himſelf to the negroe tongue.

From this time began ſomething like a regular traffick, ſuch as can ſubſiſt between nations where all the power is on one ſide; and a factory was ſettled in the iſle of *Arguin*, under the protection of a fort. The profit of this new trade was aſſigned for a certain term to *Ferdinando Gomez*; which ſeems to be the common method of eſtabliſhing a trade that is yet too ſmall to engage the care of a nation, and can only be enlarged by that attention which is beſtowed by private men upon private advantage. *Gomez* continued the diſcoveries to *Cape Catherine*, two degrees and a half beyond the line.

In the latter part of the reign of *Alphonſo* V. the ardour of diſcovery was ſomewhat intermitted, and all commercial enterpriſes were interrupted by the wars in which he was engaged with various ſucceſs. But *John* II. who ſucceeded, being fully convinced both of the honour and advantage of extending his dominions in countries hitherto unknown, proſecuted the deſigns of prince *Henry* with the utmoſt vigour, and in a ſhort time added to his other titles, that of king of *Guinea* and of the coaſt of *Africa*.

In 1463, in the third year of the reign of *John* II. died prince *Henry*, the firſt encourager of remote navigation, by whoſe incitement, patronage and example, diſtant nations have been made acquainted with each other, unknown countries have been brought into general view, and the power of *Europe* has been extended to the remoteſt parts of

the world. What mankind has loſt and gained by the genius and deſigns of this prince, it would be long to compare, and very difficult to eſtimate. Much knowledge has been acquired, and much cruelty been committed; the belief of religion has been very little propagated, and its laws have been outrageouſly and enormouſly violated. The *Europeans* have ſcarcely viſited any coaſt, but to gratify avarice, and extend corruption; to arrogate dominion without right, and practiſe cruelty without incentive. Happy had it then been for the oppreſſed, if the deſigns of *Henry* had ſlept in his boſom, and ſurely more happy for the oppreſſors. But there is reaſon to hope that out of ſo much evil good may ſometimes be produced; and that the light of the goſpel will at laſt illuminate the ſands of *Africa*, and the deſarts of *America*, though its progreſs cannot but be ſlow, when it is ſo much obſtructed by the lives of chriſtians.

The death of *Henry* did not interrupt the progreſs of king *John*, who was very ſtrict in his injunctions, not only to make diſcoveries, but to ſecure poſſeſſion of the countries that were found. The practice of the firſt navigators was only to raiſe a croſs upon the coaſt, and to carve upon trees the device of Don *Henry*, the name which they thought it proper to give to the new coaſt, and any other information, for thoſe that might happen to follow them; but now they began to erect piles of ſtone with a croſs on the top, and engraved on the ſtone, the arms of *Portugal*, the name of the king, and of the commander of the ſhip, with the day and year of the diſcovery. This was accounted ſufficient to

prove their claim to the new lands; which might be pleaded with juſtice enough againſt any other *Europeans*, and the rights of the original inhabitants were never taken into notice. Of theſe ſtone records, nine more were erected in the reign of king *John*, along the coaſt of *Africa*, as far as the *Cape of Good Hope*.

The fortreſs in the iſle of *Arguin* was finiſhed, and it was found neceſſary to build another at *S. Georgio de la Mina*, a few degrees north of the line, to ſecure the trade of gold duſt, which was chiefly carried on at that place. For this purpoſe a fleet was fitted out of ten large, and three ſmaller veſſels, freighted with materials for building the fort, and with proviſions and ammunition for ſix hundred men, of whom one hundred were workmen and labourers. Father *Lafitau* relates, in very particular terms, that theſe ſhips carried hewn ſtones, bricks, and timber, for the fort, ſo that nothing remained but barely to erect it. He does not ſeem to conſider how ſmall a fort could be made out of the lading of ten ſhips.

The command of this fleet was given to Don *Diego d'Azambue*, who ſet ſail *December* 11, 1481, and reaching *La Mina January* 19, 1482, gave immediate notice of his arrival to *Caramanſa*, a petty prince of that part of the country, whom he very earneſtly invited to an immediate conference.

Having received a meſſage of civility from the negroe chief, he landed, and choſe a riſing ground, proper for his intended fortreſs, on which he planted a banner with the arms of *Portugal*, and took poſſeſſion in the name of his maſter. He then raiſed

an altar at the foot of a great tree, on which mass was celebrated, the whole assembly, says *Lafitau*, breaking out into tears of devotion at the prospect of inviting these barbarous nations to the profession of the true faith. Being secure of the goodness of the end, they had no scruple about the means, nor ever considered how differently from the primitive martyrs and apostles they were attempting to make proselytes. The first propagators of christianity recommended their doctrines by their sufferings and virtues; they entered no defenceless territories with swords in their hands; they built no forts upon ground to which they had no right, nor polluted the purity of religion with the avarice of trade, or insolence of power.

What may still raise higher the indignation of a christian mind, this purpose of propagating truth appears never to have been seriously pursued by any *European* nation; no means, whether lawful or unlawful, have been practised with diligence and perseverance for the conversion of savages. When a fort is built, and a factory established, there remains no other care than to grow rich. It is soon found that ignorance is most easily kept in subjection, and that by enlightening the mind with truth, fraud and usurpation would be made less practicable and less secure.

In a few days an interview was appointed between *Caramansa* and *Azambuc*. The *Portuguese* uttered by his interpreter a pompous speech, in which he made the negroe prince large offers of his master's friendship, exhorting him to embrace the religion of his new ally; and told him, that as they came to

form a league of friendſhip with him, it was neceſſary that they ſhould build a fort, which might ſerve as a retreat from their common enemies, and in which the *Portugueſe* might be always at hand to lend him aſſiſtance.

The negroe, who ſeemed very well to underſtand what the admiral intended, after a ſhort pauſe, returned an anſwer full of reſpect to the king of *Portugal*, but appeared a little doubtful what to determine with relation to the fort. The commander ſaw his diffidence, and uſed all his art of perſuaſion to overcome it. *Caramanſa*, either induced by hope, or conſtrained by fear, either deſirous to make them friends, or not daring to make them enemies, conſented, with a ſhew of joy, to that which it was not in his power to refuſe; and the new comers began the next day to break the ground for a foundation of a fort.

Within the limit of their intended fortification were ſome ſpots appropriated to ſuperſtitious practices; which the negroes no ſooner perceived in danger of violation by the ſpade and pick-ax, than they ran to arms, and began to interrupt the work. The *Portugueſe* perſiſted in their purpoſe, and there had ſoon been tumult and bloodſhed, had not the admiral, who was at a diſtance to ſuperintend the unlading the materials for the edifice, been informed of the danger. He was told at the ſame time, that the ſupport of their ſuperſtition was only a pretence, and that all their rage might be appeaſed by the preſents which the prince expected, the delay of which had greatly offended him.

The *Portugueſe* admiral immediately ran to his men, prohibited all violence, and ſtopped the commotion; he then brought out the preſents, and ſpread them with great pomp before the prince; if they were of no great value, they were rare, for the negroes had never ſeen ſuch wonders before; they were therefore received with extaſy, and perhaps the *Portugueſe* derided them for their fondneſs of trifles, without conſidering how many things derive their value only from their ſcarcity; and that gold and rubies would be trifles, if nature had ſcattered them with leſs frugality.

The work was now peaceably continued, and ſuch was the diligence with which the ſtrangers haſtened to ſecure the poſſeſſion of the country, that in twenty days they had ſufficiently fortified themſelves againſt the hoſtility of the negroes. They then proceeded to complete their deſign. A church was built in the place where the firſt altar had been raiſed, on which a maſs was eſtabliſhed to be celebrated for ever, once a day, for the repoſe of the ſoul of *Henry*, the firſt mover of theſe diſcoveries.

In this fort the admiral remained with ſixty ſoldiers, and ſent back the reſt in the ſhips, with gold, ſlaves, and other commodities. It may be obſerved that ſlaves were never forgotten, and that wherever they went, they gratified their pride, if not their avarice, and brought ſome of the natives, when it happened that they brought nothing elſe.

The *Portugueſe* endeavoured to extend their dominions ſtill farther. They had gained ſome knowledge of the *Jalofs*, a nation inhabiting the coaſt of *Guinea*, between the Gambia and *Senegal*. The

King

king of the *Jaloffs* being vicious and luxurious, committed the care of the government to *Bemoin*, his brother by the mother's ſide, in preference to two other brothers by his father. *Bemoin*, who wanted neither bravery nor prudence, knew that his ſtation was invidious and dangerous, and therefore made an alliance with the *Portugueſe*, and retained them in his defence by liberality and kindneſs. At laſt the king was killed by the contrivance of his brothers, and *Bemoin* was to loſe his power, or maintain it by war.

He had recourſe in this exigence to his great ally the king of *Portugal*, who promiſed to ſupport him, on condition that he ſhould become a chriſtian, and ſent an ambaſſador, accompanied with miſſionaries. *Bemoin* promiſed all that was required, objecting only, that the time of a civil war was not a proper ſeaſon for a change of religion, which would alienate his adherents; but ſaid, that when he was once peaceably eſtabliſhed, he would not only embrace the true religion himſelf, but would endeavour the converſion of the kingdom.

This excuſe was admitted, and *Bemoin* delayed his converſion for a year, renewing his promiſe from time to time. But the war was unſucceſsful, trade was at a ſtand, and *Bemoin* was not able to pay the money which he had borrowed of the *Portugueſe* merchants, who ſent intelligence to *Liſbon* of his delays, and received an order from the king, commanding them, under ſevere penalties, to return home.

Bemoin here ſaw his ruin approaching, and hoping that money would pacify all reſentment, borrowed

of his friends a ſum ſufficient to diſcharge his debts; and finding that even this enticement would not delay the departure of the *Portugueſe*, he embarked his nephew in their ſhips, with an hundred ſlaves, whom he preſented to the king of *Portugal*, to ſolicit his aſſiſtance. The effect of this embaſſy he could not ſtay to know; for being ſoon after depoſed, he ſought ſhelter in the fortreſs of *Argin*, whence he took ſhipping for *Portugal*, with twenty-five of his principal followers.

The king of *Portugal* pleaſed his own vanity and that of his ſubjects, by receiving him with great ſtate and magnificence, as a mighty monarch who had fled to an ally for ſuccour in misfortune. All the lords and ladies of the court were aſſembled, and *Bemoin* was conducted with a ſplendid attendance into the hall of audience, where the king roſe from his throne to welcome him. *Bemoin* then made a ſpeech with great eaſe and dignity, repreſenting his unhappy ſtate, and imploring the favour of his powerful ally. The king was touched with his affliction, and ſtruck by his wiſdom.

The converſion of *Bemoin* was much deſired by the king; and it was therefore immediately propoſed to him that he ſhould become a chriſtian. Eccleſiaſticks were ſent to inſtruct him; and having now no more obſtacles from intereſt, he was eaſily perſuaded to declare himſelf whatever would pleaſe thoſe on whom he now depended. He was baptized on the third day of *December* 1489, in the palace of the queen, with great magnificence, and named *John* after the king.

Some

Some time was ſpent in feaſts and ſports on this great occaſion, and the negroes ſignaliſed themſelves by many feats of agility, far ſurpaſſing the power of *Europeans*, who having more helps of art, are leſs diligent to cultivate the qualities of nature. In the mean time twenty large ſhips were fitted out, well manned, ſtored with ammunition, and laden with materials neceſſary for the erection of a fort. With this powerful armament were ſent a great number of miſſionaries under the direction of *Alvarez* the king's confeſſor. The command of this force, which filled the coaſt of *Africa* with terror, was given to *Pedro Vaz d'Acugna*, ſurnamed *Biſagu*; who ſoon after they had landed, not being well pleaſed with his expedition, put an end to its inconveniences by ſtabbing *Bemoin* ſuddenly to the heart. The king heard of this outrage with great ſorrow, but did not attempt to puniſh the murderer.

The king's concern for the reſtoration of *Bemoin* was not the mere effect of kindneſs, he hoped by his help to facilitate greater deſigns. He now began to form hopes of finding a way to the *Eaſt Indies*, and of enriching his country by that gainful commerce: this he was encouraged to believe practicable, by a map which the Moors had given to prince *Henry*, and which ſubſequent diſcoveries have ſhewn to be ſufficiently near to exactneſs, where a paſſage round the ſouth-eaſt part of *Africa* was evidently deſcribed.

The king had another ſcheme yet more likely to engage curioſity, and not irreconcileable with his intereſt. The world had for ſome time been filled with the report of a powerful chriſtian prince called

Preſter

Preſter John, whoſe country was unknown, and whom ſome, after *Paulus Venetus*, ſuppoſed to reign in the midſt of *Aſia*, and others in the depth of *Ethiopia*, between the ocean and Red-ſea. The account of the *African* chriſtians was confirmed by ſome *Abyſſinians* who had travelled into *Spain*, and by ſome friars that had viſited the holy land; and the king was extremely deſirous of their correſpondence and alliance.

Some obſcure intelligence had been obtained, which made it ſeem probable that a way might be found from the countries lately diſcovered, to thoſe of this far famed monarch. In 1486, an ambaſſador came from the king of *Benin*, to deſire that preachers might be ſent to inſtruct him and his ſubjects in the true religion. He related that in the inland country, three hundred and fifty leagues eaſtward from *Benin*, was a mighty monarch called *Ogane*, who had juriſdiction both ſpiritual and temporal over other kings; that the king of *Benin* and his neighbours, at their acceſſion, ſent ambaſſadors to him with rich preſents, and received from him the inveſtiture of their dominions, and the marks of ſovereignty, which were a kind of ſceptre, a helmet, and a latten croſs, without which they could not be conſidered as lawful kings; that this great prince was never ſeen but on the day of audience, and then held out one of his feet to the ambaſſador, who kiſſed it with great reverence, and who at his departure had a croſs of latten hung on his neck, which ennobled him thenceforward, and exempted him from all ſervile offices.

Benin

Bemoin had likewiſe told the king, that to the eaſt of the kingdom of *Tombut*, there was among other princes, one that was neither Mahometan nor idolater, but who ſeemed to profeſs a religion nearly reſembling the chriſtian. Theſe informations compared with each other, and with the current accounts of *Preſter John*, induced the king to an opinion, which, though formed ſomewhat at hazard, is ſtill believed to be right, that by paſſing up the river *Senegal* his dominions would be found. It was therefore ordered that when the fortreſs was finiſhed, an attempt ſhould be made to paſs upward to the ſource of the river. The deſign failed then, and has never yet ſucceeded.

Other ways likewiſe were tried of penetrating to the kingdom of *Preſter John*, for the king reſolved to leave neither ſea nor land unſearched till he ſhould be found. The two meſſengers who were ſent firſt on this deſign, went to *Jeruſalem*, and then returned, being perſuaded that, for want of underſtanding the language of the country, it would be vain or impoſſible to travel farther. Two more were then diſpatched, one of whom was *Pedro de Covillan*, the other *Alphonſo de Pavia*; they paſſed from *Naples* to *Alexandria*, and then travelled to *Cairo*, from whence they went to *Aden*, a town of *Arabia*, on the Red-ſea, near its mouth. From *Aden*, *Pavia* ſet ſail for *Ethiopia*, and *Covillan* for the *Indies*. *Covillan* viſited *Canavar*, *Calicut*, and *Goa* in the *Indies*, and *Sofula* in the eaſtern *Africa*, thence he returned to *Aden*, and then to *Cairo*, where he had agreed to meet *Pavia*. At *Cairo* he was informed that *Pavia* was dead, but he met with two *Portugueſe* Jews, one

of

of whom had given the king an account of the ſituation and trade of *Ormus:* they brought orders to *Covillan*, that he ſhould ſend one of them home with the journal of his travels, and go to *Ormus* with the other.

Covillan obeyed the orders, ſending an exact account of his adventures to *Liſbon*, and proceeding with the other meſſenger to *Ormus*; where having made ſufficient enquiry, he ſent his companion homewards with the caravans that were going to *Aleppo*, and embarking once more on the Red-ſea, arrived in time at *Abiſſinia*, and found the prince whom he had ſought ſo long, and with ſuch danger.

Two ſhips were ſent out upon the ſame ſearch, of which *Bartholomew Diaz* had the chief command; they were attended by a ſmaller veſſel laden with proviſions, that they might not return upon pretence of want either felt or feared.

Navigation was now brought nearer to perfection. The *Portugueſe* claim the honour of many inventions by which the ſailor is aſſiſted, and which enable him to leave ſight of land, and commit himſelf to the boundleſs ocean. *Diaz* had orders to proceed beyond the river *Zaire*, where *Diego Can* had ſtopped, to build monuments of his diſcoveries, and to leave upon the coaſts negroe men and women well inſtructed, who might inquire after *Preſter John*, and fill the natives with reverence for the *Portugueſe*.

Diaz, with much oppoſition from his crew, whoſe mutinies he repreſſed, partly by ſoftneſs and partly by ſteadineſs, ſailed on till he reached the utmoſt point of *Africa*, which from the bad weather that he met there, he called Cabo Tormentoſo, or the

Cape

Cape of Storms. He would have gone forward, but his crew forced him to return. In his way back he met the *Victualler*, from which he had been parted nine months before; of the nine men which were in it at the ſeparation, ſix had been killed by the negroes, and of the three remaining, one died for joy at the ſight of his friends. *Diaz* returned to *Liſbon* in *December* 1487, and gave an account of his voyage to the king, who ordered the Cape of Storms to be called thenceforward *Cabo de Buena Eſperanza*, or the *Cape of Good Hope*.

Some time before the expedition of *Diaz*, the river *Zarie* and the kingdom of *Congo* had been diſcovered by *Diego Can*, who found a nation of negroes who ſpoke a language which thoſe that were in his ſhips could not underſtand. He landed, and the natives, whom he expected to fly like the other inhabitants of the coaſt, met them with confidence, and treated them with kindneſs; but *Diego* finding that they could not underſtand each other, ſeized ſome of their chiefs, and carried them to *Portugal*, leaving ſome of his own people in their room to learn the language of *Congo*.

The negroes were ſoon pacified, and the *Portugueſe* left to their mercy were well treated; and as they by degrees grew able to make themſelves underſtood, recommended themſelves, their nation, and their religion. The king of *Portugal* ſent *Diego* back in a very ſhort time with the negroes whom he had forced away; and when they were ſet ſafe on ſhore, the king of *Congo* conceived ſo much eſteem for *Diego*, that he ſent one of thoſe who had returned back again in his ſhip to *Liſbon*, with two

young

young men diſpatched as ambaſſadors, to deſire inſtructors to be ſent for the converſion of his kingdom.

The ambaſſadors were honourably received, and baptiſed with great pomp, and a fleet was immediately fitted out for *Congo*, under the command of *Gonſalvo Sorza*, who dying in his paſſage, was ſucceeded in authority by his nephew *Roderigo*.

When they came to land, the king's uncle, who commanded the province, immediately requeſted to be ſolemnly initiated into the chriſtian religion, which was granted to him and his young ſon, on *Eaſter* day 1491. The father was named *Manuel*, and the ſon *Antonio*. Soon afterwards the king, queen, and eldeſt prince, received at the font the names of *John*, *Eleanor*, and *Alphonſo*, and a war breaking out, the whole army was admitted to the rites of chriſtianity, and then ſent againſt the enemy. They returned victorious, but ſoon forgot their faith, and formed a conſpiracy to reſtore paganiſm; a powerful oppoſition was raiſed by infidels and apoſtates, headed by one of the king's younger ſons; and the miſſionaries had been deſtroyed had not *Alphonſo* pleaded for them and for chriſtianity.

The enemies of religion now became the enemies of *Alphonſo*, whom they accuſed to his father of diſloyalty. His mother, queen *Eleanor*, gained time by one artifice after another, till the king was calmed; he then heard the cauſe again, declared his ſon innocent, and puniſhed his accuſers with death.

The king died ſoon after, and the throne was diſputed by *Alphonſo*, ſupported by the chriſtians, and

and *Aquitimo* his brother, followed by the infidels. A battle was fought, *Aquitimo* was taken and put to death, and chriſtianity was for a time eſtabliſhed in *Congo*; but the nation has relapſed into its former follies.

Such was the ſtate of the *Portugueſe* navigation, when in 1492, *Columbus* made the daring and proſperous voyage, which gave a new world to *European* curioſity and *Europeaan* cruelty. He had offered his propoſal, and declared his expectations to king *John* of *Portugal*, who had ſlighted him as a fanciful and raſh projector, that promiſed what he had not reaſonable hopes to perform. *Columbus* had ſolicited other princes, and had been repulſed with the ſame indignity; at laſt *Iſabella* of *Arragon* furniſhed him with ſhips, and having found *America*, he entered the mouth of the *Tagus* in his return, and ſhewed the natives of the new country. When he was admitted to the king's preſence, he acted and talked with ſo much haughtineſs, and reflected on the neglect which he had undergone with ſo much acrimony, that the courtiers who ſaw their prince inſulted, offered to deſtroy him; but the king, who knew that he deſerved the reproaches that had been uſed, and who now ſincerely regretted his incredulity, would ſuffer no violence to be offered him, but diſmiſſed him with preſents and with honours.

The *Portugueſe* and *Spaniards* became now jealous of each other's claim to countries which neither had yet ſeen; and the Pope, to whom they appealed, divided the new world between them by a line drawn from north to ſouth, a hundred leagues weſtward from *Cape Verd* and the *Azores*, giving all that lies

weſt

weſt from that line to the *Spaniards*, and all that lies eaſt to the *Portugueſe*. This was no ſatisfactory diviſion, for the eaſt and weſt muſt meet at laſt, but that time was then at a great diſtance.

According to this grant, the *Portugueſe* continued their diſcoveries eaſtward, and became maſters of much of the coaſt both of *Africa* and the *Indies*; but they ſeized much more than they could occupy, and while they were under the dominion of *Spain*, loſt the greater part of their *Indian* territories.

THE PREFACE TO THE PRECEPTOR: CONTAINING A GENERAL PLAN OF EDUCATION.

THE importance of education is a point ſo generally underſtood and confeſſed, that it would be of little uſe to attempt any new proof or illuſtration of its neceſſity and advantages.

At a time when ſo many ſchemes of education have been projected, ſo many propoſals offered to the Publick, ſo many ſchools opened for general knowledge, and ſo many lectures in particular ſciences attended; at a time when mankind ſeems intent rather upon familiariſing than enlarging the ſeveral arts; and every age, ſex and profeſſion, is invited to an acquaintance with thoſe ſtudies, which were formerly ſuppoſed acceſſible only to ſuch as had devoted themſelves to literary leiſure, and dedicated their powers to philoſophical enquiries; it ſeems rather requiſite that an apology ſhould be made for any further attempt to ſmooth a path ſo

frequently beaten, or to recommend attainments ſo ardently purſued, and ſo officiouſly directed.

That this general deſire may not be fruſtrated, our ſchools ſeem yet to want ſome book, which may excite curioſity by its variety, encourage diligence by its facility, and reward application by its uſefulneſs. In examining the treatiſes hitherto offered to the youth of this nation, there appeared none that did not fail in one or other of theſe eſſential qualities; none that were not either unpleaſing, or abſtruſe, or crowded with learning, very rarely applicable to the purpoſes of common life.

Every man, who has been engaged in teaching, knows with how much difficulty youthful minds are confined to cloſe application, and how readily they deviate to any thing, rather than attend to that which is impoſed as a taſk. That this diſpoſition, when it becomes inconſiſtent with the forms of education, is to be checked, will be readily granted; but ſince, though it may be in ſome degree obviated, it cannot wholly be ſuppreſſed, it is ſurely rational to turn it to advantage, by taking care that the mind ſhall never want objects on which its faculties may be uſefully employed. It is not impoſſible, that this reſtleſs deſire of novelty, which gives ſo much trouble to the teacher, may be often the ſtruggle of the underſtanding ſtarting from that to which it is not by nature adapted, and travelling in ſearch of ſomething on which it may fix with greater ſatisfaction. For without ſuppoſing each man particularly marked out by his genius for particular performances, it may be eaſily conceived, that when a numerous claſs of boys is confined indiſcriminately;

criminately to the ſame forms of compoſition, the repetition of the ſame words, or the explication of the ſame ſentiments, the employment muſt, either by nature or accident, be leſs ſuitable to ſome than others; that the ideas to be contemplated may be too difficult for the apprehenſion of one, and too obvious for that of another: they may be ſuch as ſome underſtandings cannot reach, though others look down upon them as below their regard. Every mind in its progreſs through the different ſtages of ſcholaſtick learning, muſt be often in one of theſe conditions, muſt either flag with the labour, or grow wanton with the facility of the work aſſigned; and in either ſtate it naturally turns aſide from the track before it. Wearineſs looks out for relief, and leiſure for employment, and ſurely it is rational to indulge the wanderings of both. For the faculties which are too lightly burdened with the buſineſs of the day, may with great propriety add to it ſome other enquiry; and he that finds himſelf overwearied by a taſk, which perhaps, with all his efforts, he is not able to perform, is undoubtedly to be juſtified in addicting himſelf rather to eaſier ſtudies, and endeavouring to quit that which is above his attainment, for that which nature has not made him incapable of purſuing with advantage.

That therefore this roving curioſity may not be unſatisfied, it ſeems neceſſary to ſcatter in its way ſuch allurements as may withhold it from an uſeleſs and unbounded diſſipation; ſuch as may regulate it without violence, and direct it without reſtraint; ſuch as may ſuit every inclination, and fit every capacity; may employ the ſtronger genius, by ope-

rations of reaſon, and engage the leſs active or forcible mind, by ſupplying it with eaſy knowledge, and obviating that deſpondence, which quickly prevails, when nothing appears but a ſucceſſion of difficulties, and one labour only ceaſes that another may be impoſed.

A book intended thus to correſpond with all diſpoſitions, and afford entertainment for minds of different powers, is neceſſarily to contain treatiſes on different ſubjects. As it is deſigned for ſchools, though for the higher claſſes, it is confined wholly to ſuch parts of knowledge as young minds may comprehend; and as it is drawn up for Readers yet unexperienced in life, and unable to diſtinguiſh the uſeful from the oſtentatious or unneceſſary parts of ſcience, it is requiſite that a very nice diſtinction ſhould be made, that nothing unprofitable ſhould be admitted for the ſake of pleaſure, nor any arts of attraction neglected, that might fix the attention upon more important ſtudies.

Theſe conſiderations produced the book which is here offered to the Publick, as better adapted to the great deſign of pleaſing by inſtruction, than any which has hitherto been admitted into our ſeminaries of literature. There are not indeed wanting in the world compendiums of ſcience, but many were written at a time when philoſophy was imperfect, as that of *G. Valla*; many contain only naked ſchemes, or ſynoptical tables, as that of *Stierius*; and others are too large and voluminous, as that of *Alſtedius*; and, what is not to be conſidered as the leaſt objection, they are generally in a language, which, to boys, is more difficult than the ſubject;

and

and it is too hard a taſk to be condemned to learn a new ſcience in an unknown tongue. As in life, ſo in ſtudy, it is dangerous to do more things than one at a time; and the mind is not to be haraſſed with unneceſſary obſtructions, in a way, of which the natural and unavoidable aſperity is ſuch as too frequently produces deſpair.

If the language however had been the only objection to any of the volumes already extant, the ſchools might have been ſupplied at a ſmall expence by a tranſlation; but none could be found that was not ſo defective, redundant, or erroneous, as to be of more danger than uſe. It was neceſſary then to examine, whether upon every ſingle ſcience there was not ſome treatiſe written for the uſe of ſcholars, which might be adapted to this deſign, ſo that a collection might be made from different authors, without the neceſſity of writing new ſyſtems. This ſearch was not wholly without ſucceſs; for two authors were found, whoſe performances might be admitted with little alteration. But ſo widely does this plan differ from all others, ſo much has the ſtate of many kinds of learning been changed, or ſo unfortunately have they hitherto been cultivated, that none of the other ſubjects were explained in ſuch a manner as was now required; and therefore neither care nor expence has been ſpared to obtain new lights, and procure to this book the merit of an original.

With what judgment the deſign has been formed, and with what ſkill it has been executed, the learned world is now to determine. But before ſentence ſhall paſs, it is proper to explain more fully what

has been intended, that cenſure may not be incurred by the omiſſion of that which the original plan did not comprehend; to declare more particularly who they are to whoſe inſtructions theſe treatiſes pretend, that a charge of arrogance and preſumption may be obviated; to lay down the reaſons which directed the choice of the ſeveral ſubjects; and to explain more minutely the manner in which each particular part of theſe volumes is to be uſed.

The title has already declared, that theſe volumes are particularly intended for the uſe of ſchools, and therefore it has been the care of the authors to explain the ſeveral ſciences, of which they have treated, in the moſt familiar manner; for the mind uſed only to common expreſſions, and inaccurate ideas, does not ſuddenly conform itſelf to ſcholaſtick modes of reaſoning, or conceive the nice diſtinctions of a ſubtile philoſophy, and may be properly initiated in ſpeculative ſtudies by an introduction like this, in which the groſſneſs of vulgar conception is avoided, without the obſervation of metaphyſical exactneſs. It is obſerved, that in the courſe of the natural world no change is inſtantaneous, but all its viciſſitudes are gradual and ſlow; the motions of intellect proceed in the like imperceptible progreſſion, and proper degrees of tranſition from one ſtudy to another are therefore neceſſary; but let it not be charged upon the writers of this book, that they intended to exhibit more than the dawn of knowledge, or pretended to raiſe in the mind any nobler product than the bloſſoms of ſcience, which more powerful inſtitutions may ripen into fruit.

For this reaſon it muſt not be expected, that in the following pages ſhould be found a complete circle of the ſciences; or that any authors, now deſervedly eſteemed, ſhould be rejected to make way for what is here offered. It was intended by the means of theſe precepts, not to deck the mind with ornaments, but to protect it from nakedneſs; not to enrich it with affluence, but to ſupply it with neceſſaries. The *enquiry* therefore was not what degrees of knowledge are deſirable, but what are in moſt ſtations of life indiſpenſably required; and the *choice* was determined not by the ſplendor of any part of literature, but by the extent of its uſe, and the inconvenience which its neglect was likely to produce.

I. The prevalence of this conſideration appears in the firſt part, which is appropriated to the humble purpoſes of teaching to *read*, and *ſpeak*, and *write letters*; an attempt of little magnificence, but in which no man needs to bluſh for having employed his time, if honour be eſtimated by uſe. For precepts of this kind, however neglected, extend their importance as far as men are found who communicate their thoughts one to another; they are equally uſeful to the higheſt and the loweſt; they may often contribute to make ignorance leſs inelegant; and may it not be obſerved, that they are frequently wanted for the embelliſhment even of learning?

In order to ſhew the proper uſe of this part, which conſiſts of various exemplifications of ſuch differences of ſtyle as require correſpondent diverſities of pronunciation, it will be proper to inform the

ſcholar, that there are in [illegible] three forms of ſtyle, each of which demands its particular mode of elocution: the *familiar*, the *ſolemn*, and the *pathetick*. That in the *familiar*, he that reads is only to talk with a paper in his hand, and to indulge himſelf in all the lighter liberties of voice, as when he reads the common articles of a newſpaper, or a curſory letter of intelligence or buſineſs. That the *ſolemn* ſtyle, ſuch as that of a ſerious narrative, exacts an uniform ſteadineſs of ſpeech, equal, clear, and calm. That for the *pathetick*, ſuch as an animated oration, it is neceſſary the voice be regulated by the ſenſe, varying and riſing with the paſſions. Theſe rules, which are the moſt general, admit a great number of ſubordinate obſervations, which muſt be particularly adapted to every ſcholar; for it is obſervable, that though very few read well, yet every man errs in a different way. But let one remark never be omitted: inculcate ſtrongly to every ſcholar the danger of copying the voice of another; an attempt which, though it has been often repeated, is always unſucceſsful.

The importance of writing letters with propriety juſtly claims to be conſidered with care, ſince, next to the power of pleaſing with his preſence, every man would wiſh to be able to give delight at a diſtance. This great art ſhould be diligently taught, the rather, becauſe of thoſe letters which are moſt uſeful, and by which the general buſineſs of life is tranſacted, there are no *examples* eaſily to be found. It ſeems the general fault of thoſe who undertake this part of education, that they propoſe for the exerciſe of their ſcholars, occaſions which rarely

happens

happen; ſuch as congratulations and condolences, and neglect thoſe without which life cannot proceed. It is poſſible to paſs many years without the neceſſity of writing panegyricks or epithalamiums; but every man has frequent occaſion to ſtate a contract, or demand a debt, or make a narrative of ſome minute incidents of common life. On theſe ſubjects, therefore, young perſons ſhould be taught to think juſtly, and write clearly, neatly, and ſuccinctly, leſt they come from ſchool into the world without any acquaintance with common affairs, and ſtand idle ſpectators of mankind, in expectation that ſome great event will give them an opportunity to exert their rhetorick.

II. The ſecond place is aſſigned to *geometry*; on the uſefulneſs of which it is unneceſſary to expatiate in an age when mathematical ſtudies have ſo much engaged the attention of all claſſes of men. This treatiſe is one of thoſe which have been borrowed, being a tranſlation from the work of Mr. *Le Clerc*; and is not intended as more than the firſt initiation. In delivering the fundamental principles of *geometry*, it is neceſſary to proceed by ſlow ſteps, that each propoſition may be fully underſtood before another is attempted. For which purpoſe it is not ſufficient, that when a queſtion is aſked in the words of the book, the ſcholar likewiſe can in the words of the book return the proper anſwer; for this may be only an act of memory, not of underſtanding: it is always proper to vary the words of the queſtion, to place the propoſition in different points of view, and to require of the learner an explanation in his own terms, informing him however when they are improper.

improper. By this method the ſcholar will become cautious and attentive, and the maſter will know with certainty the degree of his proficiency. Yet, though this rule is generally right, I cannot but recommend a precept of *Pardie's*, that when the ſtudent cannot be made to comprehend ſome particular part, it ſhould be, for that time, laid aſide, till new light ſhall ariſe from ſubſequent obſervation.

When this compendium is completely underſtood, the ſcholar may proceed to the peruſal of *Tacquet*, afterwards of *Euclid* himſelf, and then of the modern improvers of *geometry*, ſuch as *Barrow*, *Keil*, and Sir *Iſaac Newton*.

III. The neceſſity of ſome acquaintance with *geography* and *aſtronomy* will not be diſputed. If the pupil is born to the eaſe of a large fortune, no part of learning is more neceſſary to him than the knowledge of the ſituation of nations, on which their intereſts generally depend; if he is dedicated to any of the learned profeſſions, it is ſcarcely poſſible that he will not be obliged to apply himſelf in ſome part of his life to theſe ſtudies, as no other branch of literature can be fully comprehended without them; if he is deſigned for the arts of commerce or agriculture, ſome general acquaintance with theſe ſciences will be found extremely uſeful to him; in a word, no ſtudies afford more extenſive, more wonderful, or more pleaſing ſcenes; and therefore there can be no ideas impreſſed upon the ſoul, which can more conduce to its future entertainment.

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In the purſuit of theſe ſciences, it will be proper to proceed with the ſame gradation and caution as in *geometry*. And it is always of uſe to decorate the nakedneſs of ſcience, by interſperſing ſuch obſervations and narratives as may amuſe the mind, and excite curioſity. Thus, in explaining the ſtate of the polar regions, it might be fit to read the narrative of the *Engliſhmen* that wintered in *Greenland*, which will make young minds ſufficiently curious after the cauſe of ſuch a length of night, and intenſeneſs of cold; and many ſtratagems of the ſame kind might be practiſed to intereſt them in all parts of their ſtudies, and call in their paſſions to animate their inquiries. When they have read this treatiſe, it will be proper to recommend to them *Varenius*'s Geography, and *Gregory*'s Aſtronomy.

IV. The ſtudy of *chronology* and *hiſtory* ſeems to be one of the moſt natural delights of the human mind. It is not eaſy to live without inquiring by what means every thing was brought into the ſtate in which we now behold it, or without finding in the mind ſome deſire of being informed concerning the generations of mankind that have been in poſſeſſion of the world before us, whether they were better or worſe than ourſelves; or what good or evil has been derived to us from their ſchemes, practices, and inſtitutions. Theſe are inquiries which *hiſtory* alone can ſatisfy; and *hiſtory* can only be made intelligible by ſome knowledge of *chronology*, the ſcience by which events are ranged in their order, and the periods of computation are ſettled;

ſettled; and which therefore aſſiſt the memory by method, and enlighten the judgment, by ſhewing the dependence of one tranſaction on another. Accordingly it ſhould be diligently inculcated to the ſcholar, that unleſs he fixes in his mind ſome idea of the time in which each man of eminence lived, and each action was performed, with ſome part of the contemporary hiſtory of the reſt of the world, he will conſume his life in uſeleſs reading, and darken his mind with a crowd of unconnected events; his memory will be perplexed with diſtant tranſactions reſembling one another, and his reflections be like a dream in a fever, buſy and turbulent, but confuſed and indiſtinct.

The technical part of chronology, or the art of computing and adjuſting time, as it is very difficult, ſo it is not of abſolute neceſſity, but ſhould however be taught, ſo far as it can be learned without the loſs of thoſe hours which are required for attainments of nearer concern. The ſtudent may join with this treatiſe *Le Clerç*'s *Compendium of Hiſtory*; and afterwards may, for the hiſtorical part of *chronology*, procure *Helvicus*'s and *Iſaacſon*'s Tables; and, if he is deſirous of attaining the technical part, may firſt peruſe *Holder*'s *Account of Hearne*'s *Ductor Hiſtoricus*, *Strauchius*, the firſt part of *Petavius*'s *Rationarium Temporum*; and at length *Scaliger de Emendatione Temporum*. And for inſtruction in the method of his hiſtorical ſtudies, he may conſult *Hearne*'s *Ductor Hiſtoricus*, *Wheare*'s Lectures, *Rawlinſon*'s *Directions for the Study of Hiſtory*; and for eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, *Cave* and *Dupin*, *Baronius* and *Fleury*.

V. *Rhetorick*

V. *Rhetorick* and *poetry* ſupply life with its higheſt intellectual pleaſures; and in the hands of virtue are of great uſe for the impreſſion of juſt ſentiments, and recommendation of illuſtrious examples. In the practice of theſe great arts, ſo much more is the effect of nature than the effect of education, that nothing is attempted here but to teach the mind ſome general heads of obſervation, to which the beautiful paſſages of the beſt writers may commonly be reduced. In the uſe of this it is not proper that the teacher ſhould confine himſelf to the examples before him, for by that method he will never enable his pupils to make juſt application of the rules; but, having inculcated the true meaning of each figure, he ſhould require them to exemplify it by their own obſervations, pointing to them the poem, or, in longer works, the book or canto in which an example may be found, and leaving them to diſcover the particular paſſage by the light of the rules which they have lately learned.

For a farther progreſs in theſe ſtudies, they may conſult *Quintilian* and *Voſſius*'s Rhetorick; the art of poetry will be beſt learned from *Boſſu* and *Bohours* in *French*, together with *Dryden*'s Eſſays and Prefaces, the critical Papers of *Addiſon*, *Spence* on *Pope*'s *Odyſſey*, and *Trapp*'s *Prælectiones Poeticæ*; but a more accurate and philoſophical account is expected from a commentary upon *Ariſtotle*'s Art of Poetry, with which the literature of this nation will be in a ſhort time augmented.

VI. With regard to the practice of *drawing*, it is not neceſſary to give any directions, the uſe of

When this ſyſtem has been digeſted, if it be thought neceſſary to proceed farther in the ſtudy of method, it will be proper to recommend *Crouſaz*, *Watts*, *Le Clerc*, *Wolfius*, and *Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding*; and if there be imagined any neceſſityof adding the peripatetick logick, which has been perhaps condemned without a candid trial, it will be convenient to proceed to *Sanderſon*, *Wallis*, *Crackranthorp*, and *Ariſtotle*.

VIII. To excite a curioſity after the works of God, is the chief deſign of the ſmall ſpecimen of *natural hiſtory* inſerted in this collection; which, however, may be ſufficient to put the mind in motion, and in ſome meaſure to direct its ſteps; but its effects may eaſily be improved by a philoſophick maſter, who will every day find a thouſand opportunities of turning the attention of his ſcholars to the contemplation of the objects that ſurround them, of laying open the wonderful art with which every part of the univerſe is formed, and the providence which governs the vegetable and animal creation. He may lay before them the *Religious Philoſopher*, *Ray*, *Derham's Phyſico-Theology*, together with the *Spectacle de la Nature*; and in time recommend to their peruſal *Rondoletius* and *Aldrovandus*.

IX. But how much ſoever the reaſon may be ſtrengthened by *logick*, or the conceptions of the mind enlarged by the ſtudy of nature, it is neceſſary the man be not ſuffered to dwell upon them ſo long as to neglect the ſtudy of himſelf, the knowledge of his own ſtation in the ranks of being, and

and his various relations to the innumerable multitudes which ſurround him, and with which his Maker has ordained him to be united for the reception and communication of happineſs. To conſider theſe aright is of the greateſt importance, ſince from theſe ariſe duties which he cannot neglect. *Ethics*, or *morality*, therefore, is one of the ſtudies which ought to begin with the firſt glimpſe of reaſon, and only end with life itſelf. Other acquiſitions are merely temporary benefits, except as they contribute to illuſtrate the knowledge, and confirm the practice of morality and piety, which extend their influence beyond the grave, and increaſe our happineſs through endleſs duration.

This great ſcience, therefore, muſt be inculcated with care and aſſiduity, ſuch as its importance ought to incite in reaſonable minds; and for the proſecution of this deſign, fit opportunities are always at hand. As the importance of *logick* is to be ſhewn by detecting falſe arguments; the excellence of morality is to be diſplayed by proving the deformity, the reproach, and the miſery of all deviations from it. Yet it is to be remembered, that the laws of mere morality are no coercive power; and, however they may by conviction of their fitneſs pleaſe the reaſoner in the ſhade, when the paſſions ſtagnate without impulſe, and the appetites are ſecluded from their objects, they will be of little force againſt the ardour of deſire, or the vehemence of rage, amidſt the pleaſures and tumults of the world. To counteract the power of temptations, hope muſt be excited by the proſpect of rewards, and fear by the expectation of puniſhment;

niſhment; and virtue may owe her panegyricks to morality, but muſt derive her authority from religion.

When therefore the obligations of morality are taught, let the ſanctions of chriſtianity never be forgotten; by which it will be ſhewn, that they give ſtrength and luſtre to each other; religion will appear to be the voice of reaſon, and morality the will of GOD. Under this article muſt be recommended *Tully*'s *Offices*, *Grotius*, *Puffendorf*, *Cumberland*'s *Laws of Nature*, and the excellent Mr. *Addiſon*'s *Moral and Religious Eſſays*.

X. Thus far the work is compoſed for the uſe of ſcholars, merely as they are men. But it was thought neceſſary to introduce ſomething that might be particularly adapted to that country for which it is deſigned; and therefore a diſcourſe has been added upon *trade* and *commerce*, of which it becomes every man of this nation to underſtand at leaſt the general principles, as it is impoſſible that any ſhould be high or low enough not to be in ſome degree affected by their declenſion or proſperity. It is therefore neceſſary that it ſhould be univerſally known among us, what changes of property are advantageous, or when the balance of trade is on our ſide; what are the products or manufactures of other countries; and how far one nation may in any ſpecies of traffick obtain or preſerve ſuperiority over another. The theory of trade is yet but little underſtood, and therefore the practice is often without real advantage to the publick: but it might be carried on with more general ſucceſs, if its principles were better conſidered; and

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to excite that attention is our chief deſign. To the peruſal of this book may ſucceed that of *Mun upon foreign Trade*, Sir *Joſiah Child*, *Locke upon Coin*, *Davenant*'s treatiſes, the *Britiſh Merchant*, *Dictionnaire de Commerce*, and, for an abſtract or compendium, *Gee*, and an improvement that may hereafter be made upon his plan.

XI. The principles of *laws* and *government* come next to be conſidered; by which men are taught to whom obedience is due, for what it is paid, and in what degree it may be juſtly required. This knowledge, by peculiar neceſſity, conſtitutes a part of the education of an *Engliſhman*, who profeſſes to obey his prince according to the law, and who is himſelf a ſecondary legiſlator, as he gives his conſent, by his repreſentative, to all the laws by which he is bound, and has a right to petition the great council of the nation, whenever he thinks they are deliberating upon an act detrimental to the intereſt of the community. This is therefore a ſubject to which the thoughts of a young man ought to be directed; and that he may obtain ſuch knowledge as may qualify him to act and judge as one of a free people, let him be directed to add to this introduction *Forteſcue*'s *Treatiſes*, *N. Bacon*'s *Hiſtorical Diſcourſe on the Laws and Government of England*, *Temple*'s *Introduction*, *Locke on Government*, *Zouch*'s *Elementa Juris Civilis*, *Plato Redivivus*, *Gurdon*'s *Hiſtory of Parliaments*, and *Hooker*'s *Eccleſiaſtical Polity*.

XII. Having thus ſupplied the young ſtudent with knowledge, it remains now that he learns its application; and that thus qualified to act his part, he be at laſt taught to chuſe it. For this purpoſe a

ſection is added upon *human life* and *manners*; in which he is cautioned againſt the danger of indulging his *paſſions*, of vitiating his *habits*, and depraving his *ſentiments*. He is inſtructed in theſe points by three fables, two of which were of the higheſt authority in the ancient *Pagan* world. But at this he is not to reſt; for if he expects to be wiſe and happy, he muſt diligently ſtudy the SCRIPTURES of GOD.

Such is the book now propoſed, as the firſt initiation into the knowledge of things, which has been thought by many to be too long delayed in the preſent forms of education. Whether the complaints be not often ill-grounded, may perhaps be diſputed; but it is at leaſt reaſonable to believe, that greater proficiency might ſometimes be made; that real knowledge might be more early communicated; and that children might be allowed, without injury to health, to ſpend many of thoſe hours upon uſeful employments, which are generally loſt in idleneſs and play; therefore the Publick will ſurely encourage an experiment, by which, if it fails, nobody is hurt; and if it ſucceeds, all the future ages of the world may find advantage; which may eradicate or prevent vice, by turning to a better uſe thoſe moments in which it is learned or indulged, and in ſome ſenſe lengthen life, by teaching poſterity to enjoy thoſe years which have hitherto been loſt. The ſucceſs, and even the trial of this experiment, will depend upon thoſe to whom the care of our youth is committed; and a due ſenſe of the importance of their truſt will eaſily prevail upon them to encourage a work which purſues the deſign

of improving education. If any part of the following performance ſhall upon trial be found capable of amendment; if any thing can be added or altered, ſo as to render the attainment of knowledge more eaſy; the Editor will be extremely obliged to any gentleman, particularly thoſe who are engaged in the buſineſs of teaching, for ſuch hints or obſervations as may tend towards the improvement, and will ſpare neither expence nor trouble in making the beſt uſe of their information.

PREFACE

TO

ROLT's DICTIONARY*.

NO expectation is more fallacious than that which authors form of the reception which their labours will find among mankind. Scarcely any man publiſhes a book, whatever it be, without believing that he has caught the moment when the publick attention is vacant to his call, and the world is diſpoſed in a particular manner to learn the art which he undertakes to teach.

The writers of this volume are not ſo far exempt from epidemical prejudices, but that they likewiſe pleaſe themſelves with imagining, that they have reſerved their labours to a propitious conjuncture, and that this is the proper time for the publication of a Dictionary of Commerce.

The predictions of an author are very far from infallibility; but in juſtification of ſome degree of confidence it may be properly obſerved, that there was never from the earlieſt ages a time in which trade ſo much engaged the attention of mankind, or commercial gain was ſought with ſuch general emulation. Nations which have hitherto cultivated no art but that of war, nor conceived any means of encreaſing riches but by plunder, are awakened to

* A new Dictionary of Trade and Commerce, compiled from the Information of the moſt eminent Merchants, and from the Works of the beſt Writers on commercial Subjects in all Languages, by Mr. *Rolt*. Folio, 1757.

more inoffenſive induſtry. Thoſe whom the poſſeſſion of ſubterraneous treaſures have long diſpoſed to accommodate themſelves by foreign induſtry, are at laſt convinced that idleneſs never will be rich. The merchant is now invited to every port, manufactures are eſtabliſhed in all cities, and princes who juſt can view the ſea from ſome ſingle corner of their dominions, are enlarging harbours, erecting mercantile companies, and preparing to traffick in the remoteſt countries.

Nor is the form of this work leſs popular than the ſubject. It has lately been the practice of the learned to range knowledge by the alphabet, and publiſh dictionaries of every kind of literature. This practice has perhaps been carried too far by the force of faſhion. Sciences, in themſelves ſyſtematical and coherent, are not very properly broken into ſuch fortuitous diſtributions. A dictionary of arithmetick or geometry can ſerve only to confound: but commerce, conſidered in its whole extent, ſeems to refuſe any other method of arrangement, as it compriſes innumerable particulars unconnected with each other, among which there is no reaſon why any ſhould be firſt or laſt, better than is furniſhed by the letters that compoſe their names.

We cannot indeed boaſt ourſelves the inventors of a ſcheme ſo commodious and comprehenſive. The *French*, among innumerable projects for the promotion of traffick, have taken care to ſupply their merchants with a *Dictionaire de Commerce*, collected with great induſtry and exactneſs, but too large for common uſe, and adapted to their own

counterfeited, the caſualties by which they are impaired, and the practices by which the damage is palliated or concealed. We ſhall likewiſe ſhew their virtues and uſes, and trace them through all the changes which they undergo.

The hiſtory of manufactures is likewiſe delivered. Of every artificial commodity the manner in which it is made is in ſome meaſure deſcribed, though it muſt be remembered, that manual operations are ſcarce to be conveyed by any words to him that has not ſeen them. Some general notions may however be afforded; it is eaſy to comprehend, that plates of iron are formed by the preſſure of rollers, and bars by the ſtrokes of a hammer; that a cannon is caſt, and that an anvil is forged. But as it is to moſt traders of more uſe to know when their goods are well wrought, than by what means, care has been taken to name the places where every manufacture has been carried furtheſt, and the marks by which its excellency may be aſcertained.

By the *places of trade* are underſtood all ports, cities, or towns, where ſtaples are eſtabliſhed, manufactures are wrought, or any commodities are bought and ſold advantageouſly. This part of our work includes an enumeration of almoſt all the remarkable places in the world, with ſuch an account of their ſituation, cuſtoms, and products, as the merchant would require, who being to begin a new trade in any foreign country, was yet ignorant of the commodities of the place, and the manners of the inhabitants.

But the chief attention of the merchant, and conſequently of the author who writes for merchants,

ought

ought to be employed upon the *means* of trade, which include all the knowledge and practice neceſſary to the ſkilful and ſucceſsful conduct of commerce.

The firſt of the means of trade is proper education, which may confer a competent ſkill in numbers; to be afterwards completed in the counting-houſe, by obſervation of the manner of ſtating accounts, and regulating books, which is one of the few arts which having been ſtudied in proportion to its importance, is carried as far as uſe can require. The counting-houſe of an accompliſhed merchant is a ſchool of method, where the great ſcience may be learned of ranging particulars under generals, of bringing the different parts of a tranſaction together, and of ſhewing at one view a long ſeries of dealing and exchange. Let no man venture into large buſineſs while he is ignorant of the method of regulating books; never let him imagine that any degree of natural abilities will enable him to ſupply this deficiency, or preſerve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confuſion.

This is the ſtudy, without which all other ſtudies will be of little avail; but this alone is not ſufficient. It will be neceſſary to learn many other things, which however may be eaſily included in the preparatory inſtitutions, ſuch as an exact knowledge of the *weights* and *meaſures* of different countries, and ſome ſkill in geography and navigation, with which this book may perhaps ſufficiently ſupply him.

In navigation, conſidered as part of the ſkill of a merchant, is included not ſo much the art of ſteering a ſhip, as the knowledge of the ſea-coaſt, and

of

and depreſs induſtry, and give temptation to fraud and unlawful practices.

To teach all this is the deſign of the Commercial Dictionary, which, though immediately and primarily written for the merchants, will be of uſe to every man of buſineſs or curioſity. There is no man who is not in ſome degree a merchant, who has not ſomething to buy and ſomething to ſell, and who does not therefore want ſuch inſtructions as may teach him the true value of poſſeſſions or commodities.

The deſcriptions of the productions of the earth and water, which this volume will contain, may be equally pleaſing and uſeful to the ſpeculatiſt with any other natural hiſtory; and the accounts of various manufactures will conſtitute no contemptible body of experimental philoſophy. The deſcriptions of ports and cities may inſtruct the geographer as well as if they were found in books appropriated only to his own ſcience; and the doctrines of funds, inſurances, currency, monopolies, exchanges, and duties, is ſo neceſſary to the politician, that without it he can be of no uſe either in the council or the ſenate, nor can ſpeak or think juſtly either on war or trade.

We therefore hope that we ſhall not repent the labour of compiling this work, nor flatter ourſelves unreaſonably, in predicting a favourable reception to a book which no condition of life can render uſeleſs, which may contribute to the advantage of all that make or receive laws, of all that buy or ſell, of all that wiſh to keep or improve their poſſeſſions, of all that deſire to be rich, and all that deſire to be wiſe.

PREFACE TO THE TRANSLATION OF FATHER LOBO'S VOYAGE TO ABYSSINIA *.

THE following relation is ſo curious and entertaining, and the diſſertations that accompany it ſo judicious and inſtructive, that the tranſlator is confident his attempt ſtands in need of no apology, whatever cenſures may fall on the performance.

The *Portugueſe* traveller, contrary to the general vein of his countrymen, has amuſed his reader with no romantick abſurdities or incredible fictions: whatever he relates, whether true or not, is at leaſt probable; and he who tells nothing exceeding the bounds of probability, has a right to demand that they ſhould believe him who cannot contradict him.

He appears, by his modeſt and unaffected narration, to have deſcribed things as he ſaw them, to have copied nature from the life, and to have conſulted his ſenſes, not his imagination. He meets with no baſiliſks that deſtroy with their eyes; his crocodiles devour their prey without tears; and his

* For an account of this book, ſee the Life of Dr. *Johnſon*, by the Editor.

cataracts fall from the rock without deafening the neighbouring inhabitants.

The reader will here find no regions curſed with irremediable barrenneſs, or bleſt with ſpontaneous fecundity; no perpetual gloom or unceaſing ſunſhine; nor are the nations here deſcribed either devoid of all ſenſe of humanity, or conſummate in all private and ſocial virtues: here are no *Hottentots* without religion, polity, or articulate language; no *Chineſe* perfectly polite, and completely ſkilled in all ſciences: he will diſcover what will always be diſcovered by a diligent and impartial inquirer, that wherever human nature is to be found, there is a mixture of vice and virtue, a conteſt of paſſion and reaſon; and that the Creator doth not appear partial in his diſtributions, but has balanced in moſt countries their particular inconveniencies by particular favours.

In his account of the miſſion, where his veracity is moſt to be ſuſpected, he neither exaggerates overmuch the merits of the jeſuits, if we conſider the partial regard paid by the *Portugueſe* to their countrymen, by the jeſuits to their ſociety, and by the papiſts to their church, nor aggravates the vices of the *Abyſſinians*; but if the reader will not be ſatisfied with a popiſh account of a popiſh miſſion, he may have recourſe to the Hiſtory of the Church of *Abyſſinia*, written by Dr. *Geddes*, in which he will find the actions and ſufferings of the miſſionaries placed in a different light, though the ſame in which Mr. *Le Grand*, with all his zeal for the *Roman* church, appears to have ſeen them.

This

This learned diſſertator, however valuable for his induſtry and erudition, is yet more to be eſteemed for having dared ſo freely, in the midſt of *France*, to declare his diſapprobation of the patriarch *Oviedo*'s ſanguinary zeal, who was continually importuning the *Portugueſe* to beat up their drums for miſſionaries who might preach the goſpel with ſwords in their hands, and propagate by deſolation and ſlaughter the true worſhip of the God of peace.

It is not eaſy to forbear reflecting with how little reaſon theſe men profeſs themſelves the followers of JESUS, who left this great characteriſtick to his diſciples, that they ſhould be known *by loving one another*, by univerſal and unbounded charity and benevolence.

Let us ſuppoſe an inhabitant of ſome remote and ſuperior region, yet unſkilled in the ways of men, having read and conſidered the precepts of the goſpel, and the example of our Saviour, to come down in ſearch of the *true church*, if he would not enquire after it among the cruel, the inſolent, and the oppreſſive; among thoſe who are continually graſping at dominion over ſouls as well as bodies; among thoſe who are employed in procuring to themſelves impunity for the moſt enormous villanies, and ſtudying methods of deſtroying their fellow-creatures, not for their crimes but their errors? If he would not expect to meet benevolence, engage in maſſacres, or to find mercy in a court of inquiſition, he would not look for the *true church* in the church of *Rome*.

Mr. *Le Grand* has given in one diſſertation an example of great moderation, in deviating from the

temper of his religion; but in the others has left proofs, that learning and honeſty are often too weak to oppoſe prejudice. He has made no ſcruple of preferring the teſtimony of father *Du Bernat* to the writings of all the *Portugueſe* jeſuits, to whom he allows great zeal, but little learning, without giving any other reaſon than that his favourite was a *Frenchman*. This is writing only to *Frenchmen* and to papiſts: a proteſtant would be deſirous to know, why he muſt imagine that father *Du Bernat* had a cooler head or more knowledge, and why one man, whoſe account is ſingular, is not more likely to be miſtaken than many agreeing in the ſame account.

If the *Portugueſe* were biaſſed by any particular views, another bias equally powerful may have deflected the *Frenchman* from the truth; for they evidently write with contrary deſigns: the *Portugueſe*, to make their miſſion ſeem more neceſſary, endeavoured to place in the ſtrongeſt light the differences between the *Abyſſinian* and *Roman* church, but the great *Ludolfus*, laying hold on the advantage, reduced theſe later writers to prove their conformity.

Upon the whole, the controverſy ſeems of no great importance to thoſe who believe the Holy Scriptures ſufficient to teach the way of ſalvation; but, of whatever moment it may be thought, there are not proofs ſufficient to decide it.

His diſcourſes on indifferent ſubjects will divert as well as inſtruct; and if either in theſe, or in the relation of father *Lobo*, any argument ſhall appear unconvincing, or deſcription obſcure, they are defects incident to all mankind, which however are

not too raſhly to be imputed to the authors, being ſometimes perhaps more juſtly chargeable on the tranſlator.

In this tranſlation (if it may be ſo called) great liberties have been taken, which, whether juſtifiable or not, ſhall be fairly confeſſed, and let the judicious part of mankind pardon or condemn them.

In the firſt part the greateſt freedom has been uſed, in reducing the narration into a narrow compaſs; ſo that it is by no means a tranſlation, but an epitome, in which, whether every-thing either uſeful or entertaining be compriſed, the compiler is leaſt qualified to determine.

In the account of *Abyſſinia*, and the continuation, the authors have been followed with more exactneſs; and as few paſſages appeared either inſignificant or tedious, few have been either ſhortened or omitted.

The diſſertations are the only part in which an exact tranſlation has been attempted; and even in thoſe, abſtracts are ſometimes given inſtead of literal quotations, particularly in the firſt; and ſometimes other parts have been contracted.

Several memorials and letters, which are printed at the end of the diſſertations to ſecure the credit of the foregoing narrative, are entirely left out.

It is hoped that after this confeſſion, whoever ſhall compare this attempt with the original, if he ſhall find no proofs of fraud or partiality, will candidly overlook any failure of judgment.

AN ESSAY ON EPITAPHS.

THOUGH criticiſm has been cultivated in every age of learning, by men of great abilities and extenſive knowledge, till the rules of writing are become rather burthenſome than inſtructive to the mind; though almoſt every ſpecies of compoſition has been the ſubject of particular treatiſes, and given birth to definitions, diſtinctions, precepts, and illuſtrations; yet no critic of note, that has fallen within my obſervation, has hitherto thought *ſepulchral inſcriptions* worthy of a minute examination, or pointed out with proper accuracy their beauties and defects.

The reaſons of this neglect it is uſeleſs to enquire, and perhaps impoſſible to diſcover; it might be juſtly expected that this kind of writing would have been the favourite topic of criticiſm, and that ſelf-love might have produced ſome regard for it, in thoſe authors that have crowded libraries with elaborate diſſertations upon *Homer*; ſince to afford a ſubject for heroick poems is the privilege of very few, but every man may expect to be recorded in an epitaph, and therefore finds ſome intereſt in pro-

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viding that his memory may not ſuffer by an unſkilful panegyrick.

If our prejudices in favour of antiquity deſerve to have any part in the regulation of our ſtudies, EPITAPHS ſeem intitled to more than common regard, as they are probably of the ſame age with the art of writing. The moſt ancient ſtructures in the world, the Pyramids, are ſuppoſed to be ſepulchral monuments, which either pride or gratitude erected; and the ſame paſſions which incited men to ſuch laborious and expenſive methods of preſerving their own memory, or that of their benefactors, would doubtleſs incline them not to neglect any eaſier means by which the ſame ends might be obtained. Nature and reaſon have dictated to every nation, that to preſerve good actions from oblivion, is both the intereſt and duty of mankind: and therefore we find no people acquainted with the uſe of letters, that omitted to grace the tombs of their heroes and wiſe men with panegyrical inſcriptions.

To examine, therefore, in what the perfection of EPITAPHS conſiſts, and what rules are to be obſerved in compoſing them, will be at leaſt of as much uſe as other critical enquiries; and for aſſigning a few hours to ſuch diſquiſitions, great examples at leaſt, if not ſtrong reaſons, may be pleaded.

An EPITAPH, as the word itſelf implies, is an *inſcription on the tomb*, and in its moſt extenſive import may admit indiſcriminately ſatire or praiſe. But as malice has ſeldom produced monuments of defamation, and the tombs hitherto raiſed have been the work of friendſhip and benevolence, cuſtom has contracted the original latitude of the *word*, ſo that

it ſignifies in the general acceptation an *inſcription engraven on a tomb in honour of the perſon deceaſed.*

As honours are paid to the dead in order to incite others to the imitation of their excellences, the principal intention of EPITAPHS is to perpetuate the examples of virtue, that the tomb of a good man may ſupply the want of his preſence, and veneration for his memory produce the ſame effect as the obſervation of his life. Thoſe EPITAPHS are, therefore, the moſt perfect, which ſet virtue in the ſtrongeſt light, and are beſt adapted to exalt the reader's ideas and rouſe his emulation.

To this end it is not always neceſſary to recount the actions of a hero, or enumerate the writings of a philoſopher; to imagine ſuch informations neceſſary, is to detract from their characters, or to ſuppoſe their works mortal, or their atchievements in danger of being forgotten. The bare name of ſuch men anſwers every purpoſe of a long inſcription.

Had only the name of Sir ISAAC NEWTON been ſubjoined to the deſign upon his monument, inſtead of a long detail of his diſcoveries, which no philoſopher can want, and which none but a philoſopher can underſtand, thoſe, by whoſe direction it was raiſed, had done more honour both to him and to themſelves.

This indeed is a commendation which it requires no genius to beſtow, but which can never become vulgar or contemptible, if beſtowed with judgement; becauſe no ſingle age produces many men of merit ſuperior to panegyrick. None but the firſt names can ſtand unaſſiſted againſt the attacks of time; and if men raiſed to reputation by accident

or caprice, have nothing but their names engraved on their tombs, there is danger leſt in a few years the inſcription require an interpreter. Thus have their expectations been diſappointed who honoured *Picus* of *Mirandola* with this pompous epitaph.

Hic ſitus eſt PICUS MIRANDOLA, *cætera nouit*
Et Tagus et Ganges, forſan et Antipodes.

His name, then celebrated in the remoteſt corners of the earth, is now almoſt forgotten; and his works, then ſtudied, admired, and applauded, are now mouldering in obſcurity.

Next in dignity to the bare name is a ſhort character ſimple and unadorned, without exaggeration, ſuperlatives, or rhetorick. Such were the inſcriptions in uſe among the *Romans*, in which the victories gained by their emperors were commemorated by a ſingle epithet; as Cæſar *Germanicus*, Cæſar *Dacicus*, *Germanicus*, *Illyricus*. Such would be this epitaph, ISAACUS NEWTONUS, *naturæ legibus inveſtigatis, hic quieſcit.*

But to far the greateſt part of mankind a longer encomium is neceſſary for the publication of their virtues, and the preſervation of their memories; and in the compoſition of theſe it is that art is principally required, and precepts therefore may be uſeful.

In writing EPITAPHS, one circumſtance is to be conſidered, which affects no other compoſition; the place in which they are now commonly found reſtrains them to a particular air of ſolemnity, and debars them from the admiſſion of all lighter or gayer

gayer ornaments. In this it is that the ſtyle of an EPITAPH neceſſarily differs from that of an ELEGY. The cuſtom of burying our dead either in or near our churches, perhaps originally founded on a rational deſign of fitting the mind for religious exerciſes, by laying before it the moſt affecting proof of the uncertainty of life, makes it proper to exclude from our EPITAPHS all ſuch alluſions as are contrary to the doctrines for the propagation of which the churches are erected, and to the end for which thoſe who peruſe the monuments muſt be ſuppoſed to come thither. Nothing is, therefore, more ridiculous than to copy the *Roman* inſcriptions, which were engraven on ſtones by the highway, and compoſed by thoſe who generally reflected on mortality only to excite in themſelves and others a quicker reliſh of pleaſure, and a more luxurious enjoyment of life, and whoſe regard for the dead extended no farther than a wiſh that *the earth might be light upon them.*

All alluſions to the heathen mythology are therefore abſurd, and all regard for the ſenſeleſs remains of a dead man impertinent and ſuperſtitious. One of the firſt diſtinctions of the primitive chriſtians, was their neglect of beſtowing garlands on the dead, in which they are very rationally defended by their apologiſt in *Minutius Felix.* "We laviſh no flowers "nor odours on the dead," ſays he, "becauſe they "have no ſenſe of fragrance or of beauty." We profeſs to reverence the dead, not for their ſake, but for our own. It is therefore always with indignation or contempt that I read the epitaph on

Cowley, a man, whoſe learning and poetry were his loweſt merits,

Aurea dum late volitant tua ſcripta per orbem
Et fama eternum vivis, divine Poëta,
Hic placida jaceas requie, cuſtodiat urnam
Cana, Fides, vigilent que perenni Lampade Muſæ!
Sit ſacer ille locus, nec quis temerarius auſit
Sacrilega turbare manu venerabile buſtum,
Intacti maneant, maneant per ſæcula dulces.
COWLEII *cineres, ſerventque immobile Saxum.*

To pray that the aſhes of a friend may lie undiſturbed, and that the divinities that favoured him in his life, may watch for ever round him to preſerve his tomb from violation, and drive ſacrilege away, is only rational in him who believes the ſoul intereſted in the repoſe of the body, and the powers which he invokes for its protection able to preſerve it. To cenſure ſuch expreſſions as contrary to religion, or as remains of heathen ſuperſtition, would be too great a degree of ſeverity. I condemn them only as uninſtructive and unaffecting, as too ludicrous for reverence or grief, for chriſtianity and a temple.

That the deſigns and decorations of monuments ought likewiſe to be formed with the ſame regard to the ſolemnity of the place, cannot be denied: it is an eſtabliſhed principle, that all ornaments owe their beauty to their propriety. The ſame glitter of dreſs that adds graces to gaiety and youth, would make age and dignity contemptible. *Charon* with his boat is far from heightening the awful grandeur of the univerſal judgement, though drawn by *An-*

gels

gelo himſelf; nor is it eaſy to imagine a greater abſurdity than that of gracing the walls of a chriſtian temple with the figure of *Mars* leading a hero to battle, or *Cupids* ſporting round a virgin. The pope who defaced the ſtatues of the deities at the tomb of *Sannazarius* is, in my opinion, more eaſily to be defended, than he that erected them.

It is for the ſame reaſon improper to addreſs the EPITAPH to the paſſenger, a cuſtom which an injudicious veneration for antiquity introduced again at the revival of letters, and which, among many others, *Paſſeratius* ſuffered to miſlead him in his EPITAPH upon the heart of *Henry* king of *France*, who was ſtabbed by *Clement* the monk, which yet deſerves to be inſerted, for the ſake of ſhewing how beautiful even improprieties may become, in the hands of a good writer.

Adſta, Viator, et dole regum vices.
Cor Regis iſto conditur ſub marmore,
Qui jura Gallis, jura Sarmatis dedit.
Tectus Cucullo hunc ſuſtulit Sicarius.
Abi, Viator, et dole regum vices.

In the monkiſh ages, however ignorant and unpoliſhed, the EPITAPHS were drawn up with far greater propriety than can be ſhewn in thoſe which more enlightened times have produced.

Orate pro Anima—miſerrimi Peccatoris,

was an addreſs to the laſt degree ſtriking and ſolemn, as it flowed naturally from the religion then believed, and awakened in the reader ſentiments of benevolence for the deceaſed, and of concern for his

own

own happineſs. There was nothing trifling or ludicrous, nothing that did not tend to the nobleſt end, the propagation of piety and the increaſe of devotion.

It may ſeem very ſuperfluous to lay it down as the firſt rule for writing EPITAPHS, that the name of the deceaſed is not to be omitted; nor ſhould I have thought ſuch a precept neceſſary, had not the practice of the greateſt writers ſhewn, that it has not been ſufficiently regarded. In moſt of the poetical EPITAPHS, the names for whom they were compoſed may be ſought to no purpoſe, being only prefixed on the monument. To expoſe the abſurdity of this omiſſion, it is only neceſſary to aſk how the EPITAPHS, which have outlived the ſtones on which they were inſcribed, would have contributed to the information of poſterity, had they wanted the names of thoſe whom they celebrated.

In drawing the character of the deceaſed, there are no rules to be obſerved which do not equally relate to other compoſitions. The praiſe ought not to be general, becauſe the mind is loſt in the extent of any indefinite idea, and cannot be affected with what it cannot comprehend. When we hear only of a good or great man, we know not in what claſs to place him, nor have any notion of his character, diſtinct from that of a thouſand others; his example can have no effect upon our conduct, as we have nothing remarkable or eminent to propoſe to our imitation. The EPITAPH compoſed by *Ennius* for his own tomb, has both the faults laſt mentioned,

Nemo me decoret lacrumis, nec funera, fletu
Faxit. Cur? volito vivu' per ora virum.

The reader of this EPITAPH receives ſcarce any idea from it; he neither conceives any veneration for the man to whom it belongs, nor is inſtructed by what methods this boaſted reputation is to be obtained.

Though a ſepulchral inſcription is profeſſedly a panegyrick, and, therefore, not confined to hiſtorical impartiality, yet it ought always to be written with regard to truth. No man ought to be commended for virtues which he never poſſeſſed, but whoever is curious to know his faults muſt enquire after them in other places; the monuments of the dead are not intended to perpetuate the memory of crimes, but to exhibit patterns of virtue. On the tomb of *Mæcenas*, his luxury is not to be mentioned with his munificence, nor is the proſcription to find a place on the monument of *Auguſtus*.

The beſt ſubject for EPITAPHS is private virtue; virtue exerted in the ſame circumſtances in which the bulk of mankind are placed, and which, therefore, may admit of many imitators. He that has delivered his country from oppreſſion, or freed the world from ignorance and error, can excite the emulation of a very ſmall number; but he that has repelled the temptations of poverty, and diſdained to free himſelf from diſtreſs at the expence of his virtue, may animate multitudes, by his example, to the ſame firmneſs of heart and ſteadineſs of reſolution.

Of this kind I cannot forbear the mention of two *Greek* inſcriptions; one upon a man whoſe writings are well known, the other upon a perſon whoſe memory is preſerved only in her EPITAPH,

who

who both lived in ſlavery, the moſt calamitous eſtate in human life:

Ζωσιμη ἡ πριν εουσα μονω τω Ϛωματι δουλη,
Και τω Ϛωματι νυν ευρεν ελευθεριην.

ZOSIMA, *quæ ſolo fuit olim corpore ſerva,*
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

"ZOSIMA, who in her life could only have her body enſlaved, now finds her body likewiſe ſet at liberty."

It is impoſſible to read this EPITAPH without being animated to bear the evils of life with conſtancy, and to ſupport the dignity of human nature under the moſt preſſing afflictions, both by the example of the heroine, whoſe grave we behold, and the proſpect of that ſtate in which, to uſe the language of the inſpired writers, "The poor ceaſe from their "labours, and the weary be at reſt."——

The other is upon *Epictetus*, the *Stoick* philoſopher:

Δουλος Επικτητος γενομην, και Ϛωμ' αναπηρος;
Και πενιην Ιρος, και φιλος Αθανατοις.

Servus Epictetus, *mutilatus corpore vixi*
Pauperieque Irus, curaque prima Deûm.

"EPICTETUS, who lies here, was a ſlave and a cripple, poor as the beggar in the proverb, and the favourite of Heaven."

In this diſtich is compriſed the nobleſt panegyrick, and the moſt important inſtruction. We may learn from it, that virtue is impracticable in no condition;

condition, ſince *Epictetus* could recommend himſelf to the regard of Heaven, amidſt the temptations of poverty and ſlavery: ſlavery, which has always been found ſo deſtructive to virtue, that in many languages a ſlave and a thief are expreſſed by the ſame word. And we may be likewiſe admoniſhed by it not to lay any ſtreſs on a man's outward circumſtances, in making an eſtimate of his real value ſince *Epictetus* the beggar, the cripple, and the ſlave was the favourite of Heaven.

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

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